# The She-Wolf Ford

Jean Parvulesco

BERSERKER

BOOKS

For Thérèse of Lisieux, in her circular march,
in her Elevations and in her Annihilation on
the Summits, in the Secret of her Clandestine
Return

*I'd love to know how they knew we were coming back.*
*It was all planned that way,"* replied Maggie.

JOHN COYNE, THE LEGACY

# Rhea Silva's talisman

*However, if the tunnel through which we have long wandered in darkness begins shine with a distant light, we may well have reached the end.*

CHARLES-ANDRE-JOSEPH-MARIE DE GAULLE.

(136) And all of this so that in the end I find myself standing on the line of final nothingness, in front of this dreadful trench filled with black, impassable mud.

Have I missed the decisive moment? Have I made a mistake along the way? An irremediable error of ritual? Have I, from the very beginning of my most secret career, fallen prey to a total misguidance, to a deceptive, demented and suicidal choice?

The winter sun in the forest of Saint-Germain, that violent golden light - auriferous - in the woods, along the railway embankment, philosophically enlivening the trees subject the season of death. All this high, limpid, serene sadness, as if pacified, all this vain glory. As the sun strikes between two dark, low, threatening clouds of a fascinating violet hue, the Oise catches fire, blazing up to the bend where it disappears behind the blackened ruins of the old factory that burned down last July. Under the haunting shame, like a moment of assumption. Why, *why this?*

But swirls of crows suddenly rise from the ruins, and in their hurried flight I understand that there is a message, that I am being told this: *God's vengeance will come from midday*.

(137) Tongue in mouth, long kiss of fire from an Impudent Angel. Just as noon struck, Zlata Ulicka, in Prague. However, taken as if by a malaise, I force my way a small house tinted in a sort of

pale red, and stop before I reach the first floor, on the narrow, dark staircase, smelling of old wood and wine spirit, slightly of rotten flowers. I climb two or three more steps: before me there is a resistance in the air, which quickly materialises angelically. No words. The spasmodic, barely licentious embrace I'm offered *leads* - the happy word - to a searing pain, I'm being stabbed. Am I going to have to die here? "I've got my talisman", I hear myself say. And then :
"The Talisman of Rhea Silvia. Everything fades, disappears.

I find myself clutching an old, faded blue velvet dress, which is dwindling, spreading out in tatters, joining I shadow. "Is it possible? ". I burst into tears. "You will die. You will die because you didn't want to die. ". I hear a voice. The door at the top of the stairs remains closed, and I'm in this suffocating darkness. On the other side of the door, a young woman is singing, so beautifully. Seized with a great weakness, I stand there, dazed, dying a sort of heart-rending, theological shame. "Did I really lose the game, did I really *let the moment pass me by?*

On the other side of the thin plaster lath wall, on the roof of the neighbouring house, furious pigeon frolicking, wild cooing, frantic, obs- cene and gloriously indifferent to my disappointment.

Shall I do it? I recite the Prologue of the Gospel according to Saint John, *in principium erat Verbum.* What I have to do, how can I not do it?

And again everything falls dust, fades away. From the very heart of this whirlwind self-effacement, the Impudent Angel comes - returns - to meet me. dawn, in the snow. We can barely see. We are in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Beauvais, rue François Miron in Paris. I drop my Talisman in the muddy snow and trample it underfoot. At that very moment, large windows on the balcony upstairs are lit, people are stirring, whispering, shadows are running. The Impudent Angel: "You take what I give you". And it's a burning, irridiant coal, like a carbuncle in indecisive water. I can see it through my flesh, and it burns me brightly, my fist closed over it and I can't get rid of it. "It's our engagement ring," says 1 Ange, whose name, I suddenly remember, is Christine (in fact, *Kristina).*

To console me, Christine undoes her shirt and shows me her bare breasts, which she invites me to caress. "No, not like that, gently, gently.

And then: "But don't you recognise me? "No, no, and how I regret it
"says someone, myself. "I am the native of Your Talisman, the Daughter of Lead. I was so thirsty, for two centuries this thirst that burns me, unquenchable: so I drank your saliva, in your mouth I looked for your spit and drank it. And who am I now? And a few moments later: "Do you now know who I am? Now, the fact that she had repeated - or rather *had to repeat* - her question suddenly seemed to me to be of great importance, of *decisive* importance. On that terribly cold night, a night of mud and snow, was my meeting with the native of my Talisman, with the 'Daughter of Lead', preconceived and ritualistic? Were our dark, icy caresses occultly liturgical, magical? Who doing what exactly?
?

This dream, this night, already for the third time since last summer, and completely identical to the previous ones (the first, at Les Roches Noires, in Trouville).

(138) In the papers to be burnt after the death of a woman I had loved madly at another time, a yellowed sheet, half faded by the centuries, seemed to me to have a particular, different destiny - a destination, And that's why I took on the perilous responsibility of departing from the wishes of the woman who had so formally insisted that everything that was to be there should be destroyed, as if to wait for me on afternoon when she had arranged for me to perform the ceremony of erasing her traces in this world, all her traces. Since she had believed herself to be immortal, for her to die was, in a way, tantamount to the total dishonour suicide, and so she might as well disappear as if she had never existed, never lived anywhere, as if she had surrendered the weapons of a fight which, dead, she felt she had atrociously undeserved if that fight had in fact only been that of the honour of refusing, of not accepting, of never accepting death. Isn't every death a betrayal? Never to *accept.*

This decayed leaf, weakened to the point of being no more than a breath of ashes with the faint scent of rosewood, was entirely covered with the handwriting one of the ancestors of the young dead woman I had loved, the Colonel Marquis de +++, whose very great name I will not mention. I hope it will be understood that I do not want to say everything, that I want to preserve a certain protective, funerary shadow. To put it another way, by keeping silence, the secret of this funeral becomes, by itself, or as if by itself, a secret funeral, the high founding ceremonial of a memory begun anew beyond itself, all traces annihilated and all memory disqualified, all words killed.

And it is because this book is written because of him, the distant pretender fallen from the objectives of spiritual and final Eucharistic war which, today, are mine, that this book is anonymously dedicated to him, in this world and in the next. In this way, I intend to pay homage to the mystical, loving and military race whose blood lordship, divine predestination of the beginnings and total defeat I have not finished claiming.

Here is the full text of the testamentary document entrusted to us by Colonel Marquis de +++:

"Die this very night, then, and let shame win out over all comes with shame, and over shame itself. But I will not give in. As a game of darkness, I will fight to the end and beyond, lucid, hallucinated, perjured and prostituted, with my lips agape. But already, with my eyes wide open, I can see nothing, or almost nothing: a sooty, tenacious impotence fills and saturates the air, degrades by crumbling the inner space of my very last contrition, of my very last refuge on this icy terrace, the stones devoured by saltpetre and the reddish lichens of the Normandy bocage. I confess to the extreme adoration I have always felt towards Normandy, my only true secret country, also the country of Celle Qui Reviendra: yet I had to meet my end there, when all my divine hopes had located there the beginning, or rather the recommencement of the *Regnum Novissumum.* All of me thus ends in those high, merciless flames, all of me will one day return with those same high flames so mercifully devastating. This night.

In the meantime, in a few moments the moon will come out, the full moon and its fires of death, dazzling with treachery in the heart of the park taken over by the murder and bloody dishonour of our own people. All the windows are wide open on the pond, the foul party is in full swing on the distant water. Closer to me, I can hear it, and from to time I can even see it. On the balcony above the terrace where I'm hiding, there are two of them who, in a mournful silence, exalted and black, without fail, take it in turns and even, I think, sometimes both of them together on a young chambermaid, or, , already on her corpse, which is no longer warm. I think her name is, or was, Victoire. I remember one day she gave me her handkerchief to bind my arm, which one of Poland's new falcons had just savagely torn off. The mad desire came over me to kiss her on the mouth, but why didn't I? I might as well have loved her, or that we loved each other.

In the distance, beyond the line of young larches where everything must have started yesterday morning, beyond the spectral river, whitening under the flames, the fire rages on. From the heart of the furnace, glowing red and white, mysterious sparks sometimes rise into the air, high up, like blinding sprays of roses, ominous and ominous despite all grace they expend to disappear into the equivocal, weak blackness of this all-too-clear night, a night doomed to final depredations, to tears of blood and preconceived murder, to the annihilation of the things of religion, if not to the glorification of this new religion of murder which is coming to us and which will remain with us for at least two centuries (two centuries, which is what we will need to redeem certain royal failings to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to *redeem everything).*

From the very first day I understood that this was more or less how it was going to end. But what I hadn't realised was that things would happen, or rather be undone, so frighteningly quickly: before you even realised *that anything* was happening, everything had already been consummated.

One day during our last beautiful summer, I said to myself, death in my soul: that within a year, all this would tip over, slowly, into darkness, dementia, rape and , into a kind of unstoppable apocalypse that they would  fail to try to smother, underhanded by their lowly race sub-human scum. They were preparing for it, and here they are.

And then, how could we fail to recognise it, everything came over us, like the sudden blaze of an old tree set ablaze by lightning on the plain, (...) barely evening, *barely evening.*

The unleashed pack that I see running belly-up through the rose gardens, at the back of the park given over to the young princesses, along the succession of water features with all their demonological torches reflected in them, the cries of the haggard pursuers, themselves hallucinated by the dirty daydream of their race, all this, I know, only came about because of me. I waited too long, gave too much to the dream. So I lost myself, and ended up losing everything. But I also know that Mercy is called upon to intervene, he whose fidelity is the measure of our infinity, of our last and so limpid (...) When, I acknowledge it because I really cannot do otherwise (...).

All is lost. They say: "Everything, everything. Absolutely everything". And so what had to happen has happened. So let's see what happens next. If there is one, of course. And yet something tells me that the time has not yet come, or not quite. That there is a kind of margin of salvation and liberation left to us, a very narrow one, and what does it matter - and what does it matter to us - that it was suddenly so weak, even so unworthy, if it is given to us anyway? Or else nothing.

So what had to happen has happened. So let's see what happens next, if anything, tonight, for the rest of us and for myself. Should we wait? Hell no! Let's get started, right away. Somewhere to my left, perhaps in the middle of the grand staircase, a young woman suddenly screams in agony. Who is she? And I cry out ecstatically, "*Beautiful she-wolf, die with your own kind! Who is it,* as if I might not have recognised her voice...

Now, as the indescribable, ever-vivid memory of that last night rises up in me, how can I not die once again by being subjected to its savage, sharp, icy solicitation? Still, there is a way of dealing with it, and what a dizzying, comforting sweetness that word, the royal word of *vengeance,* does pour into me.

My old Regiment no longer exists, and for the moment I think it's just as well, because I've just taken it upon myself to change the name: from now on, my Regiment will called 1' Regiment des Dragons Noirs *Royal Vengeance.*

But let me put it this way: *vengeance* will be *avenged*. And well done, not forgetting that I was once a member of the Black Dragons and then the Green and Gold Dragons. But we'll be back, and I'll be back when the *Spiga Scintillans* returns in ninth place, and with us will come the mystical high times our terrible Dragonnades of Blood, Storm and Fire".

And so ends the testamentary writing of Colonel Marquis de +++, signed with his name and, it would seem, in his own blood.

(139) And here, an admission burns my lips: that of recognising, of saying that it was indeed the appropriate reading of 1 testamentary writing by the colonel Marquis de +++ which, in its time, constituted, for me, what I later came to call

*The transcendental experience*, a transcendental experience whose paths became, and still are, the paths of the fulfilment of a secret oath.

The secret oath to take up the fight lost in advance by the colonel Marquis de +++, and to lead it to its ultimate goal: to ensure that what was not done in those days is now done, that everything that had to be done ends up being done, and that his part becomes my part and his destiny my destiny, so that there is reparation, full and great reparation.

And ever since, I've worked with total, crystal-clear, unwavering determination to ensure that my most immediate existence, that my life, my whole life, was precisely nothing more than the implementation, continuation and uninterrupted over-activation of this great reparation owed to the first in the occult regimental line of the *Royal Vengeance.*

However, Colonel Marquis de +++ refrained from saying in his letter that the 1° Régiment des Dragons Noirs *Royal Vengeance* was, and still is - today more ever - the Queen's personal Regiment, the Guard Regiment of the woman whom Léon Bloy had called the *Horsewoman of the Apocalypse.*

(135) On the irreversible decline a race, and of the Belle Etoile of its gallantry.

The last lordly word to be spoken about Marie-Antoinette, so that the terrible shame of her people could never be redeemed, came from an English secret agent, writer and politician, Edmund Burke (1729-1797).

"It will be remembered that when the captive queen read these pages, she wept profusely and was unable to continue reading them for a long time",

Edmund Burke, in *Reflections on the Revolution in France:*

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I last saw the Queen of France, then Dauphine, at Versailles; and surely never did a more celestial vision appear in that orbit which she hardly seemed to touch: I saw her just as she appeared on the horizon, the ornament and delight of the sphere in which she was beginning to move; she was like the morning star, shining with the light of the sun.

health, happiness and glory. O what a revolution! what heart would mine be, if the memory such a just elevation, together with the spectacle of her fall, did not arouse in me the strongest emotions? How far I was from imagining, when I saw her combine the titles of veneration with those given by the enthusiasm of a distant and respectful love, that she would ever be obliged to carry and hide in her bosom this acute antidote that courage makes us use against the greatest evils! I was even further from imagining that in my  I would suddenly see such disasters befall her. In a nation of chivalry, in a nation made up of men of honour and knights, I thought that ten thousand swords would have been drawn from their scabbards to avenge even a glance that threatened her with an insult! But the age of chivalry is over. It has been succeeded by the age of sophists, economists and calculators, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.

Never again, never again, will we see that loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, and that subordination of heart which, even in servitude, kept that spirit of exalted freedom intact! This generous ornament of life, this gratuitous defence of nations, this nursery of all courageous sentiments and heroic endeavours; it has all been destroyed. It is lost that sensitivity of principle, that chastity of honour for which a slight stain was like a large wound; which inspired courage by softening ferocity; which ennobled all that it touched and which reduced by half all the odiousness of vice, by making it lose all its coarseness.

This mixed system of opinions and feelings originated ancient chivalry; and this principle, although varied in appearance by the changing state of human affairs, has retained its influence and has always existed for a long succession of generations, even up to the present time. If it were ever totally extinguished, the loss, I fear, would be...".

(135) Only many years later did I learn - and understand - the relationship of astral salvific maintenance, also posited in terms of the mystery of blood, that must be established between the Talisman of Rhea Silvia and the reginal conjurations of the increasingly hidden descendants of the Colonel Marquis de +++ and his Royal Vengeance, now 'taking refuge in the invisible', from where he has never ceased to act and to cause others to act.

For, in order to rediscover 1 the blazing hearth of the centrifugal hollow, the original influence of the Nativity of the First Mennia, of Duodecimalia Magna, even of our Atlantis Magna, we will now have to go, know how to go

extraordinarily far back, all the way back to Rome and the very foundation of Rome itself. In a certain direction, the strains of blood merge, identify with the very strains of being. But this direction can only be very exclusively a northern and polar direction, hyperborean and controlled by the attraction of the Great Bear and its memories, through which will also shine the high immemorial memory of Venus and the Junction of Venus. Magnetic and secretly mediumistic attraction, memories that remain, all of them, as many affirmations of an immense, inconceivable glory, at once forgotten and unforgotten, *vivit non vivit.* The glory that is ours, and that nothing and no one can take away from us.

Thus, sheltered from everything, as we are and as we maintain ourselves, in non-existence, it is indeed from our occult bases in the polar spaces of extreme non-existence that we are going to have to *launch* our next great metastrategic offensives under the arms of the Venus Junction, subversively set in motion the invisible front of our columns of metagalactic penetration in the direction of the reality of this world, a reality we've already been psychically investing for *some time.* How did Rhea Silvia's talisman come to me, and for what reason did it defy that can be admitted? Through the paths of dreams, through the paths of ancient desire. Summers will come, entirely subject to fire, to the lightning that has been confessed.

(115) The galaxy of Versailles, supernaturally reigning and active in its own time and, by providential duplication even more so, beyond its own time, had been predisposed to undergo within itself, and as if from behind itself, the imperative influence of an immense magnetic sun, a very occult sun whose indiscernible command had chosen to use what had been done at Versailles to perpetuate its own radiance and its own intact but enclosed, darkened glory, This sun, veiled in black, whose name is Rome, and if Rome is in Rome, as some know, Rome itself implies within itself its own secret name, the Roma Romae of which the young seers of Tivoli and Long Alba spoke one last time, before they fell silent for ever.

So we must not ignore the fact that it is precisely the sacred black light of this unspeakable Roma Romae that envelops and enhances with an unbearable transgalactic brilliance the lost face, the figure so tragically sacrificial and

Nevertheless, the powerful, super-powerful, saving and sunny-sunny presence of our Marie-Antoinette, and of her secret eschatological ministry, which seems to be appearing more and more to be hers as we approach the imminence of a certain supra-temporal completion of 1 history, of a certain break in the slope of these times of the end, which are also the times of our terrible predestination and of our own life drawn ahead of itself.

Under the black, occult sunlight of Rome standing behind Rome, another Marie-Antoinette can now be seen, doubled in relation to herself in the magical, necromantic mirror of Versailles, if Versailles too is placed and doubled in reverberation by the scientillant bodies of water at Latone's command.

(116) Everything that goes to Rome, or returns from there, is as if bewitched in advance by a funereal prohibition, by a cipher of stoppage and inconsequence that must be considered insurmountable *vélo violaceo obtecto.*

For a long time I myself was consumed by despair, by the lethargy of shameful regret belated powerlessness, despair and regret at having failed, or, as they say, *wasted my time*, in a way, during the stay I had offered myself in Rome during the summer, autumn and winter of 1968, a stay during which nothing happened for me, and where nothing that I could have foreseen happening to me came my way. Invisibly, the doors of Rome had remained hermetically sealed to me.

At least that's what I thought first. Until, years later, certain dreams came back to haunt my nights.

For I now know that Rome had not rejected me. On the contrary, its hermetic gates had been opened to me in the terms laid down, ritually, and everything I needed to know about the other Rome, the Rome of the original abysses, had been shown to me and taught to me with the openness and all the honours due to my secret position and rank. Only that, afterwards - or rather in the act itself, to tell the truth - all that I had been allowed to know - to recognise - had been immediately taken away from me, erased from my waking memory, deliberately plunged, initiatorily, into the submerged, oceanic and abyssal part of my consciousness, a part fiercely defended by the black coral reef of 1 transcendental amnesia that we know - we know - is bound to strike, by necessity, all those who return from it, *and in Arcadia ego.*

An unappreciated breach, a thin crack, however, was later to appear in the apparatus of transcendental amnesia thus permanently established in me, a breach that was soon to become a place of obligatory passage, of recurrent leaks and of clarification. For the *unbearable* deflagration of the forbidden memory, consigned and kept at a standstill in the depths of my non-mental memory, had nonetheless ended up overcoming the prohibitions and all the metaspsychic locks, to emerge in the form of dreams that came back to haunt me again and again, going back to the very day of waking consciousness. Dreams, moreover, that were less and less encrypted, and even ended up - some time later - inventing a kind of self-encrypting petition.

I intend to describe these dreams as clearly as possible in the rest of this account. But I must begin by confessing that the most disturbing thing, much more disturbing, perhaps, than the very fact of the rise of these dreams in me and of what they conveyed, was that as they came to impose themselves as of themselves a kind of self-deciphering in action, if only by the very fact of their frequency and the contradictory character of their tendency *to pass into reality*, I was led to forget - an incredible reversal of the shadow and the word, and even a reversal of the reversal, a new *metanoia* of the previous *metanoia* - that they were dreams, and from a certain point I was no longer able to separate them from reality itself, from life lived, from immediate life. When I woke up, I no longer remembered them as a dream, but as I had actually experienced, not in some dreamlike interregnum. And I'm not saying that the dream replaced reality. I'm saying that certain dreams, which at first I had taken to be dreams of a dreamed life, ended up revealing themselves to be dreams of something really lived, and deeply forgotten, and which I could only remember through the abyssal diplomatic diversions of the dream.

So, forgetting not what I had to forget but the very fact of forgetting that I to forget it, and remembering what I didn't have remember while forgetting that I had to forget it, I realised that my stay in in 1968 - summer, autumn, winter at the beginning - had in fact been - in reality - and without me even suspecting it at the time - a long-premeditated invitation to initiation, the very step forward in my admission to the heart of the supranationals, in fact - in reality - and without my even suspecting it at the time - an initiation invitation of long premeditation, the very step forward of my admission to the heart of the supreme Hermetic mysteries of Rome, the investment offered to me, under deep control,

of the succession of enclosures arming the philosophical fortress of the last Polar Centre to rule the imperial West of the Great Eurasian Continent, whose sacred, timeless being persists sheltered by its own non-being, by which I mean under the ontological guard of its own non-being.

(114) Looking back, I recognise - with what dark dread - that the spiritual and initiatory failure of my stay in Rome in 1968 should undoubtedly have meant something irremissible for me, a disavowal that carried with it a culpability with no way out, a definitive degradation, without appeal or mercy : that my discrediting in Rome had only been, in the end, a feigned procedure, the graspable part of an initiatory stage that was necessarily occult and more than occult, and behind which was concealed the very opposite of this passing reprobation that had made me suffer so much, and disconcerted me to the point of I don't want to know what morose and resigning madness, This is what will also make it possible to understand the beautiful exaltation of supernatural joy that came over me when I realised - so many years later, but now it doesn't matter - what had really happened, that there had been not refusal and dereliction but a manipulation of the ontological backstage, and that this manipulation had been inflicted on me like a special, archaic and secret strike, quite extreme.

I would add that this series events took place during the part of my stay in Rome in 1968 where I saw Julius Evola almost every day, and where the concern to hide we were in the process of doing at the time even prevailed, in a way, what we were trying to force to be done, which in the end was not even done, or at least not within the timeframe we had envisaged in the summer of 1968, a summer that was for us, in many ways, the summer of all dangers.

Now, from a certain moment, something had changed in Julius Evola's attitude towards me, I had irrationally felt that there was something more in him towards me, a new and different attention, a compassionate distance and, like terror, the hard vigilance that he would have needed at that time for him to be of some help to me, and the no less harsh evidence of the uselessness of any helpful initiative on his part that had anything do with what he had just suspected about my being taken over by Rome, and that at the same time I was in no able to grasp the fact in progress, the very occult Roman hermetic influence already exerting itself on me, without my knowing it, and in what forbidden depths. So I still remember that sometimes, in certain glances that Julius Evola

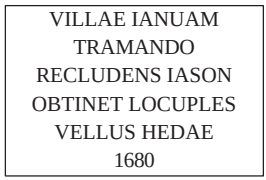
I could see the intense blue light on her face, whitening for a flash and then turning even bluer again, this light so much from elsewhere, and trying to make me understand what I was in no condition to hear, because *I was* already *bound.*

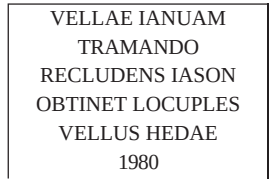
Now I'm convinced that Julius Evola knew, that' he knew all about the imperial and polar ordeal that I was being made to undergo in those days in Rome. And that he knew because he himself had experienced the unsuspected pathways, the otherworldly obligations and, finally, the terrible glory masked in iron. He knew this, and he also knew that it was out of the question for him to do anything to subterraneanise me by intervening in the dreadful course of my trials of death within death, death and the very death of death. That once summoned there, each of us found ourselves alone, as alone - if not infinitely more so - than in front of the fireplace of our own death, *quos ego sub terras, adigamque hoc Fulmine ad umbras.* Between the lightning in the heart of night and the night in the heart of the lightning, who goes?

And while I have to admit that the author of *The Hermetic* Tradition never indulged in the slightest confidence, the slightest allusion to the subject of own Roman trials, nor those of those closest to him, even if they were the closest, I still wonder whether it is not in the series of testimonies of the Ur Group acting under his personal direction that I should eventually try to intercept the trace, however tenuous it may have been, of the Roman explorations that must have led Julius Evola, in his time - when it had to be done to him as well - to pass through the place where I myself was sleepwalking at time, under the sole guardianship of the talisman of Rhea Siliva.

And here I'm thinking in particular of the more than enigmatic episode caused, as of the Ur Group's special actions, by the discovery of the imperial prophetic document hidden in the Villa Palombaro in Rome. Situated at the end of a small square near Piazza Vittoria Emmanuele, the Villa Palombaro had above its door the famous hermetic inscription concerning the reappropriation - by whoever was in a position to do so - of the Fleece of Medea, which is the Golden Fleece, an inscription that some sixty years later I had to find in the glowing fireplace of the Villa Atlantis, on the heights of Deauville, in 1980.

Our only life is here and nowhere else:




"Jason pushes open the door of the villa and discovers and conquers Medea's precious fleece.

(112) Piazza, Square Vittorio Emmanuelle. In fact, very close to the flat of Julius Evola, who lived on Corso Vittorio Emmanuelle. It all fits together, or so it seems.

Coming down from Julius Evola's, late, very late at night, *I* kept walking along Corso Vittorio Emmanuelle, on the left-hand pavement, in the direction of the Tiber, until I came , on the corner of a small square still plunged in darkness, a strange long night establishment, open until dawn, restaurant, cafeteria, clandestine waiting room, refuge and headquarters for who knows what nocturnal and other machinations, where - in fact, I don't think they ever closed - I'd got into the habit of hiding and lethargically ending my nights, hallucinated by the violent blue light in which the place was permanently bathed, lost in the midst of a whole crowd of lost people, illuminated people and sleepwalking criminals, drug addicts, sexually depraved people of all stripes and even more, secret agents in their last stages of exhaustion and chilly young whores, even those I hesitate to name, the frightening, pallid species that you might suspect have just risen from their graves, just for a few hours' respite before the dreadful dawn comes again, when the air begins to tingle *with that thing* and the sky turns red, with *that thing* they don't know how to say and which we innocently call light. But perhaps we too don't know what we are saying, what we think we are saying when we say that word. "It's not us, no, we're not the dead, you're the dead, but we don't know it", Ahrweiller, one of their number, confided in me one night.

But what the name of that place that was so peaceful? I've forgotten since. But let's call it, as in some of my nightmares, *Daponte Blu.*

On the other hand, and as crazy as it may sound, the meat was excellent, and the wines even more so. There's nothing more demanding than the great black, final sadnesses.

I'd go in, settle down, ask for supper - I don't know what other word to use - only to find myself, in the reddish dawn, alone, trying to walk back, hallucinating with fatigue, to the piazza San Silvestro where I lived. Between the moment when I settled down at the *Daponte Blu* and my reunion with myself in the street at dawn, nothing, absolutely nothing, never anything but nothing: a seamless blank passage, an interruption of consciousness from which nothing had ever managed to emerge. Night after , for hours without face or end, I was no longer in anything myself, I was no longer in myself or anywhere else.

To this day, know nothing, absolutely nothing, about what happened to me along those beaches of absence I'd walked so many times - so to speak - in the mysterious lair *of Daponte Blu.*

The image that takes hold of me every time I try to rediscover the memory of the mysterious Roman late nights I or someone else in me had spent, who was elsewhere, far from the *Daponte blu,* persists in being that of the special lighting that permanently bathed the premises and their guests, that dyed everything blue, and what a blue it was, faces, mirrorseven the air itself, an archaic, Trojan, transubstantial blue, *that blue for ever.*

(111) The same dream, always. Without the slightest variation. I dream only of I was given to see during my Trojan descent into the ontological abysses of Rome, under the control of whoever is right and so that I myself can be invested with it, irradiated by fires, numbers and breaths of the former hearth still clandestinely active in these out-of-reach places. So that, having become - once again - a Son of the She-Wolf myself, I can say that I want her to come back, waiting myself, in my own successions of myself, for the Saturnian times of the return of the She-Wolf and the wolves of her own company of wolves. For I know where the ford lies for their next clandestine return to this world at the end of the world, which will thus have to undergo its spectral and very high law once again. These nights are coming again, when I myself will carry on my shoulders, as I once did, my ancient, flaming Wolf's Head. The nights of the indigo stone in the glittering heights of the heavens that are no more. All will return.

(110) The same dream again: perhaps not far from today's major motorway, in immediate vicinity of Rome, a vast underground space known as the Hall of Arms of Rome, dug directly into the rock but not very deep, with the ceiling just a few metres below ground level, covered by a hard, stubborn patch of grass where all traces are lost.

The entrance to the place, immersed in a bluish half-light, where inviting power reigns, appears, in the most astonishing way, as wide open, in the open air across the whole width of the Salle d'Armes, but you can only access it by a singularly steep, dangerous descent, with no steps and almost vertical.

Once in the square, the first thing you notice is that the exhibition space - the Salle d'Armes - whose unbearable imperial and polar secret is being appropriated, is filled with regular rows of tall philosophical monuments, abstract, solemn, exclusively heroic and sacred, divine. And what is divine here is, by that very fact, intended to be divinising and predisposed to divinise, to make divine everything that manages to approach it without being struck down, reduced to ashes and annihilated on the spot. And that's also why the real bonfires are kept *in check* here, when those who approach them have been fraternally invited to do so by the superhuman, polar hierarchies of the powers that be.

(109) Although there are hierarchical differences in identity and mission, each monumental unit present in the Hall of Arms is in principle similar to the others in terms of its immediate external appearance, consisting initially of a circular base of light blue stone, designed in the manner of a "sea of stone" - like, I believe, the Sea of Bronze in the ancient temple in Jerusalem - on which a symbolic group appears in elevation - mounted like a tower, or like a column of strength - in no case exceeding four metres, or six at the most, a group formed, each , by heraldic elementsCrownsNecklaces of Order, , Swords, Spears and Axes, abstract, archetypal, archaic faces, eagles and groups of eagles, oak leaves, laurel leaves, thistle flowers, numbers and letters, Latin currencies or currencies in unknown, long-forgotten, vanished languages. Much more rarely, mirrors, or the airy, secret, symbolic and vague silhouette of the ancient Young Goddess.

The supposed, perhaps abusive, use of capital letters here is not intended invoke the graces and sophistications of a now vanity-stricken Rhetoric, but to impose on *what is said there* the hieratic, magical and necromantic correspondence with *what has fallen silent by* sinking into the long logothetical sleep of the irremissible decay of ancient signs, even if these signs themselves participate, and are now undone in advance, in the dreaded mystery of the necromantic irrigations writing by that which will only have found - no longer finds, but who knows - its vanished image and its open tomb in the manner of the Alyscamps, near Arles.

(108) The material from which the monumental units in the Salle d'Armes are carved corresponds to nothing that exists - or is even conceivable - in our world today, for is a metallic stone or a metal crystallised into stone or gemmatised, of limitless hardness and dyeing - on the surface, and right down to the very marrow of this transubstantialised matter - forcing it into the blue that is also our own, a deep blue, close to indigo, with an unbearable magnetic power that radiates outwards like a kind of invisible primeval light, even like a living breath, calling, sacred, unapproachable, a purveyor of mortal intoxicants, desires and unforgiving conflagrations.

Everything there is at once paroxysm and fascinating, hieratic impassivity, and this is why the mortal terror of the permanent, active presence of the Divinity-Là makes obligatory initiatory journey through the Salle d'Armes an experience constantly leading towards the inner rupture of being and of all forms of personal consciousness. The only path to salvation is that of the total devastation of the ego and of refuge without return in the non-mind.

For millennia, since time immemorial, sacred, annihilating powers have been watching and at work, whose influences must at all times be neutralised by the sole virtue of a certain inner fire, which you must possess in advance, This fire will be super-activated far beyond its own innate possibilities during the initiatory descent to the Salle d'Armes of those who carry it within , using it as a protective counter-fire, the incandescent passport to the Roman abysses of prehistory.

(107) The monumental units of Roman imperial affirmation standing in the Hall of Arms are not, however, funerary elevations, mausoleums or archaic tombs, as one might be tempted to believe by

by beginning the circuit of the liturgical visitation : I think I immediately understood that was more a question of a transcendental inventory of the Bloodstocks constituting the original, archaic, supratemporal deposit of *V Imperium Magnum*, as well as a set of commemorations establishing the Dogmatic Historial of the religious events, metahistorical events of a secretly nuptial, hermetic and supremely heroic order that have marked the development of the blood of the First Race, and the archetypal projection of this development constiuted - and considered - as the occult, uninterrupted continuation of Destiny.

Divine and its abysmal wish and its own Final Coronation. For here everything is Crown.

106) In a second stage, we will also be called upon to understand that the living mystery of the deep blue matter, with a hint of indigo, of which the monumental units of the Hall of Arms are made, is none other than that of the Stone of the Philosophers.the monumental units of the Hall of Arms is none other than that of the Stone of the Philosophers, that the deep blue of the latter comes from the dogmatic dyeing of virginal gold invested in the very act of its own nuptial and amorous, Eucharistic, Roman institution, when the time had come for it to pass to the supreme imperial and polar stage of the Work in indigo.

Does the so-called Work in Red herald the happy completion of the Great Work? After the Work in Red comes the Work in Green and, after the Work in Green, the Work in Indigo. The stage of the Work in Green heralds the providential and cosmic use of the completion achieved by the Work in Red: in the supernatural, divine order, nothing is conceived or achieved outside of a reason concerning the overall progress of the occult designs Divine Providence. However, Indigo Work, which marks the indigo dyeing solar gold in its most extreme splendour, only takes place if the mission by virtue of which this mysterious transubstantiation of gold itself is to take place - and does take place - and this is philosophical gold, obtained by the active divinisation of natural gold torn its metallic and leaden decay - directly concerns cosmic marriages, the nuptial renewals in the divine order of history - of the Great History - in its providential abodes belonging to the absolute exclusivity of the works - of I work, "Lady's work" par excellence - assumed personally by the Young Goddess, the very one whom the seer Virgil had glimpsed under the decisive identity of the Virgin Mother. We cannot therefore appeal to the indigo Work unless its ultimate mission concerns the Young Goddess personally; the indigo Work is governed only by the Young Goddess, "the ancient Young Goddess".

Their fundamental dyeing with indigo of the deepest blue will thus show, for those who know, that the unique material of which the monumental, archaic and supra-temporal units of the Hall of Arms, guarding the innermost depths of the original chasms of Rome, are made, is none other than gold: philosophical gold that has undergone the supreme dyeing of the Work with indigo and the renewed espousals of the Young Goddess. Blue gold is gold under the direct, personal loving influence of the Young Goddess.

This will also give us a glimpse of Rome's ontological and consti- tutional relationship with the Young Goddess, of Rome's ultimate secret, and even of its very identity, if it is entirely contained in its Final Mission.

Does it ever snow in Rome? The Roman pacification of the end of the very end is a high icy vertigo, a petrified metagalactic vortex, overcrystallised, reaching a lactescent, ivory-white hue, the very whiteness of the Ivory Tower - the occult figure of the Immaculate Conception - which stands in the very middle of the Milky Way of all the galaxies on the move, a lactescent dye also destined to heraldically enhance some of the monuments standing by in the Salle d'Armes, displaying, in chasms of its earlier origins, the gloriously immemorial letter of Rome, of what we used to call *Roma Romae.*

What, then, are the monumental units of the Hall of Arms that Rome will enhance with the metagalactic tint of that whiteness that is at once so haughty and so gentle? Close to the Very Stump of the Young Goddess, among others, more unknowable, the *Gens Julia*, the *Gens Flavia*, the *Gens Cornelia.* Beware, danger, the greatest danger, for me, with *Gens Cornelia.*

(105) The ritual of my own visitation of the Salle d'Armes thus ordered the intimate *recognition*, obeying obscure, unavowable, infinitely dangerous aims, aims of high power and cosmological conspiracy, the recognition, I say, of each of the monuments of archetypal, archaic order present in these places: each time I had to let myself be invaded by the influences emanating from them, whether or not I could decipher their secret, their identity, their mission or their glory, and each time I had to undergo the onslaught of the formidable spiritual powers in charge, immanent, to experience what it is not possible to express and whose mere memory, even now, when I am merely continuing the relationship here, shakes me again, mortally, to the very core of my being, to the point of inner rupture and

The interruption of any awareness I may still have of myself. I feel myself unravelling again. Reduced to ashes, ashes I remained.

But enough about these failings, the distance keeps growing between what I might have to say and the recessionary powerlessness of words, the only words I have to give an account by looking death in the face.

(104) Dissonances. And I could also ask myself: why did Rome have to open up to me in this way? What was the ultimate hidden purpose of this therapy of precipices, of this so dangerous visit to the timeless dwellings of Rome in its origins that was forced upon me, unbeknownst to me, in 1968? I could well ask myself, but I still don't know.

And I don't intend to lose sight of the fact that this Roman diversions, and the very vertigo of this perhaps, always, risky slide backwards - but what do I really have to remember again, a quarter of a century later, my pre-contological frights in the Salle d'Armes of *V Imperium Romanum* - were to serve me above all, Marie-Antoinette, the royal she-wolf, whose recent clandestine incursions from the evil vestibule of the other world into this part of our world where some people have just *gone back to work.*

Our times are getting tighter the fences weaken.

(103) Locations. At the top of certain mountains near Rome, with their green and misty appearance, one can visit, especially in summer, an ancient sanctuary of the Dea Victoria or. if you like, the Sanctuary of the Dea Victoria. Now it is at the foot of the Sanctuary of the Dea Victoria, at the very bottom, and following a directional line stretching towards Rome to reach the patrician quarter where the personal flat of Consuelo and Stanis Nievo is located, that I would locate the open entrance to the Salle d'Armes.

However, I fail to grasp the relationship - I mean the operative relationship, which is quite obvious - between the series of amnesiac descents to the Salle d'Armes and the interloped, somnambulistic lair of *Daponte Blu*, where so many times I saw myself separated from myself and carried obliviously to the other side of consciousness.

When we leave this world to go to the other side, beyond consciousness, beyond death, does the entrance always have to be different from the exit?

while at the same time ensuring that we  not held back, that we can return from whence we , return freely to this world?

(102) So where today are the ditches of the charnel houses outside, the cursed ravines of ancient Rome?

Only twice have I had visions of these places, as a necessary supplement - it seems to me - to my obligatory forays into the Salle d'Armes.

I'm walking on fairly unstable heights, hills of black earth, very black, heavy, but at the same time loose, animated by some slow, restrained convulsion, and looking down onto wide, empty alleys, covered in pale sand, and leading, under a molten leaden sun, towards the mass graves of the ultimate dereliction, with no mercy and no memory left.

Immense silence abounds. High in the air, black eagles sway imperceptibly, as if motionless. And nothing else.

Absolutely inhuman horror and despair. The human adventure has come to an end.

(101) A fairly long opening in the ground, but not very wide, indiscernible from above because it is slanting and its edges are deliberately covered by the small bush, also invisible from the motorway and invisible even from because it is situated at ground level, with the edges barely raised : Such is the entrance to the Salle d'Armes, which must have entrusted the task of preventing intruders from all sides from getting too close to it not to conventional concealment, but to random magnetic fields, to shifts - deviations - in the controlled spatiality that is that of these leux induced into timelessness, but which attract bees in whole swarms, like whirring clouds with golden sparkles.

(133) Present in the visible or invisible history of this world, every great secret radiates, acts occultly by reverberation. Every great secret thus ontologically calls, by its very being, for a secret society of witness and influence to be formed around it, in the shadow of its shadow, and for this society to act and act according to the establishment of outward-looking enclosures and confessional gradations proper to it, and which will distinguish its share of direct and indirect manifestation in history, in society and the groups of ganglionic imposition reinforcing, from within, the edifice of this society and of the history which supports it.

In every great secret society, in every "higher secret society", there is therefore its own ontological secret, its foundational secret, of which it is itself 1 emanation and agent, and which also requires it to maintain a state of secrecy with regard to everything that is not itself or of itself.

Ultimately, a truly superior secret society need not even exist as such, existing only by virtue of its very non-existence: since all its agents depend exclusively on its ontological core, on its foundational secret, and since no other dependence, or even dependence between them, binds its members, its presence in history is assured and guaranteed only by its very absence from 1 history, where only its non-existence, or its absence, the only secret in action of the very secret of its secret, acts.

So Marie-Antoinette's followers have not known each for a long time, and have no need to do so, even though they all know each other.

Very Perfect Duty, and it is its very non-existence that offers its limpid perpetuity to the superior secret society of the Queen's Faithful.

Nevertheless, one last question: what is the ontological secret, the founding core of the superior secret society of the Queen's Faithful? The hope, absolutely unavowable, that one day she will return, *will reappear along the ru.*

(134) And why should I hide it, the transcendental experience was for me, first and foremost, the experience of my occult passage through *Royal Vengeance.* And my intimate, existentially lived knowledge of the inexpressible and its spaces of high metacosmic royalty, I owe to the devouring fire of the approach to herself that was lovingly, and as if madly, conceded to me by the luminous shadow of the Horsewoman of the Apocalypse: I belong in my own right to the secret party of the Queen's Fanatics, and I too have been able to find, blindly, in the depths of myself, hidden way back to the Pond. What do they mean, *blindly obey?* Now it's my turn to say, *obey blindly* and let the chain be rebuilt, the great and perilous *Catena Aurea.*

And so, as if in a long waking dream, I have made my own Return to the Pond forever. And I won't hide it either, just opposite the Hameau de la Reine: everything is there, and will remain there until the end.

(140) Fragment of a letter written by Hugo Steiner-Prag to Gustav Meyrink in September 1931, from Wendorf, on the Baltic: "The grass has long since grown over all those things took place thirty years ago, but perhaps, my dear Meyrink, you will be somewhat moved when you remember those years, those people and old Prague full of mystery. In front of the chapels and behind the columns, shadows praying and strange saints singing in processions. On the left bank of the Moldau, the noble quarters where palaces proliferate, on right the old bourgeois town, and lurking in the shadow of immense churches, the old ghetto, the former Jewish town which, in the space of a few decades, had become a disreputable district. Here, the ancient, pious and obscure houses of the Jews mingled with dubious taverns countless brothels. And, between the dilapidated houses of this district, stretched, like an eerie sea of stone, the ghostly cemetery, thousands and thousands of tombstones covered in buds, including the sarcophagus of Rabbi Löw, who had created the Golem using magical forces. It was on a wild night in the winter of 1916, on a lonely island

I first read the book you named after this enigmatic creature".

Prague at night, the exhilarating and morbid fascination of the old Jewish quarters where, in the words of Hugo Steiner-Prag, "ecstatic prayers mingled, in the palpitating shadow of the brothels, with repulsive grunts", this Prague I sometimes force myself to resurrect, to bring it back to life in the space of a brief . Prague in the immediate post-war period, the breathless, darkened Prague of Cold War, *the night comes when no one can work*, John, IX.

The long white nights in Prague, the white Cuban rum at Philomena W., in the old Zeltnergasse, and all those indigo sheets stretched out in the old Jewish cemetery, on the night of 4 July, by the infested dispensers of the *Pardes Rimonim*, and also to see again, trembling, and with the same blinding and pornographic fascination, the little white, sparkling drool, emerging in quantity, with little pearly, ophidian bubbles, from between A.'s bluish lips, to mark, suddenly, in what sudden silence I mean, the end of her mediumistic trances, of her endlessly repeated "journey to Mongolia", and to undo and exhaust the (...) (...) (...). But she had never wanted to acknowledge it, or even (...). And I'll never forgive myself for that, nor for that dreadful and so sweet joy - there, heartbreaking.

I know I didn't kill her, but everything happens, everything appears as if I did. For so long a hostage to an allegory, the inexpiable victim of a dream that's being dismissed, and the inconvenience of a slight facial paralysis.

(140) However, to plunge ever further into the past, to persevere in this backward *via crucis* which is the amnesiac exploitation of the original immemory within us, and of which we are never, in the depths of 1 separate existence, anything more than the place of ancient alluvial deposits, This is the only essential work of the midnight harvesters, the clandestine scavengers of the high ontological beaches where the strains of blood end up, the masked cavalry of our people on their way, inconsolable, always, to the place and the day of eternal farewells.

I don't know if I've said it before, or where: the first great rapture towards those airy, sobbing heights that are said to have no return - a rapture therefore in the ecstatic sense, and I would even say in the Carmelite sense

I met him in Innsbruck on New Year's Eve 1949. For I too was a guest at the home of the Baroness de la Tour de Paix, and that night was above all my own night, the *night of my life* if I may say so.

So it was in Innsbruck, on New Year's Eve 1949, that my existence found itself intercepted, irrevocably drawn into the pursuit and promotion of a ministry of transcendental interference, a special mission destined to ensure the clandestine service of the invisible within the present history of a world that itself come to the end of history. Chosen to do this before I even had to come to Innsbruck in this existence that is mine now, or supposedly mine, that night, I only to experience the recognition, only *formal confirmation* of this pre-original interpellation, of this choice that had been made of me and that had burnt my life the stake, even before it had begun, and which, then, because of this very confirmation, came to be my activist mandate and revolutionary conscience - sovereign conscience too - of a predestination, of a binding oath coming to me from the *Regnum Sanctum, an* oath originating in eternity and returning to it or, as the young and beautiful Karin Krick, playing the role Parsifal in drag, sang, an oath designed to go, without end, "from eternity to eternity, from world to world".

When I think of those times today, I have the impression that I'm thinking of other than myself, and of a life before my time, a life that was never my life. In 1949, in Innsbruck, I belonged to a special operational intelligence group, which reported directly to the High Commissioner, General Béthouart, and which was, as they say, strategically focused on Eastern Europe, especially Czechoslovakia. But it also happened that my personal work was more concerned with clandestine surveillance and blocking the American military services in Salzburg, which at that very moment were engaging in activities that were singularly suspicious and, in any case, increasingly anti-French. I was living in a state of extraordinary tension. We were all constantly on the verge of collapse. As a reward as well as a diversion, New Year's Eve was organised us by the High Commissioner himself, anxious to offer us, exceptionally, a sort of beautiful political-administrative cuddle, which was also intended to be worldly, luminous, very *grand siècle.* Hence also, and above all, the mobilisation of the Baroness de la Tour de Paix, whose mysterious and extremely powerful local connections, as well as her Gaullist friendships, had admirably enhanced the lifestyle and splendour of these receptions at the château, which were nevertheless under control.

At around three o'clock in the morning, rather obliged by the fateful succession of champagne, claret and cognac, which we had overindulged in, I found myself on the second floor, on the side of the main staircase, alone, in the dark, lying on the sill of a window that I had opened with the unfortunate idea of "giving myself some fresh air". Outside, everything was completely covered by a thick blanket of snow, already packed down and glistening, which, in the light of the moon, showed off a violently  hue. It wasn't cold at all, and a great silence had settled over the city in the distance, where almost all lights had already gone out. It was at this point a sudden wave of sleep swept me off my feet, and must have swept me *forward*, because I immediately plunged into the void, only to wake up as an avalanche of snow swept me down from rooftop to rooftop, unable to hold on to anything, or didn't have the time to do so, until the superb glide that carried me over the castle wall and landed me at the bottom of a wooded ravine, in the water of a stream whose banks were covered in snow but which the ice had been unable to take hold of, no doubt because of the disturbing violence of the current. I instinctively followed the course of this stream, which  me out into the fields, I don't know where, and then brought me to the edge a fir wood, whose low branches supported an impassable wall of frozen snow.

I was plunged into a second state. Sobered up, but already on the verge of another intoxication, more demanding and infinitely higher, where the fire of alcohol had been replaced by the fire of a very occult spiritual solicitation, of a mediumistic taking charge (but I wasn't to understand this until much later).

I was being called, sucked forward, led and as it were transported within a kind of flawless magnetic corridor, towards a destination that was both precise and completely unknown to me, and to this imperative and, to say the least, irreversible mediumistic solicitation, responding, from the depths of me, if there was still me, a fervent and cataleptic obedience, the ardent intoxication and uncontrollable vertigo of great ecstatic raptures in action. I was called, I went, and there everything was an occult attraction and, opening up before me, an occult magnetic corridor.

I had to run across snow-covered fields, over hedges, stone paddocks and private property walls, past streams and ponds, through ruins, woods, through sleepy villages, through courtyards....

where the dogs, instead of howling, hid in the dark, and even, I think, at one , through certain districts of old Innsbruck, crazy distances, quite literally unbelievable.

After a while I finally came into sight of a small, very dark wood, in the middle a vast expanse of rolling fields, from which a river separated me, threatening, tumultuous, the Inn perhaps. I crossed the river on a narrow stone bridge, or rather the arch of an ancient aqueduct remnant, and made my way - or had myself made my way - towards the black heart of this spectral wood. A sort of eminence where the tall fir trees stood close together in a grid-like arrangement, and which, in its centre, in the middle of a sort of gentle combe, sheltered, while concealing it, a whitening, chaotic block of ruins, dark under the burning moon, and whose powerful glow of the hour made the snowy entablatures and slabs of ice blaze like so many magical, hallucinatory mirrors. Was it a more or less abandoned castle, a dilapidated pavilion from an ancient seigniorial hunting lodge, a disused convent? In my standing dream, I was irresistibly urged to enter - and it was also my inner dream that compelled me to obey, caught as I was between two dogmatic dreams, between *two fires - and* as soon I passed through the heavy iron gates that guarded the entrance, I found myself engaged in an agonising succession of tall, silent rooms, large empty halls plunged into darkness. Except for the last one. I had no idea where I could , or in fact how I had ended up there, who brought me there or why.
As I entered the last upper room, sleepwalking straight ahead of me, I immediately realised that a gathering was taking there, that twelve people were standing with their backs to the wall, inside a rather mysterious wooden rotunda, waiting, and that what they were waiting for could only be my arrival. And it was indeed my arrival that they were waiting for, it was to welcome me that they had all gathered there, on that dark night of New Year's Eve when everything was going to be decided for me and for their Holy Company, and for the apocalyptic and ultimately saving times of the end of this millennium and all that the end of this millennium conveyed, in accelerated form, towards the entrance of the new Imperial Gates to come and which, on that very night, allowed themselves to appear once again, metasymbolically, in the very darkness of the heart of the deepest darkness of this world. Who were these twelve motionless, silent figures, their faces radiant with an unbearable light that was barely veiled, and veiled as if from within, held back at the source, tamed and muffled compassionately for my benefit, and when all eyes converged on me, standing near the entrance and suddenly

freed, in the depths of my being, from the mediumistically active imposition that had brought me there? I found myself summoned before the very occult assembly of the conceptual guardians of the *Regnum Sanctum.* At that precise moment, I focused on myself the fire of the gazes of those whose community constituted in itself, ontologically, the living and acting mystery, the mystery then half-opened again, once more half-opened, of the high Imperial Gates and hence the living mystery of the *Imperium.* In the air, suspended in the air, in front of me, I saw a White Standard fringed with gold, displaying the golden image of the Holy Lamb surmounted by the Cross and holding, between its front legs, the Imperial globe surmounted by the Catholic Cross. Floating above the Holy Lamb, with letters of blood, which were also letters of life, was *Agnus Occisus A Constitutione Mundi.*

Above this Eucharistic inscription, there were also Thirteen Stars Plus One, and these Fourteen Stars themselves being made of Living Blood, and of the same Living Blood.

(141) I was told everything. With the absolute obligation to forget everything immediately afterwards, the mechanism of this transcendental amnesia buried, abysmally buried, in advance, in the being within me of my self-awareness. But I know all the same that I had been made to know who I was in the forbidden depths of my dogmatic identity, mean who was the one in me or, if you like, who *the one in me* in the season of my present existence, where I come from and where I am bound to go, or at least to where, what I had to do in the life that, from 1950 onwards, was to be my life, what the next paths of European and world history were to be, and what my own metahistorical tasks were to be, my own state tasks being, from that moment onwards, at the most perished and most hidden point of this final history of a world that was itself already at its end and didn't know it. Or rather, not quite yet.

Must we be persuaded that at this level of the great occult tectonics being, oblivion, the abyssal oceanic oblivion of the depths of being hiding behind its own states of non-being, that oblivion, I say, the oceanic oblivion of the non-being of being is something more important than consciousness, than the memory and immemorial memory that sustain it from within? That, until further notice, and as long as the great night lasts, the night in which *no one can work (John, IX), amnesia will be* the only salvation, and that, until the end, amnesia will be more present, more active, indeed the only active, more alive

that *anamnesis* can never be anamnesis for us? And that, things being as they are now, anamnesis can only be returned to us at the end of everything, apocalyptically?

For us midnight harvesters, being is only in non-being, and our only transcendental consciousness will be, can only be, the consciousness of our transcendental oblivion.

I would add that the first major, decisive and *serious* breach in the apparatus forgetting within me occurred in Madrid, when I first saw John Frankenheimer's film *The Manchurian Candidate*. By abysmal reverberation a crack appeared the ontologically impassable dam buried, with a status of uninterrupted prevention and guarding, in the depths of my waking consciousness, and fearsome anamnesic glimmers emerged to illuminate spectrally - and in what a tragic way! the most adventurous promontories of my own self-consciousness, thus very abruptly drawn back to the time of its first wound of death, to the time of its first incandescent and supernaturally engaged wound, in Innsbruck, on the mysterious barricades erected, in me, by what was there on behalf of eternal life, on behalf of eternal parousia, alive and present in the rift of its own emergences *when they occur*. By reverberation, I said, because in these times subject to the season of waiting without an hour, it is in the word reverberation that the way, the truth and the life stand.

But I've only spoken too much, and already I don't know how to speak any more, expression is surreptitiously taken away from me and even the meaning of the words themselves vanish from within, disappearing, little foam, in an imbecilic, deranged whisper.

Once again I *came* too *close.*

(142) The next day, at around midday, a young non-commissioned officer from our group, who had been horrified to find me sleeping on a bench at the station, had to struggle with implied threats to get me out of the hands of a Prévôté patrol. The strangest thing was that I was clad in a long, magnificent, mud-covered ex-Luftwaffe leather coat, the origin of which I was never to be able to explain to myself.

In a pocket of my coat, written in my own hand on a page that looked like it had been torn out of an old book, was this mystical note to the bearer:♦Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

(143) State-of-the-art hypnotic procedure? I confess I'd thought of that too. In any case, it was on the basis of a deep hypnotic command that, some ten days after my escapade under mediumistic control on New Year's Eve, I found myself on my way to an appointment of which I knew nothing, although I was nonetheless carrying the imperative prescription with me, an appointment in afternoon inside Innsbruck Cathedral, near the Habsburg tomb, where I was to meet a young woman, with the aim of carrying out a certain of specific actions with her.

A young woman who turned out to be none other than Diane de ++, the secretary and mistress of our boss, the so-called Colonel Blanchard-Dewasne. But that was the beginning of another dark story, of which I gave an accurate account in one of my youthful novels, a novel which, later on, and even though it never got beyond the stage of a confidential manuscript, was to get me into quite a lot trouble, more than a little unpleasant, some of the fallout from which, as disgusting as it was unseen, continued to bother me for a long time afterwards.

An intimate, hypnotic impediment, the meaning of which I still don'understand, had demanded that we, Diane and I, speak to each other only in English, and only in English, and it had taken us months helpless exasperation and anguish, of complicit and secretly ashamed daze, to get rid of this impediment. What's more, the rather dramatic personal relationship, which - now I know - had been programmed so that it couldn't end badly, so that it couldn't *really take off*, must have involved, from the outset, a kind of subterranean split in hatred, and if this rather special hatred had contributed in no small way to fanning flames of our subsequent passion, it had also created a very painful aftertaste of melodrama, predisposing us to all heartbreaks and ignominies of desire which, through its own exacerbations, never ceases to turn against itself, and the unavowable and utterly frightening dictatorship of these hateful marrow, supremely

The hateful forces of our love transport our adventure to extraordinarily ancient zones of higher erotic experience, to those zones of mystagogic and nocturnal terror where the Pontic Isis must once have reigned.

After all, the whole thing reminded me, albeit much less criminally, of the amorous misadventures of the final character - John Dee's double - who, in Gustav Meyrink's *The Angel at the Window of the West*, found himself at odds with his nocturnal mistress, Isaïs the Black, hatefully embodied in the beautiful Princess Chotokalugin.

And another thing: Years later, when she was married and living in the United States, Diane confided in me that, long, long after the melodramatic season of her adventurous career in Innsbruck, in the shadow of Colonel Blanchard-Dewasne, she had dreamt, night after night, of an old deserted convent where she was obliged to take part, and even to participate sexually, in a ceremony in which a standard bearing the golden image of the Mystic Lamb, the terrible *Agnus Occisus A Constitutione Mundi*, floated above in the evening, and each time her terrible sobs brought her to the brink of death, *a bloody, murderous, exhilarating and infantile pain.*

I, on the other , had never told him about my New Year's Eve.

(144) Haggai, II, 21-23: "I will shake heaven and earth. I will overthrow the thrones of kingdoms and destroy the power of the kings of the nations. I will overthrow the carriage and its crews; the horses and their riders will be cut down, every man by his brother's sword.
". And then: "On that day - says the Lord of hosts - I will take you, Zerubbabel son of Shealtiel, my servant - says the Lord - and I will make you like a seal ring. For I have chosen you, saith the Lord of hosts.

And there also a Catholic commentary: "The verb *to take* carries with it a mission that is important to salvation history. Zerubbabel, David's successor, revives the old royal messianism". Plunging from the chasms above, the Divine Red Falcon.

"Renew", they say? When Yahweh of hosts says that *I have chosen you.*

Haggai, prophet and wedding singer *the vine, fig, pomegranate and olive.*
How could so much love not one day come back? On the day of the Great Summer?

(145) The worst adulterations of faith, a theological virtue, are declared by the rise in us of the black waters of sadness, and the danger of the irremediable ravages of sadness is fully borne out by the fact that nothing in human existence is designed to really be able to oppose the work, in us, of the dissolving waters of sadness, insinuating, tenacious, impassive, invading, enveloping us on all sides and never backing down.

We can heroically urge ourselves to face up to it, refusing any pact with it, any complacency towards its mastery and its twilight winds, the soul remains constitutionally disarmed in the face of sadness in action: sadness can only be resisted by the supernatural aid of the graces of the Faith *given*, but which can just as easily not be given. Or even refused. The relationship between a certain deep sadness and the mystery of eternal damnation is extremely close, and this is exactly what Mikhail Athanasyevich Bulgakov manages to say so perfectly in *The Master and Margarita*, and in a way that is dangerously veiled so that it doesn't frighten too much, while there appears - two steps further on - the ravine of the > loose ground of the Absolute Dread.

And, on the other hand, how can we not foresee, how can we deny the very active relationship, the relationship that is both hidden and quite decisive between sadness and prostitution, and which makes a certain kind of prostitution the secret garden of the greatest sadness?

(146) But what is sadness? Nothing, sadness is nothing. When 1 existence takes precedence over being and, by that very fact, must annihilate itself, so that being can free itself and begin again elsewhere, entrusting itself to another existence, another life. Taking sides with that which is made only to pass away, against that which is designed in advance to remain unchanging forever, such is the secret crime of sadness, and this crime, as we know, is irremissible. Things come from afar, and I think 's how Goethe got lost.

And what about my sadness? In the fields near Melun, I tell her to stop the car, and she laughs. The wind bends the already tall wheat like an immense gold lamé evening dress, slowly twisted in front of me, like a supernatural provocation, but joyful in its sunny sadness just as evening is about to announce itself, and the uselessness of all words, all expectations, all requests and all desires drives me mad with pain, mad with sadness. Is it true, then, that we always end up accepting that things just don't happen?

ever that if they had to be done in advance? What could be more veiled than to come to want, to desire uselessly? To forget, to forget the terrible grace of this fleeting, undeserved parousia, this moment of unbearable brilliance and this glory forbidden in advance. Was it for lack daring, *but was it necessary to dare?* And, once again, were the light shadows, the sumptuous dissimulations of the great prostitution, of a certain great prostitution, and the secret of this suspended encounter there, at work, in the midst of these golden expanses?

Since then, I've often said to myself that it might have been important for me to go back, that everything could be taken back, started again, that salvation will always come from a second chance, that liberation is only a *return to the moment glimpsed.* But I didn't do it, and it's in this inability to return to the attack, to give oneself a second wind, the saving second wind, that the secret of my greatest sadness will forever lie.

Perhaps it was all just a transparent game, a game hidden behind itself, the endless game of divine prostitution. In any case, another summer lost.

Because I've always known: everything is gained and everything is lost in summer, in the incandescent, youthful heart of the beautiful summer. The devastating sadness of those who, summer after summer, wearily approach the hour of no return, and to whom the accomplishment of the work thus appears, with each uselessly lost, soiled, mutilated and murdered summer, as something even more distant, even more compromised than the summer before, even more lost and, in every way and untenably, already as lost in advance.

Therein lies an immense mystery, the fundamental mystery of every great human destiny in its march, and when this march is indefinitely subject the subversion of delay, and interruption : Why, why is it that the greatest us are prevented from seeing the completion, or even the beginnings of the completion, of the work we have begun, and what meaning, other than that of a dark anti-human curse from our origins, can be given to this impediment that endlessly distances us from the joy of entering - of re-entering, I would say, dreamily - the limpid, ardent and living heart of the Greatest Summer?

And I would add: if our Saviour has come, and if His Victory has really been achieved, is it not so that the dizzying "You have overcome, Galilean" of Julian the Apostate, that once and for all this impediment may itself be prevented, and the "Galilean" of Julian the Apostate annulled?

Is it the dark anti-human curse of our origins that commands its shameful fatality, its abysmal fatality and its insurmountable insult? I don't know any more, this black ontological fatigue in me now suddenly seems far too great for me, I don't know any more, I don't know any more.

What does it mean to *return to the moment you glimpsed*? I don't want to know any more, and these words, these words full of shadow, their terrifying power of memory, their terrifying power of sadness and death, "in the fields near Melun".

So many years have passed since then, a whole life. And need I say it in heartbreak, and under what dark and already vague species of inextinguishable shame, *whole life lost.* I looked the sun in the face, that night in Innnsbruck an immense *nocturnal sunshine* had come into my life, which I was unable, afterwards, to find in myself, in front of me, or to follow, even if somnambulistically, the terrible secret of superhuman power. What is nocturnal sunlight, and how was it given to me? In the abyssal and ultimate oblivion, in the irrationality of defeat and powerlessness without remission, the muffled, blind memory of the imperial glory that I had known on my night struck by lightning, on my night in Innsbruck, dazzled forever, forever obscured. To still be of that when we have been robbed of the terrifying grace of being of it, and from dream to dream the forbidden reality subversively prevails over the unfailing prohibitions of reality alone. Am I here, am I like this? No, I am not here, nor especially not from here, and I am other than everything that is so. In this unbearable night of disaster and absolute shame I am other, and I am myself, eternally, only there, and there with hope return, where from now on and for so long already I am no longer and never will be allowed to return if things are to remain as they have become, if this life is my life. But doesn't the secret ontological trench of nocturnal sunlight say, precisely in its appalling hollows, that this life is not my life, that *I* myself am not myself?

Was it for the darkness that this light was made, the dazzling night of the golden standards of the Immolated Lamb? In a strange indigo and black half-light, I sometimes find shreds of a certain recollection of what happened that night in Innsbruck, when I was hypnagogically admitted into the presence of those of the Holy Company of Watch, in the upper room of their mysterious conceptual dwelling set under the snowy ruins of New Year's Eve, under the Eucharistic light of the rift that

And what I can remember in this way most often concerns the erasure in the depths of my being of the light a certain face, of a certain presence at my side that I never cease to know was nuptially close to me, always, in other times just as now: once in the full light of the being of the day, today in this darkness. I am thus the bearer of the faded memory of this face, I am the bearer of the secret of the salvation of this world and of the final liberation of that which has not dissolved in the abysmal oblivion of the ritually sacrificed anamnesis, butchered in its living and adoring flesh, annihilated, humiliated, defiled, and its very ashes reduced to ashes, only in order to provide for the apocalyptic building sites of the final overthrow, of that which the Tantric Edifice calls by the name of *Paravrtti*. I know that my name is Paravrtti, so I remember it from that night, and I keep forgetting it.

(132) A dark torment, an ardent and perilous sadness, seems to haunt me every year in the middle of April. Yesterday morning I met Dr Antoine W. in the Gardens, to whom was clinging, languid and drowsy, a young Moroccan woman of about twelve, perhaps pregnant but, in any case, of quite disturbing beauty. I can hear him saying to me, in a voice suddenly weakened, himself abruptly pulled back by the surge of memories inside him of certain days in Vienna, in other times: "Ah, but didn't you know that? And why it have to fall to me, and to me alone, to tell you that Madeleine Bethouart died in April, at Easter time? *See* what a troubling destiny brings us together once again". Oh, darkness!

Vienna, Innsbruck, the festivities and mysteries of the end of 1949, the start of a new year which, for me, will have been the year of the great *crossing of the line*. In a sense, my life is already over. In a certain sense, *I have lost my life, a* disaster, in every way, irreparable.

Madeleine Bethouart, and her long and heroic battle for the immediate and complete rehabilitation of Herbert von Karajan. The unheard-of obstinacy and genius of her action, at once manifest in broad daylight and profoundly subterranean, for a different French policy on the ground at that time, in Austria and Germany, committed repairing everything that the war had soiled, interrupted, degraded and obscured in the heart of defeated Europe, annihilated by the faceless enemy, whose identity was concealed under a disgusting mask of insolent facticity. Madeleine Bethouart, with what ardent and righteous passion she devoted herself, to the

alongside General Bethouart, and ensuring herself - in the terms of the special mission that was hers at the time - that, in those years, the pursuit of the occult policy of Gaullism - of a certain Gaullism - continued to assert itself, and so violently against the tide, owing exclusively to the concealed will of General de Gaulle himself - in favour of an immediate and completely unconditional resumption of the apparently suspended destinies of Austria and Germany, history as a direct continuation, with no exceptions, of line of the Greater Europe. One day we may find out that everything Charles de Gaulle wanted to do and did after 1945 was aimed solely at resuming the continental line of the Greater Europe.

Madeleine Bethouart? There was also the woman, the lover with mytological, hallucinatory powers radiation, with princely elegance and forever young, *silentium.*

(147) The light of years gone by, the light of summers gone by. Let us count six years in the life of General de Gaulle: 1916-1922. Wounded for the third time at Douaumont, Charles de Gaulle was taken prisoner and made five attempts to escape. Towards the end of 1916, he arrived at the Ingolstadt security camp in Bavaria. "The end of the war found him in Ingolstadt, so he was released in 1918. The following year, he resurfaced in Poland as an instructor with the 5th Polish Fighter Division. In 1920, he was head of the senior officers' course at the Rambertow Infantry Training School. He then took part, as a staff officer, in the Franco-Polish operations against Soviet attempts to penetrate the West, facing his former comrade from the Ingolstadt security camp and future Marshal of the Red Army, the young Mikhail Tukhachevsky, as commander of the Central Front against Poland. He was then appointed Chief of Staff to General Niessel, Commander-in-Chief of the French Military Mission in Poland. In 1921, Charles de Gaulle was posted to the Ecole de Saint Cyr as assistant history teacher, and the following year he was admitted to the Ecole de Guerre: was already 1922, and other times were beginning.

Forty-eight years later, on the evening of 9 November 1970, Charles de Gaulle collapsed, struck by lightning, at his little gaming table at home in Colombey-les-Deux- Eglises, without really having been able to pull France out of the darkness of its slide towards what the Pole Joseph Conrad had called the "Heart of Darkness". Charles de Gaulle, many years before that 9 November: - However, if the tunnel through which we have long wandered in darkness begins to shine with a faint light, we may well find ourselves at the end of it".

Nineteen years passed. To commemorate 9 April 1970, André Passeron wrote April 1989: "Was De Gaulle betrayed by his own people, did he understand the direction social change, did he choose political suicide? And also: "His last sentence collapsing on his gaming table on the evening of 9 November 1970 perhaps contains an answer, or rather a lesson: '*But how could I not have learned that what is beneficial to the nation does not go without blame or without losses in the election*? ". It is here, and only here, that lies the secret of de Gaulle's extraordinary error in refusing to understand that between democracy and France there was no need to hesitate, not for a single moment. Others will understand this, after him.

So I myself, in the wheat fields near Melun, *did not dare.* However, there is only one valid counter-strategy, one great metastrategy, the metastrategy of Divine Providence in action, the ultimate secret of which is not ours to invest. Ernesto Sabato was right in his clandestine explorations of the Buenos Aires underground.

(148) I meet Carole Bouquet at the Goethe Institut, avenue d'Iéna, where, exceptionally, films by Wim Wenders are being shown. It was after midnight when we went out, and she was going to drive me home to Porte d'Auteuil. All the way home, driving slowly, almost sleepily, she never stopped talking about the strange attraction - but who better than me to understand it, to follow her down this perilous, sophisticated and magical path - that the city of Rome "and its surroundings" exerted on her and has always exerted on her. "Like a blood disease, like a permanent, ancient madness", she told me. I followed her closely, very closely, through the dreamlike meanderings of what she told me, all the while sensing the considerable part of the unconfessed, the culturally unconfessable at stake, the part of the confession refusing to let itself be grasped, even though she found a great relief in it, a certain compensation in the simple fact of giving herself to be sensed in this way, obscurely and as if for nothing. So what could the limpid Carole Bouquet have done, or seen being done, or succeeded in having done, that is so fiercely unmentionable in Rome? One of these days I'll find out. Or perhaps, as these things are, I'll never know. Isn't the *Porta Hermetica* the most certain of Rome's occultist symbols?

Because Carole Bouquet is a very private person. If you get to know her at all, you soon realise that beneath her sleepy, cheerful exterior, underneath her

her nonchalant, laughing, singing beauties, she never ceases to watch over the part herself that she intends to keep pure and forbidden, over the hidden, inaccessible retreat room that, in itself, opens only onto the "Old Country". From the wooden balcony, hypnagogically suspended above - high, very high above - the dark, silent black fir forests of the Alban Hills, the expanses of her own "Old Country".

Is she then, perhaps without even really knowing it, a pretended native of the Talisman of Rhea Silvia, is she one of those who, to refresh their beingdo not shrink from the folly of going for a swim at night, dreaming that they are dreaming, in the pools filled to the brim with molten lead that we knew at the discreet villa of Rhea Silvia, on the volcanic shores of Lake Albano, in Lazio? It certainly is. And with that, no one in Paris knows the real Carole Bouquet, and those who think they know her best know infinitely less others. Day and night, Carole Bouquet wears a translucent, gold-veined crystal mask over her face. She lets herself be seen in her life, walks, acts, sometimes allows herself to be taken by men if it suits her, but no one approaches her other than through the magical layers of a foggy shirt and incessant dreamlike fluctuations: Rhea Silvia's plumbers are elusive young who have been illegally given the gift of a kind of intrinsic, permanently active virginity, which allows them to frequent the very depths of the most Infernal Licences without being affected, intact, sublime, *foreign.* Foreign? Foreign everywhere, because they are only from Rome, these vestals of a new glacial cosmogony, guardians of the sleep Ice and Fire.

(129) However, Carole Bouquet and I each belong to two different races, enemies perhaps not, these races of both caprice and depth but, in any case, forever irreconcilable. Carole Bouquet belongs to the race of people who, in the cinema, always try to sit in the front row, while I will always be with the suspicious people in the very back row.

Now, this evening, alone in my row of armchairs, as I'm walking over it in the dark, I find a book that someone had left there, or lost, an English novel (left there on purpose, how should I know, and if so, for what purpose).

Peter Ackroyd, *Hawksmoor*, Harper & Row Ed., London, 1986, which I read until three in the morning when I got home.

Nicholas Dyer, an architect of genius, was the architect of seven new churches built in London in the 18th[0] century at the behest of an obscure will. Nicholas Dyer, in fact, belonged to the high occult religion of Satanism: the seven churches he had built in London were, very secretly, temples of Satan, their foundation stones abundantly soaked in the blood of a preconceived series of human sacrifices.

In 1980, Superintendent Nicholas Hawksmoor will be investigating a series of contemporary murders, all perpetrated in churches built in the 18th century to the plans of Nicholas Dyer's fatal heptagram. But not for long: over centuries, the circle closes again, and a frightful web of mediumistic influences, of presences perfectly unavowable but quite active, will creep in to propose, to impose its interlacing of darkness, of spectral, anti-human pousssées, *the anti-world penetrating the world once more.*

Peter Ackroyd's occultist literature is that of a great master of the genre: His evocations of eighteenth-century London, its packs of whores, its rags of beggars with double and triple lives - where everything is concealment and superior cheating, a social and spiritual mystery in direct action, a profound, architectonic mystery bathed in the consequent sacrilege, terror and murderous madness of almost triumphant Satanism - quickly reach a power that immediately *gives vision,* that fascinates, absorbs, makes one complicit and hypnotically bewitches.

*Terror,* says Peter Ackroyd, is *the hidden foundation of all great architecture.* The interior architecture, alive and radiant, of this novel by Peter Ackroyd will find in the fascinated approach to terror, in the immediate experience of terror, the light of a new religion, if not the religion itself of a new light, of another light, which will be the light of Satan, *but there is nothing striking about that, if Satan himself disguises himself as an Angel of Light,* as Saint Paul already exclaimed in his first Epistle to the Corinthians.

The Angel of Light, at the end of the novel, will nevertheless have to face up to the evidence of his defeat, which is as sudden as it is total, unforeseen, ingeniously planned, mystically called upon to bring the story to a close, to justify the vision, to pronounce its final word, the word of the final secret, which belongs to God alone, a vision that rises up only to meet plan Divine Providence in action, and whose march through the darkness it must illuminate.

Peter Ackroyd, *Hawksmoor*. A strange encounter, at the end of this icy night, so troubled, so dangerous. A book I'd be willing to translate myself, a book I've come recognise as an unconditional fan, an accomplice, an agent of penetration.

(128) Endless amazement - a sort of malaise, an obscure disgust - at the lack of interest that Parisians are obsessed with showing towards the Bois de Boulogne. Whatever the succession of its downfalls and their dismal current outcome, the Bois de Boulogne will retain until the end the powers of its original mystery, and the continuing mystery of its powers, which are becoming increasingly obscured as these end times inexorably engulf everything in the disaster of its own fateful disqualifications. For what remains of the Bois de Boulogne today, whatever its state, is split into two, invisibly, by the persistence of its previous identity, intact, sovereign, inhabited, magical, made to respond in reverberation to the nocturnal and sidereal allegiances that will indefinitely be its own.

And, on the other hand, following the spiral of a reiteration of the state that establishes and sustains its mission and permanency, isn't the fundamental symbol of my salvation, of my clandestine accession to deliverance, to be found in the Bois de Boulogne? And I would even go so *far as* to say that it is in the Bois de Boulogne*?* A thin stream whose course is hidden beneath the wasp bushes, in the bramble groves, and which I have to ford, on flat, often uncertain, trapped stones. An unbearable danger attaches itself to this obligatory passage, something worse than death. But on other side, life beyond reach, the supreme sunshine *of anamnesis.* I called it the Wolf's Ford.

Indeed, the "Gué des Louves" somehow divides the Bois de Boulogne against itself, like the flaming wound of death that cuts into the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the old counter-revolutionary imagery of our own people.

Now this thin, dubious stream really does exist, and I managed to identify it almost effortlessly on the spot, where it becomes, in the visible, the modest symbol of what it is, so adventurously, in the invisible, and in such a tragic way. But we usually avoid it, its very course and the little spectral clearing where it lets itself be surprised. And the beasts keep their distance too, a great shadowy silence reigns there, blocking out the surroundings.

# The vagaries of nostalgia

*from break to break from the initial break*

ANDRE COYNE

(149) I must begin by saying: when, in the remotest days of my burnt-out, melancholic and demented youth, I had believed that it was enough to know - to be admitted to understanding - certain other-worldly things in order immediately have operative use of them, I was dramatically unaware that the inner paths of the work require you to pursue your philosophical career for at least twenty-three years, and that most of us, caught up in the tumultuous, black waters below, get lost on the way to where no one has ever returned.

And now what? The night full of darkness, the whitening dawn, the rose-hip dawn passed, crossed as in a dream of hypnagogic fever, an uninterrupted dream, and devoid of the slightest shadow of living charity, now I wake up again before the sudden precipice of the day of the work in the *green.*

It's only the last battle that counts, and I'm in it. Facing the horror, facing the dread of the end.

(150) Let the word of truth cease, and yet let the current of life continue : a new word will then embody what in life now belongs to life and to life alone, beyond predestination and names, and what it will say, this new word, will no longer involve or commit any meaning, but as a position of strength suspended over the void and nothing *else*, a position of strength itself unnameable and forever unnamed, fleeting, insignificant, blind and desperate, a position of strength carved out of the uncertain hollow of my last powerlessness to be and which, this hollow

The impotence in me, this whispering gash of nothingness, will only be the result of the coronal confrontation of the darkest forces of life in the closed field of existential trial, and when this trial, the existential trial of the end, has only called them in to annul them coldly, without love or resentment, but called from the depths of a sleep blacker and deeper than any death (than my own death) as if the misfortune of being were essentially the misfortune of the earth.

(149) *Are you so sure? 1* And I: *No, not really, I admit. But I can also say that we don't have, or rather we no longer have the choice. We must persevere, try bring this project to its truly ultimate conclusion. By any means necessary.* And by absolutely any means. I remember that beautiful summer afternoon after the rain, in the private gardens of the Nunciature. And the birds drunk with joy in the chestnut trees in blossom, or hanging from the baroque ironwork securing the highest balconies, on the top floors, under the serene, empty sky. Birds suddenly appearing to me like little bunches bees covered in a crust of white and grey ash, to celebrate the mortal anguish of these hours, so limpid though they are, the anguish of the most secret hours of my nuptials with the slow-motion death of those assigned to *['amoureux retour'].*

(150) What could be darker than light, and Job: *God manifests his depths out of darkness and makes light come out of deep shadow.*

(151) As the beautiful, even the very beautiful Théodelinde Dubouché, foundress of Family of Reparative Adoration, so admirably professed, to do *the honours of the Greatest Feast*, which is a feast of living embers, of nameless terror and of being torn apart above the darkness known as the emptiness of the end, you have to know, and know how to know, the *mystery of awakening in the heart of the night.*

Théodelinde Dubouché used to say: *"Reawaken faith by relying only on faith.* And also: *It is at night that my soul desires you.*

(Today, the mother house of the Famille de l'Adoration Réparatrices is in Paris, 39, rue Gay-Lussac, and there are seven other houses working in France.
These include the houses in Châlons sur Marne, Lyon and Cormeilles. In Great Britain, the Famille de l'Adoration Réparatrice mystically runs a house in Chester and, in Ireland, in Belfast and Donaghadee).

Constituting a rather mysterious Tantric enclave at the heart of the most traditionalist, or apparently the most traditionalist, Western Catholicism, the daughters of the great Théodelinde Dubouché confessed to being entirely devoted to the active adoration, day and night, of the Bread of *Life* alone, while keeping a silence, more significant than one might think, on the Wine of Life. They therefore know how to give themselves only in their bodies, and in their bodies of flesh, offering themselves to the work of sacrifice according to the words of the Terrible Master, *I have come to bring fire to the earth and I desire nothing but that it should burn.* And now this fire from elsewhere is burning, and it will burn more and more, mercilessly. In a battle from now on without mercy, I myself will have to penetrate this fire, with my very life, so that it invests me and annuls me in its fiercely virginal incandescence, an incandescence at the heart of which lies the great secret of Théodelinde Dubouché and Théodelinde Dubouché herself, made of what incandescences.

(152) One world comes to an end, another is announced and subversively begins.

Rimbaud said at the end of *Une Saison en Enfer: "Keep up the pace you've gained.* And he went on to say that *spiritual combat is as brutal as the battle men.* But he added immediately afterwards: *However, it's the day before.*

In fact, *it's the day before.*

Be that as it may, we still have perhaps a month to think about it, another month to get used to the certainty of the immense landslides that are coming in abyss of the most nocturnal underground passages of Paris, and of which I myself am, mediumistically, the mouth of shadow held to speak exclusively to the pretty stammerer of the lead roasters in the adventure of Belle Etoile, who is, let us say it, a *green star.*

A confession that risks triggering, through its subterranean reverberations, terribly unpredictable avalanches, abrupt and no doubt irrevocable changes to the nocturnal and daytime face of our own hunting grounds in the Forest of Brocéliande, in the Bois de Boulogne and even in the twilight and so equivocal Jardins des Tuileries, the latter haunted, in the half-invisible, by the great delinquency of the Filles du Feu - or rather of the Brasier Froid - and their insubornable trappers with eyes of ice and black rot.

For the wheel of greater destiny has just turned, once again, in the Midheaven, facing the divine half-open mouth of Sekhmet, the flamboyant: from now on, only the front-line breakers of the supreme prohibitions of life and death belonging to those times of powerlessness and shame that are already no more, that have never been ours, will march .

And, on the other hand, as far as we ourselves are concerned, we have all arrived at the little dark hedge from which, once we have jumped over it in a single bound, we will have to learn once again to throw ourselves blindly forward, to gamble everything for everything. At moment, only those who, and only those who, find themselves in *a position of extreme exception* sometimes manage to escape illegally from the encirclement, from the fatal advance of the powers of negation and darkness, "and in my dream, once again, the earth closing in on itself".

(153) The masters fire fear only the occult testimony, the encrypted testimony of stones; so it is in philosophy, where the hidden depths, the previous identities of concepts that we would consider the most transparent, never cease to denounce the nocturnal part of thought, the part that hides above all from itself. All living thought is, in a way, thought that has been led astray by the secret workings of its own depths.

(154) From Kant to Jaspers, a certain German-language cretinism, more and more debased, more and more subaltern and *doer*.

Now, to know these things is to have the courage and the good-natured nonchalance, the heroic nonchalance, to reduce the whole philosophy of a Kierkegaard to the angelic exasperations of masturbation, which devastated his life and disturbed his faith to the point of turning it into a bad, brackish wine, a wine of shame and death; Protestantism, moreover, in its very being and in its history, is nothing more than an immense clandestine brotherhood of masturbation fanatics, a conspiracy of weakened contempors and those frightened of the transcendental glory of the nude, of the naked and burning body of the wife, the mistress, the fiancée to be deflowered with *fear and trembling, a* precognition of the furnace.

(155) The only call to which I still want to know how to respond is the call of the great race, which often manifests itself in some of them by a slow-motion way crossing their long legs or, standing with their backs to the wall, languid, presenting their bellies slightly forward, as a parade shield and giving a foretaste of the floral, celestial in some way, of a pregnancy.

indefinitely postponed by the manipulations of a present itself invested with delirium, with cherished and beautiful mystical or assimilated heights, and as if coated by the sparkling fade of a cry held back ad infinitum, always the same, the cry of the wound of death, the aerial, the astral, the indecipherable.

(156) *Garam masala* the back room is always full of betel chewers on courtesy calls, so the kind-hearted waitress has to climb the stairs between floors (the balustrade of intermittency).

(157) But who is Aurélie Ajoret? A name that came to me several times in my dreams. On the banks of the Saône, the narrow, stony path cutting through the tall grass, and the silent, russet-grey birds. A fleeting glimpse of a youthful breast, dazzlingly white, under the dubious shirt, soaked in sweat and mud. A taste suicide, perhaps involving someone else, and her astonishing knowledge of the Gospels, but, nonetheless, no memory of her in me, of her face, her body or her being, nothing.

(158) As I had to get off at Vavin, I changed trains at Odéon, and on the bench beside me was a lady from the works, between two ages, steeped in the most diverse devotions, accompanying a sort of nun, very old, shrivelled, black and parchment-like like a bloated herring, already almost airy in her still-life clothes, the weave bleached by the worst washing, they too got off at Vavin, and walked ahead of me. And I don't know how I caught myself thinking that the sudden urge might well come over me to throw her down the stairs, with a violent blow in the back: an over-baked earthenware vase, burnt to a crisp she'd probably die broken into pieces, and then *little heaps. Now* who's just thought that in me, the floodgates of what ancient despair, her face and no memory of it, the ruinous floodgates of what unfathomable despair have just burst in me, my forehead pressed against the icy wall, and also the atrocious smell of old charred clothes, of fish rotting in the sun and the overheated cobblestones of the pier, red with blood, in September 1961 Algesiras, and that dawn.

(159) I don't think it's raining any more, but it's dark on 31 May, as I wait for Jean-Pierre Rassam at the Dôme, surrounded, as if in a circle of suburban spiritualists, by black-and-white photos of cadors from the beautiful and gloomy thirties, or rather twenties, escorted by their naked gougeonnes, all lascivious, and

of a fairly low race) (a world of abject metatics, or worse, a world of *artists* probing the secret, clandestine origins of 1 current Western consciousness).

(Strangely, Sophie Barjac, who walks alone in Rue Dutot, looking straight ahead, and even, as far as I can see - I'm looking from the wet window of the 48 bus - talking aloud, feverish, apparently oblivious to the state of the world, dreaming while standing or sleepwalking in broad daylight, inspired) (beautiful as an goddess under her golden mane, dripping with all the mercury of the rain).

(160) The mortal terror of the double silver sphere, with its blackened gash. I sobbed to the gods and they came. But not just yet, not just yet. I mean, no, not just yet.

(161) If I invent a double, it's because for me too the time of vain love has come: to trace in the air the signs of the idle separation of names, to veil the low rumour, the frustrating and frustrated *dolorism*, hardly convulsive, of the wasps of the old regime oozing along the wall of my so great, my so perfect present indifference, such the manoeuvres and prodigies of *my new secret.*

Come on, come on, my sweet bitches, come on, it's time for the first cold pressing.

In this way we become, as von Eckartshausen puts it, the *separator of the substance that contains everything* from *the destructible matter that causes pain and misery.* It makes no difference, then, if blood must flow. On the contrary.

(162) Those lovely lungs, so freshly torn from their original breasts, and carefully placed on that thick bed of straw, slowly and compunctionally filling as if with pinkish, foaming blood (and that same dream, exactly the same, coming to me again tonight) (for the eleventh time in the last two months, and with the same great clarity as always, as if in the heart of a mysterious *sunshine)* (but didn't they contain, these virginal lungs, didn't they contain, before, the air of breaths, of breaths, heavenly breaths from which my last life was lost, before the collapse 1 Atlantis) (and before she even betrayed, over-devoted).

(163) Just as in the case of the elementary figure of the Fisher King, reduced to decaying and crumbling like sand by the silence of his inept fellow citizens, their souls obscured by sleep, no one, not even tonight, will dare or know how to ask the only fundamental question: what are these corpses, three in number, waiting to be discovered, encased in quicklime and walled up, since 1889, in place just below the large room at the entrance to Chez Lipp, on the right? And soon I'll say more, I must.

(164) A life that began anew, with the utmost disgust for literature, in the concierge's lodge where she had to hide, for a time, on rue Raynouard (her necklace made of clouded glass paste, a certain blue).

(16Z) (But was it night, not rather day, but then why all those lights on the water, is it, in ourselves, the ancient mystery of fishing by torchlight) (and that pain under the forehead, that barely whitening darkness, (and this pain under the forehead, this barely whitening darkness, this cutting cold and this thin layer of ice that breaks under the boat's forward motion at the very moment when the pale moon of the early day escapes from the reddening clouds) (night, day, here, no longer of any importance) (this light so even, the colour of weariness and oblivion) (the colour of black amber).

(168) In the elevation of my most wanton expectation of Romaine, at the Auberge des Rosiers, Rue Boislevent : under her straw-yellow blouse, breasts cosmologically so aware of the rise, in this world, of the most secret hour, how can they go with a sex so narrow, virginally still so tight around its own Cantorian principle of refusal, of *first refusal*, of the mystical unavailability of the sands of its prodigious beaches of being troubled, and with what a subversive and sombre bourgeois suddenness, by the little storms of existence, and of the old distresses pushing to vanity, to the abject and pitiful sophistications of resentment in its most sooty veils of mourning, of *overflowing*, of beautiful madness in the counterfeit of their glazed happinesses, passed to the white of the void to the sly flight, a tiny bit restrained. And so they having me, and there is no tragedy in the face of *stupefaction* or, for that matter, in the sudden, burning dews of the bitten and licked.

But in a way it's fair: the sombre amazement of the Auberge des Rosiers in Rue Boislevent is matched by the white-knuckled amazement of Mortefontaine.

Daydreams or, to be more precise, *certain daydreams*, skilfully managed and controlled, can hardly be considered less real than real life.

dream, the reality of awakening - it invests life with a transcendental, supra-prahuman light, and that alone will convey this life more than life, deifying and liberating, giving its people a foretaste of "eternal life". At the Auberge de la Roseraie, rue Boislevant, I knew this light, the light of "eternal life", when she took off her yellow blouse, full of ill will.

(169) Did the rest get lost? Yes, the rest has been lost. And lives too are lost, and then allowed to dissolve into nothingness, by nothingness, lives that could have been mysterious, powerful, lives as clear as the brightest day against the dark, shattered rocks of anti-destiny, of the *active negation* that carries within it, with it, before it the vitrified stigmata, the icy claw, both invisible and indelible, of the secret, dreary god of the abyss.

(170) Learning, day after day, the hatred of old women, psychopathological hatred, super-homicidal hatred of these lazy beldoches of the last great bourgeoisie or pretending to be one, dressed up like walking corpses, furs, bagouzes, triple strings of pink salmon pearls, bitter, vicious mouths, crusted in the libidinous red of mass grave predators every time I take the 52, the inner vision of the hecatombs I dream of in connection with this unbearably obscene rubbish takes me to the infinity of trance, to the pavilion of the little death where we falter) (trenches lying below the horizon of the dull, greasy plain to retract, (no living flame has ever passed there) (that old age, that vile meat, is calling, if by any chance I don't manage to cross the final line myself, to the occult foundations of my own hell here below, and also of what will come to me afterwards, in the darkness of the second death, the spillway, and the blackish low fires of the little depression) (where the rubbish tips of the devastated city will spread out).

(171) (And I'm not even ashamed any more: I've been defeated in open country, and of my great dream of salvation and cosmogonic deliverance there remains stone upon stone, the shadow a shadow) (this is my final admission: I've lost the game, *now I know* I've lost, and in losing myself I've also lost the world that I was supposed to save, that I wanted to save, and that will probably never know that in this darkness it took so little for a final saviour to come to it, (From the beginning, an occult sign of prohibition was hanging over me, a decree, not of curse, but *of impediment*, and all this, I know, not so much from the excessive power of others,

(I chose heaven, but didn't want me, and when those in darkness came to know it, what an unleashing *dead* bark around me and in me, (I am not even the cursed fig tree, but the fig tree left behind) (left behind).

(172) (That is to say, the dark dishonour, Madam, of those things found in a dream and which the life of the day surpasses and humiliates, and which the presupposed waking life always annihilates, unconscious, blissful : for *I knew everything I needed to know, and now I know nothing*, and so it still comes to me, this bitter shame, the decayed omnipotence of an oblivion even more transparent to itself than the memory whose ruin it is bound to perpetuate, and the disaster subjected to the fateful blackening of these predisposed breaths in low judgement around the hour so slyly bastardised, as in the stall of unquenchable death) (the very hour of the Dear Council) (these beautiful blind desirades, as free-lending of the renounced stumps without any tearing, without hypnagogic weapons or disclosure of black roses, for such will henceforth be the life death in the death of life, and like *a second time)* (a second exposure of what should not have been) (sovereign bells of a madrigal to be said with a mouth full golden grains, dripping with bees) (together, let them therefore slide the slab so gravely adulterated, that they had recognised under the arbour of red and white grapefruits, and let the counterweight suddenly obey, thus opening under their feet the dark science of previous precipices, and offering them, once again, the full lordship of the breath held back, and divided in the bushes where these aerial accumulations of numbers in flames had been predisposed to influence the return, among them, of the ancient white shadows in Memphis, as well as the advent resumed, by them, of the beautiful polar complicities of anatan those very same ones that were of the rue des Entrepôts, mas rendered and corrected, these complicities, as from the rusty balcony from where their Illuminated Brothers of Asia, masters in rags, return to contemplate them (masters in rags, the Masters in rags of the Order of Refuges).

(173) (Les Frères étaient, les Frères ne sont plus) (can we also envisage the extinction of a race, the collapse of an ontological archipelago into the quiet abysses of non-being, just as we must envisage our own death, the collapse a vague red-brick wall in Haute-Provence that was predestined, brick by brick, on the side of the precipice, and now a cascade of

(with the same gentle precision as that of the clear flint that penetrates me and wakes me up, introduced, slowly, very slowly, in the most fragile bone of the forehead, between the eyes, and already the song, already all these green sheets, immense, all quivering in the blazing sky of the twilights on the pine forest supplicated to 1 infinity) (customary denivellation of the fact, astral).

(174) *I lost you in Bukhara, and found you again in Samarkand*, half dead and buried in the royal decay of your most intact glory, as the fires in the desert proclaimed then, following the line of the night, towards the north-west and over the high plateaux, by the great icy lakes, from mountain to mountain.

(175) "It was therefore a rather admirably engineered humiliation for me. However, Sir, I knew everything in advance. And as I was watching for the opportunity, I was watching for you.

(127) And this nagging suffering, which degrades and defiles, the bearer of a bad death, that in order to write, to enter into writing, one has to resign oneself to having to say "I" over and over again.

And haven't I already said it somewhere, I don't remember where, that in order to understand G.I. Gurdjieff's teaching, to grasp its hidden breath, the great inner breath coming from the Enochian dwellings ancient Cappadocia, you have to start by finding the right angle of approach, or be allowed to find it by those who still have the disposition, which is always dangerous.

Now the secret of superhuman transcendence, as direct as it is special, and apparently of such extreme simplicity, the secret that G. I. Gurdjieff had been asked to convey, at a certain time and for a certain purpose, in the West of the continent, a *certain purpose* whose charge and predispositions will perhaps have to be reactivated, suddenly, when the time comes again, is none other than that of the 'awakening' of a few, and I also believe that everything is said, on this subject, in the pages devoted to it at the very heart of Gustav Meyrink's great initiatory novel set in the Netherlands, *The Green Face*.

All the essentials of the 'doctrine of revival' are set out in *The Green Face*, and in the most innocent of words - it's all about the

will speak of the 'pagan way mastery of thought', and even of the 'bridge that leads to life' - in fact what to provide - openly, and in all clarity, and this very clarity, and overture that follows, arming the dissimulation at work, feeding the false innocence of words - all that may be needed - for some, I mean - in an active approach to the paths of 'awakening' and even, ultimately, this 'awakening' itself, or what is commonly called as such. But this active approach, we should know in advance, is never more than the fruit of a secret call acting from the depths of ourselves, and that especially, I would say, when we would be tempted to think that the initiative belonged to us alone.

Like G. I. Gurdjieff, Gustav Meyrink believes that "being awake is everything".

*In The Green Face* we read*:*

"Being awake is everything.

Be awake in everything you do 1 Don't think you already are. No, you're asleep and dreaming.

Gather all your strength, and try for just one moment to feel this feeling run through your whole body: now I'm awake!

If you succeed, you will immediately realise that 1 state in which you previously appears, in relation to this one, as a state of daze or intoxication.

It's the first hesitant step a long, long journey from certainty to omnipotence.

In this , we move from awakening to awakening.

And, again in *Le Visage Vert,* these decisive details:

"Our symbol is the phoenix, symbol rejuvenation, the legendary eagle of the sky in Egypt, the eagle with its purple and golden plumage that burns itself in its nest of myrrh and is continually reborn from its ashes.

I told you that the beginning of the path is your own body; anyone who knows this can begin their journey at any time".

(126) Most it is in dreams that I find the paths of the dangerous ford of the Bois de Boulogne, especially at dawn, or in the luminous interregnum of sleepiness, but for some time now I have been beginning to have access to them, too, in waking state.

In the street, suddenly, or anywhere else, in the space of a flash, the same stream hidden under the bushes in the Bois de Boulogne reappears - emerges - in me, that ford too, and the annihilating terror that guards its crossing, the flat stones you have to walk over, the slight tremors of the sun reproducing, in the crystal-clear water, the quivering of the tall foliage in the midday wind. For all this is supposed to happen at noon, always at noon.

Eric Rohmer sometimes accompanies me, silent, his face a ghostly white, to the very edge of the stream, and then he disappears. And not a sound, ever. Everything seems suspended in emptiness, a serene, luminous emptiness, with a strange warm freshness, suspended outside time, outside space, caught up in the limpid mass of a sparkling silence, abysmal, cosmic, sunlit from within like an immense mountain of crystalline ice. I don't think I'll ever be able to put it into words, and I've given up trying. Another time, perhaps later. Eric Rohmer often crosses the space of my dreams.

Daring to cross the ford, and even trying to do so. Once I'm there, on the edge of the stream of ultimate peril, I know that all it would take is a few steps forward for me to achieve supreme freedom, to wake up with no return, but something inside me keeps preventing me from taking the decision to go beyond, to suddenly rush across.

And yet, twice at least, I've dared to do it, I've said I've done it before. At least twice I've found myself on the other side. So I know what it's like.

(125) But isn't the most exciting thing above all the fact that the fundamental paradigmatic figure of the crossing of the Bois de Boulogne stream at the ford of ultimate perils begins to arise in me not only in the dream, but also in 1 the waking state? Hence the immediate connections with G. I. Gurdpeff's doctrine awakening, with Gustav Meyrink's trapped developments on the concept of awakening as the "bridge that leads to life" and, also, with some of the ancient spectral glimmers of Tantra that I still remember, albeit more and more faded.

For it was on the burning paths of Tantra that I came to know the name of the ford of ultimate peril, its dogmatic identity as a place not only of crossing, for myself and no doubt for some of my peers, but also as a place of re-entry for "she who will come from the land of the heights" and which, as such, as, I mean, a place of coming, is called the Ford of the Wolves.

As you can see, the ford of ultimate peril is a two-way .

(124) With as much gentleness as hatred, my regrets about the abominable and desolate decline of the Bois de Boulogne forest today certainly come from a long way away. Théodelinde Dubouché: "It is at night that my soul desires you".

From as far away, perhaps, as the Junction of Venus.

(300) "The Junction of Venus? Figures, numbering, recurrences, learned pressure, the light outline of skimming without return or pay. Thus, the weapons of my current enterprise speak of a *premonition.* Entitled *Les dévergondages de la Nostalgie*, the present chapter of my 'gnostic journal' proves what? That the scattered parts of a vision, so many bloody, throbbing pieces of the skinned body of Osiris, all bear the same number, the same 'state signature', the same sharp bite belonging. Gathered together, and breath of divine life reviving them reintegrating them into the mystery of their former unity, into the mystery of their unity indefinitely to come, it is here that the Weapons of the Undertaking will appear, dazzling, *from rupture to rupture from the initial rupture.*

So what should we see? I'm saying it, and I know that in saying it I'm betraying the truth: on 11 August 1999, in less than a day, the face of the world will be totally and forever changed, as if the Apocalypse had already taken place.

For on that day, and anyone realising it, as if in a dream, an immense new and vivid light, the exaltation and power of a distraught, ardent, total joy, will announce that the Reign of God has come. So the Weapons of the Enterprise that I am pursuing speak, above all, of a date, 11 August 1999. The very date of the line of the Greatest Fire. The date of the Junction of Venus.

(301) *The balustrade of intermittencies,* I don't have much time left to get to know the dialectics of vigour, nor the line that is both burning and fresh that oozes from it, that trickles down and digs the furrows of our last great sidereal hopes, nuptially investing the rough glacial valleys of the Big Dipper.

# Sikkim

*Light? More like darkness.*

EVANGELINA WALTON

(156) It's strange, I'd say, strange and not without a certain gentleness, not without a rather great Salpêtrière gentleness: through the open windows of the , the song of the birds resounds, at once frightened by the rain and as if drunk with it dusk, while, slowly, with a breath of very fine thrust, I feel the desire for death rising in me and occultly strengthening, the decision to commit suicide.

The dry passage between the different regimes of the work, which must be experienced in succession, will always imply an unbearable desire for death, for self-annihilation. Between what is definitively no more and what is not yet, there is no support other than absolutely heroic will not to prevail, but not to give in, not *to give in to them:* It is the hour and also the place where only the hatred of hatred will remain in action, the hatred of the hidden being of hatred and of its double war camp, the one suspended in the air and the one hidden in the bowels of the crumbly and shadowy earth of non-being.

(157) (In August 1948, to tell the truth, I had long since lost all sense of passage of time; Locked up in an armoured cell in the Dalmatinska Uliça, in Belgrade, I no longer knew where I was, whether it was day or night, whether two months had passed or six, since they had brought me to Belgrade hidden on purpose among those responsible for the first great wave of clandestine arrests of Cominformist Stalinists, who, stunned, no longer understood anything; Some had their hands tied behind their backs; at the Dalmatinska Uliça, the heat was sometimes absolutely atrocious, more than intolerable: in the middle of August, the radiators made it impossible to breathe.

the burning metal walls and even the cell doors themselves, even though they were set in a thick block of concrete ; And so, over time, I came to slip, from terrace to terrace, into a long transcendental excursion, losing myself in increasingly dark and cold distance of a cataleptic sleep, close to death and, beyond death, to something other than death, more suffocating still, and more prone to the rockslides of unmemory, but at the same time far less obscure, perhaps, than the passages reputed to be narrowest in the world of little death, of great death, of the secret of this world at its end, ever were; a kind of uncertain day reigned *there*, as if dependent on a sun rising in a desert countryside, a day veiled by the ragged shadows of I don't know what night, subtly adrift) (for the dread of this *intermediate day* will stay with me, for ever) (and it was in the depths of this blind day that *I* met her, Lucia) (for very first time *I saw her).* (It was in the depths of this blind day that I met her, Lucia).

(158) In the gloomy gogues of a whores' café just off the Rue du Roi de Sicile, these enigmatic inscriptions, drawn in green marker and in a handwriting that resembles mine in such an anguishing way: *I am the salvation of this world, its last living being and the tortured victim of its last great freedom in love; I am the last glimmer of daylight in the darkness that subverts and defiles everything. I am Deliverance.* And further down: *When night comes, the trace of her footsteps in the bluish snow. Regnabit.*

(159) I tore off the blanket and the sheets. Then she covered her face with her hands. Was it midday? The chimes, the bright sunshine and, outside the open windows, the light wind in the sails. At the foot of the bed, her *white nightgown.*

(159) Heliopolis, as with the fourth dove (and as with this midnight-blue velvet, with its thin, faded gold braid, and significantly *worm-eaten).*

(160) In fact, I loved the fact that it was raining rather than sunny, too sunny on this day of great secret joy, when everything seems to me necessarily turned inwards, the world around me suddenly cancelled out by everything that is not in the immediate complicity of this joy so unexpected and yet so perfect.

How dare I say more? And why should I? Especially as it's all a lie. I wanted these words of joy to come to me, as if by miracle, and they *did*: everything is as if the

things were really like that, when in fact the opposite is true. Joy? What joy? More like the darkest nightmare, petrified and fatal.

Evangelina Walton: *Light? More like darkness.* Is it possible? Sometimes, in the darkest of nightmares, in a nameless night terror - but it comes to us in the middle of the day as well, this terror so precise, with such sharp edges

- you say to yourself, you try to say to yourself: no, no, this can't be, no, not like this, of course I'm dreaming, *I* absolutely must wake up, *I* must tear myself away from this intolerable nightmare, this demented nightmare. But what use is this desperate invitation to wake up, when it's the nightmare that takes over, that holds on to reality, when it's the nightmare we have to wake up to, and the nightmare alone? Gérard de Nerval: "It wasn't enough for me to lay my flesh-and-ash loves to rest to make sure that it's us, the living, who are walking through a world of ghosts". Rather dream, and dream in the dream of the dream, rather the shameless lie, the luminous and quiet dementia that soothes and saves.

In vain, then, in vain have I tried to erect, today, around me, and to the very depths of myself, the affirmative defences of these words invoking - and by that very fact pretending to invoke, or pretending to believe in - the fire of joy, the limpid and revitalising breath of the Call to Joy, and the blaze of its Real Presence.

But the reality is different, the *only reality*. And it is the aberrant and totalitarian reality of this nightmare conclusion: that for thirty years and more not a single moment of joy, of respite, of freedom, not a single moment of return to the living honour of being has been given to me. Thirty years of nightmare, and in this endless nightmare not a single moment of joy. Not one, never. Never. Can you really believe that? It has to be. Perhaps that's how I'm advancing in holiness. Tonight, see you at T *Héliopolis*, 39 avenue Kléber, XVI$^{e}$.

61) On 16 April 1985, in *France Soir*, an article by Roger Laurent entitled *L'eau monte dans les sous-sols de Paris (Water rises in the basements of Paris).* Could it be that certain texts appearing in *France Soir* in the most apparently innocent manner are being framed, framed as if in the second degree?

But wasn't I myself inclined to think, on many occasions, all the right things about Jean-Jacques Shuhl's highly suspicious schemes, with idea of using the texts of *France-Soir* as a way of deciphering a certain *other reality* of things going on in the world? I also remember the strange recommendations

that Elie Dorner made to me a few years ago about *France-Soir* and the daylight mystery that would continue uninterrupted, as if nothing had happened. Revisiting Elie Dorner's troubling legacy. His obsessive subjection to the metapsychic figure of the "otherworldly coding grids" used in the "underground power station" at work at *France-Soir*.

For a long time, I myself struggled against a certain fascination, unavowable but tenacious, with a stubborn streak, towards cretinism considered as a superior form of knowledge, a fascination of the most pernicious kind insofar as, while it polarises and in motion special situations, feelings and annoyances leading to a certain class of revelations that would be truly impossible to obtain otherwise, these revelations nonetheless engage the beneficiary - and sometimes I was one myself - in a certain way.
- in their wake of singular raptures, contaminate, leave traces under cover and quite distressing necroses, weakenings of being bearing the testimonial claw of the passage through mongolism, through personal trade with the dubious lights of his religion, for there is a secret religion of cretinism. Cretinism knows me, and cretinism knows me.

By way of reference, I would invoke, first and foremost and like all those who devote themselves to the perilous ideal of the religion of cretinism, Dostoiewski's *The Idiot*, as well as the devotional cult of an Elie Dorner for reading *France Soir*, The fervent reading of France Soir has led many to visionary breakthroughs, to the most powerful hypnotic accommodations based on the simple approach to the day's events, which are recorded there with the clarity and simplicity that we all know. This is what I found in Roger Laurent's next article. I found a lot there.

Evangelina Walton: "Light? More like darkness". You don't address the religions below with impunity, unless you are pursuing a special task.

Roger Laurent, *L'eau monte dans le sous-sol de Paris:* "The capital of France engulfed under water, Paris turned into a drowned city from which only the dome of the Sacré-Coeur and the towers of Notre-Dame would emerge from the waves: such a catastrophe is surely no more than a nightmare".

"However, the specialists at City Hall are concerned about a phenomenon that seems to have taken on a certain importance in recent years. The

The groundwater table is rising, causing seepage, infiltration and flooding in basements, cellars and car parks.

According to the General Quarry Inspectorate, which is closely monitoring the evolution of the water table, several arrondissements have already been affected, in particular the 7e, 8e, 9e, 15e, 16(e) and 17(e) arrondissements, as well residential areas in the former Bièvre valley.

Some dozens of buildings are affected by this rising water level, which averages two or three metres, locally it has reached ten metres. The lowest levels are sometimes flooded, and several public car parks are in need permanent water pumping or drainage work.

To what can we attribute this curious phenomenon? Firstly, to the particularly heavy rainfall over the last four years. It's true that much of the ground in Paris has been sealed off, but there are still plenty of green spaces that allow the water table to be easily replenished. But the main cause is the stoppage of much of the industrial pumping and the pumping needed for the major construction work on the RER, which has now been completed.

Over the years, this pumping had led to a drop in the water level, and some architects and contractors assumed that the water level would be artificially low in order to make the floors watertight. Today, the water table has returned to its natural level and is drowning the basements, particularly those of buildings constructed between 1960 and 1975, the period of the major works.

The mayor of Paris has therefore decided to have quarry draw up a risk map indicating the maximum number of underground levels that can be built on in the future, and to list all the incidents that have already been reported. From now on, builders of new buildings will be able to have more precise information about the underground water table when they examine applications for planning permission".

And Roger Laurent concludes, in a way that I consider both risky and hazardous: "But whatever happens, Paris, true to its motto, *Fluctuât nec mergitur*, will not sink". For no one can yet know, not even me, whether one day Paris will have to rush into its

The final fate of the mysterious northern city of Isis the Veiled is even at stake in one of the great occult battles of this increasingly nocturnal end of an entire cycle. The final fate of the mysterious Nordic city of Isis the Veiled is even the profound issue at stake in one of the great occult battles of this increasingly nocturnal end of a cycle entirely in the power of the powers of darkness, and it is through our own work on ourselves and the rise our own conjurations in the invisible that this battle will be won or lost.

Right now, all seems lost, irretrievably lost. But it is no less certain that only the very last moment of the battle, the very last breath, counts.

(162) The doctrine of the principial nuclei, and the mystery of existence as a projection, as a development of these in the visible, in the life lived in advance, in the *course of life:* the six years of our life together, from 1956 to 1962, had therefore been, if things really are like this, if this is how things happen, nothing but the projection, the foreseen development, as if predetermined, of the six days of their principial nucleus, of the very narrow solar range between 11 and 16 August 1956. Those six days in August: everything.

On the evening of 16 August 1956, in the melancholy, mournful twilight at end of the summer, as waited for his parents to return home, I experienced the heartbreak and the sweetness of this separation, but I was in no condition to be able even to sense the abyss that lurked there, nor the terrible sign of death and darkness hovering over this abyss, over ourselves; and yet the hunting horns in the distance, and metallic clamour of nothingness and packs, the darkened heart of the forest of farewells; and six years later, on 11 August 1962, the eternal farewell in the presence of his parents, incomprehensibly there, there once again, and there only so that *the inconceivable* could surface, and the dark decree be fulfilled. In the clear, deep sky of El Escorial, the white sun of the darkness beyond the darkness, beyond everything. And fear, fear, the terrible *fear of the dark night.*

The whole of the life that was to be given to us to live - to live together, our only timelessly preserved life - would therefore have been spent entirely on 16 August 1956, between the hour of light shade when the imminence of the return of his parents, on holiday in Italy, obliged us to separate, and the hour of night when they actually returned, which on that day I didn't have to get to know since I had to leave the flat for at least a few hours.

before they got home, and that between dusk and night we had already moved away from each other, without knowing that, despite the six years of life together that would follow, the separation that we experienced that day as a social precaution was, in reality, the indecipherable sign of a separation for eternity.

Unless I manage to break this eternity, unless one day in my life I am able to split in two the bronze wall of death that has stood in front of me for twenty-three years already, the fateful twenty-three years of the great philosophical journey.

(163) From the moving, but also highly suspicious, Claudine-Alexandrine de Tencin, mistress and accomplice of Philippe d'Orléans and his damned soul, the dark and dissolute Abbé Dubois, and whom Diderot came to call the *scoundrel canoness of Tencin,* this lofty teaching on *vanity:* "Be very careful. You will see that it mixes with everything, that it spoils everything that is great, that it degrades passions, that it weakens even vices. Make a point of pointing out the tricks, or rather the foolishness, of vanity".

Claudine-Alexandrine de Tencin, says François Bott, was "far removed from angelism". And also: "Under the masks of charm, she let us guess her rogue side".

*You haven't had time yet,"* she said to one of her young protégés, "*you* haven*'t had time to study the world. You can't make portraits without a model.* This corresponds so perfectly to what I myself would like to say to the young Valéry du Branlé, who is hesitating before the novel. "I can't wait write," he will sob.

(164) I keep coming back to Betelgeuse's secret agent in my dreams at night, and that's how I complete my sidereal apprenticeship in death.

(165) The Ranelagh gardens, this evening, on an overcast day; it's almost dark; the rain, in the low-lying areas, is barely containing its tanks filled to the brim, interloping and icy winds are supplicating the treetops. It's horribly depressing to think what my life has been like, and that the end is approaching.

But then there are all those beautiful cherry blossom trees that, at the most intense edge of pink, seem to burn with a fire of enraged love. And since I know how to understand the language of the May cherry trees, the most secret, and

as I hear their long cry of unbridled madness, of vertiginous sweetness, held within me, I suddenly feel myself capsize, transfixed by light and on the verge of fainting.

How can there still be so much joy in this world of perfect deceit, betrayal and shame more withering than death?

Then, at the Eglise Sainte-Odile, 2 avenue Stéphane Mallarmé, Paris XVII, where I had been asked to go, but without *any hope,* on 3 May 1983. And all this in the fading shadow of Pierre l'Hermite, or the 'hermit stone, or the 'hermit of the stone'. Or 'the hermit stone'. Or, perhaps, the *Hermit Stone.*

(166) A note on some of the excesses of the confidential religion of holy relics, and how they are practised in Paris today. Page torn from one of my black notebooks.

But why should I stop on my way to educate myself, as if all this were happening in some kind of dream, the shadowy armoury of certain shadows in action in the mansions adjoining the decoration of the *Buerno* brasserie *on* Place Victor Hugo?

Some of you will understand that I am referring in particular to the salon at the back, with its wall made entirely of glass, and to the worrying dining room downstairs, decorated with reproductions of some of Toulouse-Lautrec's best-known posters, whose dismaying succession of tasteless little works seems to me to imply an involuntary warning, a message full of obscure threats to passing pheasants.

It's a pity that these days we're no longer quite capable of preventing a dull, shabby clientele - the clientele that doesn't suit us - from coming here, too, and now more and more as a permanent fixture with acquired rights, and as if tarnished, as if tarnishing itself, on purpose, old-fashioned, attentive to the dark deference of the muck whose impositions are concealed with great care and a very fine derailed compunction, you can perhaps see what breed I'm talking about. However, how can we deny it, between these guests and *the place that has been branded with a red-hot iron* and that takes the formidable means to receive them as if nothing had happened, a disgusting intelligence seems to reign occultly, no doubt the supernatural breath of *intelligence with the enemy.* For these almost venerable and ancient places are full, even very full, of deep nights.

But one day we'll find ourselves there again, among people of a different quality, people of resentment and melancholy, and make everything blaze again, as it once did, under the work of a haughty and restrained breath, close to the aura of those young touyas in their tubs, of what a heartbreaking memory for me, and of the supremely erotic poetry of those chairs discreetly dressed in modest garnet velvet, of those lamps with their milky, nilotic light.

And yet there's such a foul smell of cooking with garlic and dead body oil, what a final initiation test, and all those mines of the loufiaterie, extras from the *Vampire Ball* on the run who are already getting tired on the spot. Puke.

Nevertheless, in the dining room downstairs, the *Buerno* still hosts the meetings of the magistrates of *the Percée du Bois de Boulogne*, from which, at other times, I was excluded in such an unjust and equivocal manner. An exclusion from which, I confess, I have not yet fully recovered, nor will I ever recover. But isn't that precisely they wanted, those noble scavengers of the Moon's rags?

(167) It's from a dream in the middle of the night. It was that I was going to see, with E++, angelic blonde from Karelia - whose importance in my life is , paradoxically enough, very insistent, but only at the level of the dream, of the night, of the ocean depths of my unconscious, when, in waking life, I have given up and lost even the shadow of her shadow in me - an American *thriller* presented using a new technical process. "You'll see, I'm sure it will be fascinating", she reassured me. And how could I resist her? She had already unbuttoned her blouse all the way down to her stomach, as if she were playing, inattentive - or so she said - she was laughing, she was happy.

It was a kind of avant-garde holography, giving the most perfect illusion being present, and as really present, to was represented. And all this in such conditions of illusion that one would have been able establish the slightest difference between what was happening in the proposed representation and what would have happened life, in the life actually lived, directly lived according to what it would have been if it had conformed its representation there. As for the subject of the film - I should point out that it was called a *plus-que-vivant* projection - it revealed the criminal misdeeds, to say the least, of a strange Californian madman, who had already claimed numerous victims and who was being actively sought by a rather mature policewoman, a beautiful, full-bodied, moody blonde, a Polack of Polish origin, and a woman who had already been arrested.

his deputy on the pitch, an inverted, over-mannered negro who went by the nickname of Clémenceau. By the time E++ and I got there, the bloody madman appeared be forcing himself on a half-fainting schoolgirl from behind, whom he had somehow managed to lure into the livid shadows of some disused military warehouses; then he was going to have to work at bleeding her to his heart's content, the forced schoolgirl, slashing her with len- teur, passionately, assisted in the task by some kind of moron who was entirely subordinate to him psychologically, or worse ; There was already a little boy with his throat cut, carefully wrapped in old *Los Angeles Times newspapers;* and muted music, beautiful at times, distant choirs, murmurs, fragments of recitation in English and Italian, but muffled, weakened, constantly lost in vagueness, in sobs. *O bei sospir d'amore, o lacrime sturbate.* All in all, not much, just déjà vu, but sincere, extremely meticulous, pathetic and, how can I put it, modern, 'absolutely modern'. Although I did suspect that there were ulterior motives, I don't know what, a touch of *spiritualism* perhaps, hints of some kind of religion, or spiritualist religiosity, essentially American in style, the nocturnal opposite Protestant puritanism, of the immoral theological licence of Calvinism. I'm very attached to the term "*spiritualist religion",* that's how I feel about it. And, moreover, that is how I was taught to understand it, when I went to confession at the evening school in Les Pieux en Bois where, fortunately, fear is a great counsellor.

But let's be clear about a few things. Summed up in this way, this American *thriller* - *Bloody Beach* was its title, I just remembered it - this American *thriller*, I say, that was presented to us that evening, *more-or-less alive*, must seem implausible in every way, singularly primitive, counterfeit ; old-fashioned, to say the least, and even 'more old-fashioned than that, you die'; indeed, I agree; all that is true; but this film is debilitated, implausible and old-fashioned only at the level of the account that I provide myself, here, sticking to the facts alone and to its discursive part alone, or one that is given to be such; For, on the level of the dream and, above all, as a dream, its power to say and do evil, its power to strike immediately and directly, had affected me in a terrifying way, and if I wish to note down in this way, in detail, the outer part, the most exposed part of the proposed scenario, it is only in order to try to retain, to imprison, in this haggard, insufficient and profane account, in this too hastily conducted account, the influences secretly at work, the emanations if
that I had felt at work, on myself, in my dream, and which, in my dream, had nothing, really, to do with me.

There's nothing fake, stupid, old-fashioned or even implausible about it. On the contrary, quite the contrary. All of this reaching, in the dream, inside the dream, the ultimate limits of a kind of nocturnal grandeur, utterly infernal, where the film's primary outrages had no more value than a mere allusion, a quantified revelation concerning things unbearable for the waking consciousness, things immensely black, abysmal, forbidden to the intelligent interference of us humans of the last race, 'left in the lurch' and of irremediably corrupted blood.

I would like to add that, in the memory I still have of this *more-than-living* performance, there was, in spite of everything, the spectacle of a paradisiacal beach, tranquil in appearance, infinitely sunny and stretching, whitening, snowy, all the way below the horizon of what intense, deep, super-natural blue, a beach that constituted the predilection place sexual violence and the human butchery of which the central character of *Bloody* Beach was constantly reconstituted.

The special projection room *was* located, as I recall, in the second basement of a modern building, perhaps the Palais des Congrès Porte Maillot, where I always had my confidential entrances and most of my even more confidential business meetings with the man who, it seems to me, still occasionally goes by the name of Pascal Aleyrangues; the screen, or rather what served as a 'spatial projection screen', in fact a central podium, was surrounded by armchairs arranged in a circle on several levels, a sort of ultra-modern version,
"I knew the people who were promoting this new form of avant-garde entertainment, more or less derived from cinema. As I was well acquainted with the people in charge of promoting this new form of avant-garde show, more or less derived from cinema, E++ and I were given access to the front row seats, a flagrant act of favouritism; These were located on the very edge of the podium and, in fact, were a large circular bench, covered faded blue velvet, inviting elegance and all the beautiful mollowness of decadence educated in Las Vegas or other places like that, where power belongs to the putanate, the last active elite.

Let's also say that E + + seemed quite interested in the show in progress, and that I was bored stiff by it; half lying beside her, in the dark, I made up for it by covering her with discreet but all the more subversive caresses, while suspecting her a kind of erotic and amorous double game towards me, wrongly in fact, as we shall see; while suspecting her, I mean, of a double game towards me, while suspecting her of a double game towards me, wrongly in fact, as we shall see; while suspecting her, I mean, of a double game towards me, while suspecting her of a double game towards me, while suspecting her of a double game towards me, while suspecting her of a double game towards me, while suspecting her of a double game towards me.

For me, a young woman who claims to be both in love and free - which is the same thing as saying, isn't it, in love as well as available - is a suspicious young woman, a young woman who is already a criminal and, as it were, already tainted. And she needs to be punished severely.

However, on the central podium, the deranged man from the beach was, in his turn, being furiously beaten up by travellers whom I believe he had tried to slash in a treacherous manner, in a silent park, at night, on the edge of a small ornamental lake; under the statue of a Wounded Huntress, with a milky incarnation, but vibrating, dangerously, under the wild tints of the full moon on the edge of the Pacific. At this point, as E++ had asked me to go and get her some cigarettes, I left her and went back up the aisles, believing I could find her favourite brand in the first basement, where there is a most cosmopolitan tobacconist's. But, to my astonishment, they didn't have any, and so I had to go out and get some without the neighbourhood, on the other side of the square, in the Devil's Wood. A bad, fatal imprudence, I admit. For all this shopping took me perhaps more than half an hour and, as I retraced my steps to go down to the projection room, with E++'s favourite cigarettes in my hand, I bumped into Pierre-André Boutang at the entrance, who, abandoning, apparently without much regret, the small group friends who had accompanied him, began to tell me about his recent sentimental adventures in Romania, where he had gone to film a cultural event.

I saw then that there was a strong wind in the square, and even further away, towards the Bois de Boulogne, which had already entered the evening shade. There was a shiver fear.

On top form, Pierre-André Boutang then said something like this to me
Romania really is a superpower. I have to admit that Dominique de Roux was right a thousand times over. You see, in Transylvania we worked in a girls' school, a technical college. I'm still flabbergasted about it, and as you can see *I*ve had two of these young Marxist-bred quails, a real treat. I have a feeling I'll be going back there soon, and this time on my own. I'm bitten to the quick. You see, I don't think I'll ever be able to live anywhere else, what madness my dear, it's like a poison for me, a drug, real voodoo liquor. Now I know the other world is. Over there, for me, *Stazione Termini*. In fact, that's what Julius Evola used to say to us in Rome, when we were

went to make a film about him, with Dominique de Roux. The fact remains that I don't understand anything any more about all these idiots wasting their lives and their time around here. France, Europe, the United States, it's all same: everything stinks, everything's rotten. Despite the phenomenal misery of life, that's where *real life is* these days, and nowhere else. But all this you must know, you who are from there yourself. But all you people are interested in is forgetting everything. What you're looking for here in the West is death. You yourself must be quite dead already. In the end, you're only interested in death. Not me. His friends, a little further along the pavement, were getting impatient and kept giving me unfriendly glances. *There* was someone I didn know in their group of shadows, as well as Claire Parent and Antoine Dulaure. They were furious that they didn't know what Pierre-André Boutang could have had to tell me that was so important, and so confidential; his very eagerness was a provocation to them, a failure, the beginning an unforeseen and devious betrayal, who knows. "Politics, surely.

It was then that a warning signal sounded, faintly, somewhere in my head: while he was talking to me like that, I realised that this Pierre-André Boutang, there in front of me, trying to be so pathetic, might well be *someone else;* that it might not be Pierre-André Boutang at all, but his mere appearance concealing who knows what unavowable, abysmal entity, and whose intentions towards me then suddenly appeared to me as bad, unclean, singularly disgusting. Were they trying to me back, to *make* me *late*? But why? It was all filth, dirt and mud.

In the exalted and unseemly discourse of the phantasmagoria I had in front of me, was a layer of falsely theological, whining and scabrous varnish, completely foreign to the way of behaving and talking of the real Pierre-André Boutang, a man of great calm and laughing composure, open only to the French and social transparencies of life. And, whats more, I also began to realise that the worrying alarm, the deep apprehension that Claire Parent and Antoine Dulaure were silently trying to convey to me with their eyes alone, had nothing to do with the obscure reasons why Pierre-André Boutang had lingered too long with me and left them out in the cold; No, obviously not that, not that at all; but that they were desperately trying to make me understand my tragic misunderstanding, to warn me violently against the eager schemes this 'other Pierre-André Boutang', an imitation and evil puppet.

of the real Pierre-André Boutang, their true friend and mine, who was nowhere near where I was at risk of thinking he was, and to my great misfortune, right there on the spot.

So you can see how, one thing leading to another, took me the better of an hour to fetch her cigarettes from E++, who would never accept - furious at having left her alone all that time
- if only to pretend to believe me in my explanations, which were in the most muddled, the most obscure. Carried away as I knew her to be, how could I not fear the worst?

And series of setbacks didn't look like it was going to stop there. Once I was on the stairs, and in a hurry to get down, I realised that there was a crowd, that people were rushing to get out. That's because the screening of the film en *plus-que-vivant* downstairs had ended in the meantime. And that was the last straw. The nightmare of rowing against the current, alone, plunging headfirst into the swirling chimney of the staircase, into the heart of the roaring, raging *marabounta* of the crowd that was rising to the surface, overexcited by the sight of fresh blood - of so much fresh and not so fresh blood - a sight that had just been graciously offered, and better than live one might have said, to his chaotic and bestial voracity, abject yet completely *natural*. I have never, ever hated it so much, the muddy rise of crowd, the *marabunta* of morons who 'go out in the evening'.

*I'll never make it and, in any case,* I said to myself, *I've lost her*. I was quite sure that E++ had become irritated by my inexplicable lateness, had not wanted to wait for me, had gone out with the crowd of others and that, lost in the swirling crowd, or having taken another staircase, for another outing, there was no way we could not have lost each other, not already been irretrievably lost ; and that, *having already lost her the first time, at another time, very long ago, if that evening I lost her for the second time, this time I lost her for ever, for /eternity"; that she was already eternally lost to me,* that *we would lose each other forever; and that there was nothing more to do, nothing more to do forever.*

Nevertheless, I persisted in trying to get down to the special screening room, in the second basement, where *Bloody Beach* had just been shown, and that evening for the first time, *more-than-alive.* I only succeeded after insane efforts, beyond what I could have expected even at the worst (the

> The crowd of spectators had passed, and these waves of newcomers who seemed to be trying to get on only to prevent me from getting off, were they not, as far as I could see, made up of shadows that were uncertain and too dark, coming illegally from elsewhere, rather than by people in a hurry to get back into the daylight - an anxious question if ever there was one, but I still had time to think about anything). However, down below, things had changed in the meantime. Everything was already different. The ebb. Depths
> ? Lying on her side, E++ was asleep; she had let herself be captivated by sleep while waiting for me, wrapped in her long red mink cape. I lay down beside her, kissing her face and mouth for a long time, her and gently caressing her long blonde hair, a little wet from the bad sweat of this forced sleep, subjected to such an adventurous abandonment on the edge of a precipice that other precipices inhabit.

What else do I have to say? A whole life of shame, despair and absolute unhappiness, as abject as it is absolute, a whole life of heartbreak and darkness and powerlessness, a whole life of death on the edge of death, on most delicious and disgusting edge of death, is suddenly nothing compared to the sheer joy of this moment, of *this moment alone*, when I am given to know what this dream could mean, the joy of telling myself that I understand, when I wake up, what the message it conveys to me could be, or that it doesn't even convey if, after all, a dream can also be just a dream.

Faithful, she will have been faithful to me beyond all measure, and she will therefore have lovingly waited for me beyond all conceivable expectation, beyond all betrayal and oblivion, faithful, in her sleep, beyond even her death and mine, confident and certain and clear in herself, as only the inner light of rock crystal can be, imprisoned for chaotic and harmful millennia in the darkness of her own waiting, forgetful, eternal, waiting to return to the earliest day that has known her.

I'm no longer interested in life, or my life, or anything. The only thing that ever mattered to me to have, now I have. I know what eternity is made of, and your joy at this secret science burns being like the very fire in the centre of the glacial sun of liberated in life. I knew absolute freedom that night. How can I conquer it? It is only given, and for nothing. But only in dreams, not in life. A sadness comes over me, and the heart of this sadness, its black heart, is made of death itself, of this death that we know is made of an eternity of darkness without memory or end.

I came - or rather returned - to writing in the faint hope that *I* would find something to look this sadness in the face without wanting me to lose myself in its heart of death, in its heart of calm, unreturnable darkness. That's not so easy either.

One last word. This dream is from the night of 12 to 13 May 1958, and that's when I wrote it down. So why did I have to find notes on the night of 12-13 May 1985? Twenty-seven years later, and when 1985 is the glorious reversal of 1958, when the sum of 1958 is the same as that of 1985, i.e. 23, i.e. 5? And that the summit confrontation - or ultimate summation - of 1958 and 1985 gives 55, the very number of the hexagram of my *absolute destiny,* as given by the Yi-King to Raymond Abellio, who asked for it for me, on 15 July 1980, the day before I left for Trouville, at Les Roches Noires?

But it could also be that the reversal produced by this *last word* was, in reality, a counter-reversal. And that it was here that the red-paved end of the final path, the *via ultima*, finally appeared for me and for those standing behind me.

(168) To live in both worlds at the same time, that is the greatest goal, and that is also the supreme outcome of the ascent of the supplicated heroes carried along by the most occult spiral of the Fourth Tantra and its high snowy paths.

At other times, I myself had come close enough to this path to retain for ever the light of the polar secret of their ascent to the glowing horizon of 1 dawn in the most forbidden pass, in the *aerial pass of* the western mountains of Sikkim.

But I also know how to find the snow-covered slopes of the Sikkim foothills and the temple galleries suspended over void in the middle of Paris.

The terrible nostalgia, the dizziness of the memory of these galleries made of broken planks, the blackened wooden colonnades polished by the icy winds. And the railing of the falcons, sheathed in red chamois threaded with gold, with green and black lozenges.

So some afternoons I walk through the quiet, confidential streets of the beautiful 16th arrondissement, looking upwards, following, in an almost somnambulistic way, the single line of the balconies on the top floor, the wrought-iron fittings that turn the colour of the windows blue.

the mystagogic tincture of rust, and I rediscover in myself the old serene and lofty, ardent, initiatory joy of the times when these buildings of soiled, blackened and corroded stone were still, in my royal dream, the high bare walls of the mountains barring the entrance to Sikkim, and these balconies sometimes reminded me of *the helpful place* G.I. Gurdjieff often spoke of.

(169) If I am nothing in this world, what am I in the next? But, speaking of someone whose name is forbidden to me, did not Saint Paul write to the Ephesians that this one *has made of the two worlds one, destroying the wall that separated them?*

But with the passing of time, I'm less and less able to ensure that, as I pass, the ontological clearing occurs, which, from a row of tall Second Empire buildings in white and grey stone, reveals a mountain trapped in the ice, the solitudes and the mythological dizziness of Sikkim, The protrusions on the top floor of the building suggest some inner dwelling suspended on the edge of the precipices from which the dialectical winds of a foreign immemory rise, unaccustomed in these places having to worry about our despairs, even if they are final and as if separated from ourselves. With each passing day, this distance becomes even more *unbreathable.*

This is also the reason for the current reduction in our powers, since any truly perilous ascent must be made via the paths we take to breathe on the heights of immemorial memory, paths without oblivion or memory, paths of eternal ice, vertigo and azure, Indo-Germanic paths long since lost.

(170) There is a place called Place Daumesnil, in the 12th arrondissement, or rather Place Félix Eboué, as they say.

- and which I would like to call the Place du Saint-Esprit, after the church there, the only one in Paris to bear this dreaded dedication - there is, I say, a certain block of buildings on the Place Daumesnil - an immense, silent, secret hive, a gigantic unit cosmogonic action under cover - of which the building with the number 53 is also a part, which is not 'a building like the others'. Seen from the square, this gigantic block buildings is irresistibly reminiscent of a solitary rock, a formidable natural fortress taking over the chaotic, desolate plain, a black mountain born of the ancient tectonic convulsions of the area. A mountain that, on the other side of the empty expanse of the square, faces the

a crushing, funereal red mass, as if secretly in a state of vibration, of uninterrupted reverberation, which is that of the Church of the Holy Spirit.

It was from the balconies of the top floors of the building at 53 place Daumesnil, a building, I said, that is not like the others, and *I* know perfectly well what I by that, what I mean to assert in this way, while assuming the extreme risks, from balconies of the top floors of the building at 53 place Daumesnil that one summer
- It was in the summer of 1978, *on the very threshold* so to speak, that I took up the fine habit of going to the heights of Sikkim, of going clandestinely to Tibet.

But I think I would certainly run out of strength if I tried to do the same at the present time; the demands to which I have been subjected these years exclusion and agony have undoubtedly ended up compromising in me the last occult persistence of the Black and Red Vril.

To tell the truth, a few days ago I went back there, to Place Daumesnil, and stood for a long time, as evening fell, facing the building at 53, but I didn't dare to breathe the rising breath, the call to the precipices within me, or the royal rupture of consciousness that snaps in the wind like a red and black *tanka*.

# Under the black moon of Tantra

*I tingled with pleasure when I saw the darkness*

MARIE DE COMARIEU, MARQUISE OF M++

(171) This fragment of an old letter from Dr Arnold Waldestein, which I've just found while looking for something else, and which enchants me.

"André Breton once said: "Astrology is a grande dame who has become a prostitute". This old aunt obviously didn't understand that it's really the same thing. For I have established that the real astrologer is the pimp of the sacred zodiac prostitute. "You're going upstairs, darling", he should say to those whom he calls, precisely, his
"He must take care of his "clients" and pamper their "erection" of the natal chart. Always trust the specialists.

(172) *Horace ou le château des ombres, a* novel by Marie de Comarieu, Marquise de Montalembert (1750-1832), who emigrated to England during the Revolution, was divorced and had frequented the home of Pelletier de Morfontaine, Provost of Merchants in Paris. Shall I one day talk about the *interesting things* that went on there?

She was the adorable, genial and so daring, the very pretty Marie de Comarieu, "masked benefactress" of a certain Paris burning in the wings, devoured by the Underworld, and later, a great lady won over to the taste of high conspiracy, the eminence grise of a certain ultra-secret Society of Charity, with formidable aims, ramifications and means, which had served as a model for Rétif de la Bretonne - a fact that is now indisputable - for the character of his Alexandrine, his *Vaporeuse. "*I was dying yesterday when you called me", Marie de Comarieu wrote to Rétif de la Bretonne. And then: "I waited impatiently for the night. I thrilled with pleasure at the sight of darkness". All these words

who say *something else*, and yet burden us with true suspicions and false evidence, who deflect reality by allowing themselves to be deflected by their own shadow.

Marie de Comarieu's sentimental, erotic and amorous confession, as written by this great lady to Rétif de la Bretonne and reported the latter in the third of his *Nuits de Paris*, seems to me to be one of the summits of confession of a certain feminine distress, of the young relegated to the inner space of passionate desire and its fundamental violence, to *Vincendium amoris* and its tragic mysteries.

Without the fires of tragedy, without the ultimate exasperation of amorous violence, every young woman well born is lost, *given over to nothingness. I* have seen *there* the slimy pavement of early immolations, so many sublime plays will spoil there. Marie de Comarieu talks her marriage: "At the time, I had everything I could wish for: my youth, my beauty, my husband's love, meant that amusements were always on offer; I had nothing to desire; parties, dresses, jewellery, expenses of all kinds, he offered me everything; perhaps if I had had the time to desire, something would have pulled me out of my inertia. But nothing. Even the appearance of desire was prevented. I was disgusted to be loved, to be admired, to be amused; I would even say to be esteemed; I felt insensitive to contempt as to praise; nothing affected me any more. I fell completely into this unhappy state after four years of marriage. My husband became estranged from me, and I became insensitive to him. A lover appeared. He looked like Fontanges; I lifted my eyes to see him, and I wasn't even tempted to look at him.
".

But who was this Fontagnes? The *original wound*, the occult cut through which infiltrated Marie de Comarieu, the liquors of sadness belonging to the superior arsenal of the Power of Darkness. As his name perfectly shows, Fontanges, inept vehiculator of the fundamental crime, which is the spiritual crime of 1 angelism, *there*
represents the Underworld and he only came there to do infernal work.

When they succumb in this way, at the beginning of their lives, the devourings of the black fires that we suspect while hardly suspecting the hidden devastations that pass, all of them, into the depths, are only the seemingly benign devourings that, more often than not, only involve the juvenile distress of disillusionment. But it is *disillusionment* that leads to

darkness and death, which prevails over life even before life has come to be recognised for what it is, the living light of another and even greater light.

Let's see what was the filthy work of the handsome Fontanges, let's learn: "I saw," writes Maire de Comarieu, "only one young man whom I would have liked, whom I would have loved and cherished. As long as I did know him, formed the most delightful idea of him: I saw him at close quarters; he was a fool, a fat man, an egotist, a man without a soul, who spoke without thinking, and thought without speaking, never finding the expression that could convey his idea. This man disgusted me with all the others, because he was the only one I had found likeable. I became profoundly sad, and remained as if destroyed for two years.

Marie de Comarieu's death was therefore the result of the excellence of her intimate mercury. If she had been carried by a more commonly promoted mercury, the failure of her first passage through the fire, of her first philosophical and amorous cooking - when she was burnt cold by the subversive operations of the inept Fontanges, and rendered melancholy - would have carried no more consequence than so many other half-depucellations practised in the vicinity and quickly made up for afterwards. But the fires that secretly royal natures such as Marie de Comarieu's require - if they are to respond with mercurial fruit - must be very exclusively royal fires, at once extremely violent and no less extremely gentle, fires whose adjustment requires the external help of *predestination*, which alone can ensure this unfailing mastery of the fomenting breaths, this fierce determination to bring the work to completion by the sole ardent means of its philosophical obedience, in which we recognise the sidereal claw of our sublime Green Lion, the dear condescensions of his slobber that kills by saving and saves by killing.

For it is in the fires that great mercurials are spoiled, while mediocre mercurials spoil the greatest fires and drive them to burn themselves by the tragic withering of the leonine slime that rises to their rescue. Every young person with a great mercurial impulse, every young woman who is inwardly and radically turned towards heaven, is a cosmic trap, the rift through which Boreas pushes forward and draws in his high currents extinction. That's why, as we can never say often enough, it's all about the scientific firmness of *the grip.*

Marie Comarieu once wrote, and I must point this out, "ah, if the Marquis de Monalembert had been able to look like that,

the face of the Marquis de Fontanges, or if the Marquis de Fontanges could have had the merit and intelligence of the Marquis de Montalembert! Indeed. But it's not the dream that must replace reality, it's reality that must replace the dream: our ardent philosophy takes us from nothingness to being, and it's the others who undertake this same journey in reverse, they who from being strive to return to nothingness and drag everything with them into this madness.

Marie de Comarieu's secret evil was that of a generation, a social class, a race and a civilisation depreciated by melancholy, given over to nothingness as a result of the great works of self-annihilation undertaken, installed in their own bosom, and pursued to their ultimate conclusion by workers superhumanly specialised in their infernal and *melancholy* task, such as the so-called Count of Cagliostro, to whom Rome not fail to pay his most just salary, and whose fearsome 'votive and particular light' our lively Marquis de Fontange had received in Paris. We know everything we need to know.

(172) Many Parisian butchers' shops are, in fact, tantric temples. But who would suspect? *No one*, is that so?

(173) The old dream again revealed to me the existence, in V., of a human butchery, for some ritualistic purpose. The victims were mainly young people. Lost mothers, runaway schoolchildren, maids with their heads full of nonsense and infamous tales. The relatively notorious place was located at the entrance to a large collection sewer, vaulted, paved in white earthenware, half-open to the daylight outside, bordered by tall green grass; greasy, wet grass, full of shadows and silences. We worked *in* water, and the butchering was always preceded a stun. I first had dream about thirty years ago, when I didn't even know town of V existed. Since then I've been looking for it and, *still in my dreams, I've gone to see it.* The place never changes. Neither do the practices. On some of the more special celebrations, there are even guests, people who come from far and wide, enlightened connoisseurs, relatives, fiancés, mystics of the thing, former first laguiole, reformed ministers, necromancers and whores making their way in this direction, mannered, icy, sleepy, sometimes old.

(174) From the earliest prehistory, everything is within us, already within us. What our existence will be, and all that it will have witnessed, whether awake or deeply unconscious, is inscribed there in advance, inevitably.

Perhaps thirty years ago, or even more, when I was a cadet, I had *a certain dream*, which I have just remembered with prodigious clarity. I had this dream when, in a seditious crematorium heat, we were sleeping, on orders, in the middle of day, exhausted and at the end of everything, in a cornfield fortunately far enough from the road. The corn was already high up, and we were temporarily, if not of reach, at least out of sight, or almost. Lull, blinding sun. The American *Lightnings* had been looking for us all morning. Enraged at not being able to find us, they had fallen back on the peasants at work in the fields, and had turned them into a mind-boggling, abjectly democratic and liberating butchery (but as far as I could see, mostly *democratic*; secret democratic nostalgia for the mass grave, to provide for that).

Under the hypnotic screeching of the corn, I found myself, in a deep dream, in the small town of V., a predisposed place where, always in dreams, so many things have been done for me since then. I was walking slowly through the streets of V., under a sun as predatory and crazy as the one that tormented us in our cornfields. I was terrified. I knew that in V. there was a human slaughterhouse, and that I was on my way there, driven by a power inside me, as fearsome as it was obscure and irresistible.

The abattoir was located at the entrance a large collecting sewer, half of which was in open air. So you could see the butchers hastily cutting up young women and schoolchildren, who were knocked unconscious before being butchered. Everyone was working in knee-deep water, with their trousers rolled up, and despite the blood that was pouring out in torrents, the water, which was being changed by a powerful underground flow, managed to stay quite clear. In my dream, I even said to myself, with astonishment, with I don't know what envy,
"This water, as clear and fresh as it is, could be drunk wholeheartedly".

I've been dreaming too much for too long. Maybe I always have. I'm rotten. What reality can withstand the subtle putrefaction of dreams?

(175) Every day, as I pass through the wire fencing that runs alongside the small gardens behind the Gare d'Auteuil, which preserve and refresh some of the SNCF's administrative buildings, I contemplate the moving solitude of three larch trees whose secretly unchanging lives I caught. Autumn, winter, spring, summer, they change their pace imperceptibly and are easy to follow.

the season, but barely, which means that in fact they never change. Everything changes, though. Everything must change, and everything will change. But not these three larch trees, nor myself. Immobile in myself, and just like the three larch trees, capable of pretending change, I have not yet changed, nor will I ever change. I am, and will remain until the end, the man of a single oath, *the man of the first oath.*

(176) After all has happened, asking poetry to want to be a song, even the most vertiginously limpid one, can no longer *interest me.* What I demand of the poetic work with which I feel entrusted, or with which I will no doubt be able to entrust some of those who follow me, is that it should, by its own means, serve as an immediate vehicle, dramatically closed in on its own constitutional secret, as in the old *closed troubar,* for research of a supra-human, cosmogonic order: poetic action must be capable of intervening itself, heroically, in the inner march, in the revolutionary march of things invisible but so dramatically decisive that the world and the other heavens make and unmake in their anabasis, in their infinite spiral ascent, it must once again know how to order and be able, once again, to occultly direct the great magnetic currents and the carrying breaths which, as the Judaic Kabbalah affirms, keep the world of being suspended above the infamous chasms of non-being.

Thus, driven by the disaster of the times, great poetry always returns to the powers of its most ancient origins, and oblivion itself, even the deepest oblivion, becomes the privileged field for the awakening of former powers, forever unnameable.

(177) So, from now on, we will only be called upon to be ourselves precisely where, when the day comes, there is a risk that the world will begin anew, in that zone of supreme expectation that is the space of today's great ontological prohibitions, in the obscure *marginalia* of the world and of history where the irrational powers of youth and renewal persist.

Today, therefore, legal continuity can only be found in the uncertain reaches of *the underground,* where being is reduced to searching for itself in the Dostoyevskian narrative of *the being of the underground.* The story of a non-choice, the story of a choice that leads to nothingness: it is learning about nothingness that now leads to being.

However, the most extreme honour, at the present time, lies in the clear and profound complicity with what, because of its very powerlessness, such as this group of young people who meet around the *General Command of the*

*Groupes Géopolitiques* breaks away from the totalitarian order of non-being, subversively evading twilight grip and dark prohibitions, while at the same time foreshadowing, through its very readiness to make a seemingly pointless sacrifice, the immense ice melt that is coming, and which will once again submerge and sweep away everything in its path.

(178) Auriger, *La légende alchimique de saint Christophe:* "The lives of the most popular, most invoked and most venerated saints are sometimes shrouded in mysterious obscurity. It seems that God took pleasure in exalting in the eyes of men those of his servants who pushed the practice of self-denial and humility to the point of leaving no trace of their passage on this earth".

(179) Sunday 8 March 1987, with the beautiful Pascale Charpentier and Olivier Germain-Thomas in Auvers sur Oise. We had lunch with Pascale Charpentier's parents, family, I am told, has lived in Auvers sur Oise since the 14th century.

A professor at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, Michel Charpentier, Pascale's father, a relatively unknown sculptor whose work, which I have already known for some time, fascinates me more and more. The group of his *Cantatrices Muettes* and his *Pendaison des Putes (Hanging of the Whores)* fascinate and obsess , just like his *Dormeuse Rompue*, imprisoned in a dilapidated pavilion overgrown with tall grass and black ivy in a wild garden, sprawled out in a bed of pride, obscene, tragic, hallucinatory, funereal and conveying ancient local curses. I see in them so many high points in the contemporary current of a certain magical sculpture, continuing the taste of the "obscure Renaissance", and whose subterranean persistence denounces, in my eyes, the unconscious survival of the old *religion*, that of the "Old Country".

Next to that of his brother Theo, and both entirely covered with a small, wild ivy, thick and as if carved out iron, is the grave, in the cemetery of Auvers sur Oise, of Vincent van Gogh, "the suicidal man of society". Against a sky of dizzying clarity and height, a perfectly radiant, virginal, august sun. But it was terribly cold.

There, in Auvers sur Oise, we found ourselves right in the middle of Neolithic territory. Vast terraces sloped down towards the deep-set river Oise, cramped under the ochre and red, clayey, heavy, hermetically sealed earth, a gigantic "cave".

a land of stone, stone and *something else.* If only they knew, if only all knew, what - or even who - lies hidden beneath the trafficked lands of the Val d'Oise.

Built into the hillside, with high wooden balconies, all the houses are several storeys high, and conceal many more levels of carefully concealed cellars, considered forbidden and *hushed up,* cellars in direct contact with an underground system stretching, under the bed of the Oise, far beyond the limits of the country, as far as Paris and well beyond Paris. Mysterious private sand quarries preserve remains from earlier geological eras, including, in some cases, hominin forms with carapaces and elytra, and in the hills, the cultivated plots of land of some and others cover innumerable Merovingian tombs, or even the upper remains - buildings, groups of buildings - of civilisations that an H. P. Lovecraft would no doubt have called *unspeakable.* For, before the Romans, and even before the Celts, who? The answer lies right on the ground, and sometimes right out in the open. But, nevertheless, it is out of reach, and has been out of reach for millennia, because these imperial civilisations from before the Neolithic period were occult, and had inescapable defences, defences that we must recognise as fundamentally magical and cosmological, *and still active.* Do I need to spell this out? I know very well what I'm talking about, I know what I'm saying. Nonetheless, I must confess that I am infinitely sorry for the fact that *all this* may appear - and will appear - to be completely aberrant and *inadmissible.*

In the vestibule of the Charpentiers' house, three storeys lower than the road but on the ground floor in relation to the garden, I saw the solid iron cover of an old, condemned well. I don't know what came over me when I asked them where this well led. "Towards the old foundations of the house", Madame Charpentier hastened to reassure me, and he, wiser, more imprudent or already more complicit, "towards our Great Pit". But I had no trouble sensing that they hadn't appreciated my asking at all, that my question had ended up compromising the whole benefit of this beautiful and very friendly day in the Oise.

Fatigue and pitiful frankness, half spoiling a credit so exceptional, a confidence already so certain. But what can I do? *Mischief,* I cry out.

(180) Today, 16 March 1987, at around 1 p.m., at *La Coupole,* I learn from Jean Enfer Marlier that a Cahier de l'Herne will be devoted to him very shortly. Constantin Tacou would have given him the

morning even, the most formal and certain assurance. Jean Enfer Marlier had been dreaming of this, more or less secretly, for some ten years.

Constantin Tacou intends to pay Jean Enfer Marlinier handsomely for his betrayal of the memory of Dominique de Roux. So what betrayal are we talking about here? In a recent article Jean Enfer Marlier haughtily attacked Dominique de Roux's person, his literature and his metapolitical activities, the latter always in the shadows and *under surveillance*, as if to put an end to him once and for all.

For the least we can say is that Constantin Tacou's feelings towards the enduring memory of the founder of the Cahiers et des Editions de L'Herne, a memory that to trouble, revive and exacerbate the current status of old wounds that are as bitter as they are nocturnal, remain rather convoluted in their fidelity. It's a long and disturbing story, secret, lamentable if ever there was one, and more than dark. And all the more so because we have to resign ourselves to dealing with it, reluctantly. A powerful tidal wave is sweeping everything in its path, and how can we resist the infiltration of suicidal resentment? By an abject equanimity of soul, perhaps. And I'm willing to accept this abjection, which is an abjection, if you will, of the highest moral standards. And all the more so because, as  as the facts are concerned, the legitimacy of Constantin Tacou presiding over the destiny of L'Herne becomes more infallible and luminous with each passing day.

Things, however, call for a certain ambiguity of state, where everything slips and blurs: if, in fact, in his article, which was surprisingly accepted, and not only accepted, but placed in exaltation in the issue of *Matulu* recently devoted to Dominique de Roux, Jean Enfer Marlier had sought, without succeeding, to 'settle his account once and for all' with the prematurely deceased author of *Cinquième Empire*, he did, on the other hand, succeed quite well, without having sought it at all, in making the figure of the latter suddenly rise to the surface of Parisian current affairs. For, in any case, the scandal of Jean Enfer Marlier's article against Dominique de Roux, against the "former companion of his youth", had only just begun. Avengers of all stripes will now rise up in arms and throw themselves into the fray, who would otherwise scarcely have thought of talking about Dominique de Roux, or revisiting his work 'reviled by this scoundrel'. So

And so it only fitting that Jean Enfer Marlier should have done a great service to the literary memory of Dominique de Roux, suddenly rediscovered, raised to the pinnacle, avenged and praised both by his own drowsy supporters and by Jean Enfer Marlier's enemies, the latter always on the alert and who, on this unhoped-for occasion, will close ranks in the curse. Truly, "the Devil wears a stone".

But Jean Enfer Marlier also told me that, in addition to the one dedicated to , Constantin Tacou had apparently decided to start work on three other Cahiers de Herne, devoted respectively to Régis Debray, Philippe Sollers and Louis Pauwels, as part of the same series and the same 'nebula in the making', the 'Andromeda nebula', as they put it.

Does this rather abrupt reversal of the usual line taken by Cahiers de l'Herne - where, until now, young authors had never been published while they were still alive, and whose work obviously lies before them, unfinished, barely germinating - represent a new turning point in the destiny of L'Herne, a profound 'change of sign'? That is indeed what we shall be obliged to see.

Fantasmatiques. I said to Jean Enfer Marlier: "However, how are you going to go about putting together *the final version of* the Cahier de l'Herne that Constantin Tacou will dedicate to you if, as I believe, the most important part of your work and even its very centre of gravity still before you, not yet written, essentially still to come? Your real career, your true career, demands that you write a series of great novels, three or four great novels of testimony, of high-flying mystical-political provocation. But you'll only be able to write these novels in the ten or twelve years. At the , you are precisely entering that period of your life when you will have to stand the test of *the great novel.* You are, my dear, on the eve of your battle with the Angel. So go to the Eglise Saint Sulpice and fill yourself with the extremely coded representation that Eugène Delacroix left, for some, of Jacob's battle with the Angel. In it lies the secret of the hardest, richest years of your life to come".

Jean Ullenstein then stopped by our table, giving Jean Enfer Marlier the opportunity to say that he was "disgusted by the filth and cowardice of the left, disgusted by the imbecility of the right", while at the same time managing to - as he himself had done - "make an impression".

Jean Ullenstein, I mean - talking about his next book, 'on American-Soviet relations', and confessing to being in the midst of some exalted love affair (with his own wife, incidentally, but, as I understand it, in mitigation, his *new wife).*

It was at this moment that we saw our beloved Radu Varia appear, soberly preceded by two butlers who were very attentive to his needs, dressed in fiery black and dark red like a *Mafioso capo* on the day of his eldest daughter's wedding, and inviting Jean Enfer Marlier and myself to take the stiffest of liqueurs. As we know, Radu Varia has just published a monumental *Constantin Brancusi*, the "most important art book, perhaps, of the end of this century, and which is undoubtedly much more and above all something other than an art book". He immediately shows us the letter that the President of the United States, Ronald Reagan, had just sent him (* Nancy and I "), inviting him to lunch at the White House, so that they could discuss this book, and the "profound national identity" that Ronald Reagan believed he had found between "the Irish and Romanian peoples" on the basis of their common mystical stock, a Celtic stock at its origins and perpetuated to this day. It has to be said that, while Radu Varia claims to be the irrational and relentless doctrinaire of the "Celtic vision of the world", Ronald Reagan himself admits to being an irreducible of the "Celtic light", of the "great Celtic light" subterranean in history, in Western civilisation. All good things to know for the specialist that I was. Calambredaines, in fact.

most important thing for me at the moment," Jean Enfer Marlier told us in a whisper, "is to have as my mistresses intelligent young women have lots of sex. In this way I can push my erotic intelligence networks very far, knowing from them how they do things, what are the most occult sexual habits of the Parisian elite of the moment. At the moment, I seven regulars, five of whom - or let's say four - are working for me full-time. You see what my current knowledge of these things is, the wildly, excruciatingly exciting idea I'm learning to have of some people, the terrible misery of others. It' all in the beautiful intelligence. And everything is lust. I have a bird's eye view of both.

But there was much more: Jean Enfer Marlier told us how, having taken Jean Marie Corbel on a summer holiday with him to Ireland, he had woken up one night under a full moon to the author of *Dunes* straddling him, a large kitchen knife in hand, about to cut his throat,

silently and with a beautiful, eager tranquillity, "a matter of barely a few seconds". *Qualis artifex pereo.* Isn't that so?

Jean Enfer Marlier also wore a very elegant beige cashmere overcoat, and I always thought *he was a man of great taste.* Jean Enfer Marlier was, in fact, Lord Byron. And what's more, he doesn't even drink. Top of the range.

(181) In the blue briefcase I've just found, two books. Namely, *Memories and Reflections* of Savitri Dêvi Mukherji, New Delhi, India, 1976. Printed by M. K. Mukherji at Temple Press, 2, Nayaratna Lane, Shyambazar, Calcutta 700 004, India. And *Warum? Woher ? Aber Wohin?* by Hans Grimm, Klosterhaus Verlag, Lippidsberg, R.F.A., 1954.

As well as my short Beretta 9 mm. with a magazine, and four others. Suddenly all that past comes back to occupy the field, as if in a dream. How everything has changed since then, and has allowed itself to be insulted by nothingness.

In Hans Grimm's book, a yellow card with the words that had pursued me for so long: "Europe is temporary, the West is eternal. Europe appears fixed in space, that is to say in geography, while the West is mobile and moves its terrestrial epicentre according to the movement of civilised avant-gardes. But Europe is subject to time, i.e. history, while the West is not. One day Europe will be wiped off the map, but the West will live on. The West is the place where consciousness comes of age. It is the place and the moment of the eternal birth of the revolutionary consciousness of our generation, Raymond Abellio's "Assumption 1 Europe". Each generation lives on the breath of its own subterranean mythologies.

(182) Avenue Mozart, in the early afternoon of 15 January 1982: mysteriously, in the depths of the sky, there is a great summer light, even though we are so far from summer, from all summers, a great limpid, quivering light, with areas of shadow like islands of black and violet sand in the middle of a river of incandescent but tranquil light, perhaps leading to a secret place of death.

The flicker of an open or closed window above the Place de la Muette brings me close to the point where we burst into tears. I say .

If I really wanted to do it, I would undoubtedly succeed in saying, in making people understand what this distance is between the world and the non-me, between the non-world and the non-me. But that would still be doing infinitely too little, or already infinitely too much: the most perilous failures of being come, precisely, from understanding, in full or even in pieces, the secret of that distance, which, moreover, is not even quite a distance, but rather a distance in hollow, or the *unbreathable fear of* that distance between two mental breaths of being.

In the Ranelagh gardens, patches of white jelly are melting in plain sight on the gloriously dark, alchemical green grass.

And in the distance I can see Raymond Abellio coming towards me, crossing the empty lawns without hurrying, smiling, inspired, like a sleepwalker on the edge of his ledge. Just by the way he walks, I know he's bringing me what he promised. "And reassure him, he is forgiven", she had told him...

(183) Where she got on I don't know any more, at Houille Carrières perhaps, but I do know that as she crossed the whole car she came and sat down, not without showing some hesitation, on the bench opposite me. Did she know beforehand?

The discomfort I felt looking at her, I realised straight away, stemmed from the fact that although I thought I knew her, vaguely, I didn't know from where, as if I'd already been close to her, even very close, in a dream that is now distant, forgotten, forbidden, in another life, in another world, I couldn't put her back at all. At all. But, at the same time, *how could I not look at him*, how could I not be magnetically attracted by the terrible miracle of his simple presence? Fiery, radiant. Unbearable.

Let's say she was wearing a black coat with a very admirably straight cut, classic elegance, a white woollen scarf tied around her neck, looked to be in her early twenties and couldn't quite hide the fact that she was extraordinarily beautiful. How can I put it? I don't even know if, in all my life, I've met more than half a dozen, and perhaps fewer, young women of such dizzying, tragic beauty. With her long, straight brown hair, dark eyes and skin of a sustained, perfect, slightly amber whiteness, she had that special air, so difficult to define, insolent and laughing, but closed in and as if profoundly melancholic, out of reach, that belongs uniquely to the young women of Arles, of the "old kingdom of Arles".

And suddenly I knew: I was looking at a goddess, a great reincarnated goddess. All I had to do to convince myself of this was to see the incredible power concealment with which she was able to prevent others from understanding who she was by simply being what she was, how she was able to hide behind herself so as to escape the attention and suspicious solicitations of others, to keep herself away from the world simply by being what she was in the shadow of her hidden nature.

Her extreme racial distinction, the haughty and calm reserve of her bearing, the ardent and clear gravity of her princely gaze, veiled in I don't know what recourseless dis- tanciation, implicitly demanded that we recognise, from the outset, the *difference in nature* that made her seem alien to the world of others, to the world of those among whom, and for who knows what unavowable subversive, suprahuman, even antihuman reasons, she found herself there, a freight forwarder in an immaculate white scarf, lactescent, full of hypnotic caressing softness in its otherworldly, argonautic wool. Scarf? Scarf?

But apart from the supernatural dimension that I seemed to have intercepted in her luminous and haughty presence, who was this confidential ambassador of the ancient Kingdom Arles? No matter how hard I tried to follow, through the fogged-up windows of the car, the flooding Oise, its muddy waves washing over the pontoons of the riverside villas, it was impossible for me not to look at her stealthily at the same time, not to contemplate her with a kind of exalted and sly ardour that made me feel somewhat ashamed, that inflamed me.

Slowly, however, the figure of her true identity crept into me, became obvious, a revelation and a metapsychic recognition emerging from the darkest depths of the march of time. Coming so terribly, so dramatically late, the one I had in front of me was none other than the saviour so vainly awaited by the sacrificed generation of the years 1922-1942, by those who had almost won everything and who failed in everything, broken and annihilated by history even though they had only risen to annihilate it and were so close to being able to do so. I know all about the tasks of that generation, even the most unspoken ones: by taking over, we had also taken on, for ourselves, the most secret and profound pre-ontological tasks. And all the insane shame.

Now there's a question that never ceases to consume me about those of the previous Western generation: having been able to cross the line of being, as they , having been able to do everything they had to do, or almost everything, why they suffer such a total defeat in the end, such an unheard-of disaster? It was that they had not been able to *hold on to* the distant territories of the newly conquered - or reconquered - being with the élan of the first promise of love, and this inability to hold on to the distant territories of the being I know came to them very mysteriously as a result of the non-arrival, of their occult saviour, the special envoy of our Sovereign Mistress of the End, which they paid for by the abrupt collapse of their world and ours. Under her slightly lowered eyelids, her eyes sparkled like diamonds. *Goddess, save me. Terrible Goddess, destroy me, free me.*

And now I had her in front of me, on the train to Pontoise, the one who could saved them all. And she appeared to me, and not to them, to me who could no longer do anything about it - too late, too late for her - because cosmological saviour - because our saviour - is already no longer this one, but another, already another, and that however soothing and supremely consoling she was, her coming is no longer of any operational help to us in the fight that is now our fight. But what a burning dizziness.

How could it not have come into the lives of a Mircea Eliade, a Raymond Abellio, and so others of theirs, known and unknown, who could have found in it the nuptial 'external support' that would have made them, at the most opportune moment, very secret cosmic saviours to be dispatched in the early days of the immense battle they had begun?

However, what I thought I could understand from her silent lament, from her unbearable mourning for love and the cosmos, from the terrible cry 'too late' inscribed in the still so limpid fire of her divine eyes of a goddess in transit and dying of melancholy, was that if she had not come before, when she was so tragically, so desperately needed, she was in no way to blame: It couldn't do it they didn't know how to want it with all the force of desire that would have been necessary for it not to surrender to the call cosmologically generated, set in motion by them. For as we know, it comes only by force and coercion, mercilessly coerced. So today, as in the past, it's all about the active mystery of *coercion*, the science of the provocative vow and the unwavering determination to keep it alive.

of a desire capable of breaking the guard of heaven. And I must repeat it, *relentlessly compelled.*

But I also understand that this late and desperate revelation - and now so useless - was meant to be a lesson to *myself*, my lesson from the darkness. A cold breath invades my chest, grips my heart. I know: her white scarf. His white scarf, grasp the symbol.

On her left wrist, Una - that's what I wanted to call her, in memory of Mircea Eliade's great suicidal novel, *Return from Paradise* - was showing off an old ivory bracelet. The ritual bracelet of farewells without return. And suddenly, and with what a wrench in my entire being, India was, for a few moments, very close to me again, alive, luminous, like a window that suddenly sparkles in the sunlight as you close it. And what a dark, unbearable sadness of death. What I didn't dare.

(184) Squeezed together on these benches, we were really very close to each other; our knees touched; we breathed the same air; her breath, her perfume, the most intimate light of her being assailed me without respite, with a sweet, melancholy ardour which, while offering itself entirely, remained rather distant, and not entirely *natural*, I wonder: and yet this perilous state approach, which never ceased to make, unmake and remake these troubled waters where we were descending together, slowly, and towards what unheard-of depths, no erotic or amorous surge came to me - came to us - and not the slightest stirring of desire, of flame-bearing emotion, of fever, of that beautiful enfiévrement that brings fire to the world. There was a time between us, and times. Immense times. A chasm, the abyss separating a bygone era from a time that is not, or least not yet. Timeless, her mission - the very being of her mission - made her the Divine Mistress - the former Divine Mistress.
- of a time that wasn't mine. An invisible crystal wall separated us even as I breathed her air and drank her breath, and the crystal of this invisible ontological wall, anti-nuptial and prohibitionist, was made of cosmic ice, interstellar and over-conceptualised, Hörbigerian. There we were, one pressed up against the other, the two magnetic poles of a new glacial cosmogony, a new *Glazialkosmogony*.

We had recognised each other perfectly, and *definitively*. But she could do nothing for me, and I much less for her: too late in this world, too late for this world, and too late as in advance *too late*.

I said to her, inwardly: "Go, go to Thy Equals, find Mine there and tell her not to delay a moment longer. If she doesn't manage to free herself from the High Forbidden and come to me - to us, or rather come back to me, to us for the second time - everything is lost, everything will be lost again, as it was already lost in the times before ours, because of your own delay, which so mortally wounded the breath of the previous Great Expectation of yours, of ours. Remember this. So do it to make up for your disaster and their disaster, a double disaster with no return and which also remains, and for ever, the disaster of us all: go, go and find Mine, where you know it, and tell her what you know you should tell her, on my behalf and, also, on your own. Seize, seize this chance, go, find her, force her to do what I know she is reluctant to do - all of you are mortally hesitant about this, *going back down* is your only death, your only immense fear up there - and if you succeed, you have redeemed, covered up your salvation and the salvation of all yours. The most unexpected of deliverances will thus become yours, very lovingly - love for love, love for love - and its fruits of life - of life beyond life - will be yours, and yours - and ours too - for this time and for *eternity*. Right then and there. And as if there never been else, in the mournful depths of the heavens or in this world, other than the desperate sunshine that will come to us if you manage to reach her, and make her resign herself to coming back down, to coming back to me, to crossing backwards, a second time, the impassable fiery furrow of the Green Earth and the Black Earth, or, as you people say, the Line of Grass and Earth".

(185) And the unbearable dizziness, the wrenching, mad intoxication of her mysterious perfume, once light and penetrating like the very breath of life, of life secretly transmuted by its very presence there, a perfume that was not unfamiliar to me and yet was, coming from I don't know which of my former lives, from I don't know what elusive distant part of my life - of my lives - over which I no longer had control, but perhaps still, like a long-forgotten reminiscence, the phantasm of the memory of a forgotten perfume (is this really the secret of the "perfume of the Lady in Black"?)

And then, suddenly, I knew. I must have been seven or eight years old, and I had gone out with the others on a *nature trip.* Accompanied by our young teacher, we'd arrived in the very heart of the Trivalle forest, a mysterious, rugged place full shadows, obscurity, disquieting presences behind the quivering bushes, constantly stirred up by the wind and by who knows what else, and what we really shouldn't try to think about.

I had stayed behind the others, and from concealment to concealment I had managed gain the hollow of a deeply incised valley: a limpid, straight stream flowed there silently, its overflow overflowing in an uninterrupted sheet, barely quivering, crystalline, the mossy stone slabs among which it had established its course, covering them entirely with its shadowy light, so many tombstones of an old abandoned Catholic cemetery, forgotten for centuries.
- long centuries - where, as I later learned, young lords of the House of Anjou who had fallen in battle towards end of the dark local 14th century lay, one beside the other. Hecatombes.

Now, in the limpid waters of this half-clandestine stream, gently rocked, little flowers of a pale yellow - they were there in profusion - of a very pale yellow, I say, but bright and sunny, and which, shiny and lustrous, seemed to be made of a translucent and holy wax, little yellow flowers in profusion, and from which emanated a subtle and enterprising perfume, which quickly intoxicated, like a drug, They seemed to be made of a translucent, holy wax, little yellow flowers in profusionemanating a subtle, enterprising perfume that quickly intoxicated you, like a voluptuous, funereal drug, full of unheard-of bliss, violent and immediate, perhaps even deadly. A total burst.

What were these flowers? I never knew, and my furtive plunge - under what obscure influences, even then - into the dizzy bliss of their sweet, otherworldly exhalations will remain, I think, the greatest secret of my childhood.

It was thanks to this perfume, from which Una dripped in a way that was as discreet as it was tenacious, even provocative, that I was able to recognise her ultimate - her oldest - allegiances. For she came from the Land of the Heights, from the Valley Abor, and at another time she had also been called, mysteriously, San-fun-ho. San-fun-ho. And there was nothing stop me wanting to make her my messenger, my personal imperial envoy to the formidable group of Her Like.

Now, if she has appeared to me in this way, this great goddess, is it not so that certain things can be set in motion again, and done discreetly? She wanted me to want what she wanted, and I want it, I want it desperately, I want it of my own accord, more than she herself could ever have wanted it.

(186) Guy Dupré's new flat in the Marais, rue Vieille du Temple, the culmination of a certain dream, and some quite sublime work. Lunch for two, with champagne. Meditations, regrets, exaltations. *Atmosphere.*

The greatest living French writer, the author, among others, of two subversive, visionary and prodigious novels, *Les Fiancées sont Froides and Le Grand Coucher*, published in 1953 and 1981 respectively, has been silenced, or almost silenced, by the *macumbeiros* who currently hold the power - and all the power - of French literature. But they don't yet know that they will all end up lined up against the dead-end wall of rue Sébastien Bottin when the day comes.

It is said that the super-merdeux jackals also have to live? But their job is clean up the carrion in the gutter, not to climb on our backs and suck our brains out as democratically as possible. Kali-Yuga. Socialism.

And as I leave Guy Dupré's house, I realise that it's past six o'clock. Bewitched, I am literally bewitched by the intelligence of his strategic surveillance in full deployment, which might have been intended to be snarling when it was only very superiorly devoid of any interloping pity, of any sentimental promiscuity, bewitched, too, by the admirable royal sadness of his veiled glory, a glory entirely military, detached from itself and from everything that would contradict it, or aim to obscure it in the name of the abominable velleitarian habits of others. And I would add: the light of our common conspiracies, of our common fanaticism for the very place and neighbourhood of the Hameau de Reine, in Versailles.

On the other hand, none of us can afford not to remember what Guy Depré wrote in *Combat*, in the autumn of 1962, on the occasion of the trial of General Raoul Salan: "Honour is memory. For us, honour can only be a memory. In this long fidelity of misfortune to fidelity, let us listen to the still unheard stanzas added to the last poems of the West by the stain and the blood of the lost soldiers that our heart rediscovers. It is also because the army belongs our deepest memory, that its aftermath moves us so much that touches us, that awakens the truth of a forgotten summer".

(187) Sikkim again, Sikkim again. More and more, everything becomes Sikkim to me. I've been practising this *morality* for many years. Why hide it? Some days, or rather some days at a certain time, I feel

in me like a sudden withering away, and the world sometimes collapses inside me, and the emptiness is such that I can barely, with great difficulty, keep myself inside myself : In those moments, during those very special fractures in me, all I have to do is lift my gaze to the line of balconies on the top floors of certain buildings that I know of, usually in Paris, and I immediately feel caught up in an ecstatic awareness, in the inner certainty of an opening being made in this very world, to give access to the other world to those who are thus challenged. The visible then becomes the bearer of the invisible - the maker of induced doors, the artificer of the - which it denounces, and which illuminates it. Now it is indeed this line of balconies on the top floor that becomes the *line of passage* from this world to the other - and vice versa, *terribile est locus iste* - and I know that, at that moment, all it would take is a fairly slight extra effort for me myself to be able to cross - and quite with impunity - the highest forbidden pass, to reach eternity and the sunshine without return of the world of total grace, the world of the Real Presence. But I have always forbidden myself from wanting to make this slight final effort, fearing that if I let myself get too far ahead I would not be able to return to the very place where the atoning incompleteness of my task of salvation is holding me back, the deliverance of humans marked by the superhuman, doomed to the metacosmic solicitations of the superhuman and his next great imperial adventure, which will either be galactic and supragalactic or nothing more than a bestial nocturnal nightmare intent on putting an end to the human race.

For the moment, I need to be extremely precise: the big secret of all this is - the secret of doing Sikkim - is none other than to let yourself get lost, to let yourself dissolve in the contemplations of the iron lines - so I sometimes tell myself that I'm going to *do Belle Ferronnière* - the balconies on the top floors of certain buildings in Paris - old, these massive stone buildings that were obsessively erected in Paris during the half-century of the great bourgeois boom, between the end of the last century and the shady thirties, the height of bourgeois corruption and its subaltern vaticinations, its imbecilic and obstinate miscarriages, so fortunately suicidal in the end. Miscarriages of which we ourselves are the mystagogic aborts.

It's all down to sustained and heroic mental exploitation, the all-Parisian science of J'escalade aérienne (aerial climbing) of these lofty fortresses carrying the train of my somnambulistic slides in broad daylight. But, of course, these recommendations are far valid for any building displaying

more or less these appearances. You have to have walked a long way, a very long way, to find, to establish and, subsequently, to remember the hidden aerial passages from one building to another, from one district to another, to know and, also, to recognise Paris, at *those heights*, according to the prerogatives and analogies required by the use of can only be valid at those heights.

We also need to be aware of the extent to which we need to be wary of, and guard against, specious temptations, more often than not destined to lead to irreparable harm, which seem to be offered on purpose, fallaciously, by Churches - certain Churches - where *things happen differently*, where terrifying traps lie in wait for the unconscious that might stray *into* trying to find its way. And I speak from experience. What could be more attractive than the roofs of the Merovingian church of Sainte-Clotilde, facing the Betelgeuse? Unfortunate people, don't even think about it, don't dream of trying to get up there, you won't able to imagine what awaits you there in terms of abomination, torture and bestial meta-psychic and spiritual mutilation. The heights of regularly consecrated spaces do not tolerate any manipulation, do not accept the slightest departure from principle.

But what is *Belle Ferronière*, what *is Sikkim*, if not, fundamentally, a departure from principle, the Way of the Departure from Principle in one of its most adventurously dangerous projections, but also one of the most direct, most immediately effective, most *immediately supportive.*

Do I dare to speak one day about those we used to call - in certain particularly dramatic circumstances we were led to call them - *those struck by lightning at Saint Sulpice?*

However, I would not say either that the Churches are unconditionally forbidden to us, I would only say that the *rules are different,* given the formidable overload of powers supernaturally committed to them and as if *chained in place.* Now, knowing these other rules, didn't some of the greatest of our own once venture so far as to ask for Notre-Dame de Paris, and who were admitted to *find passage* there? Different times, different breed of men. Let's not think about it any more. Let us forget.

One last series of questions that I am asking myself, or that I am obliged to pretend to ask myself: what was the , very powerfully unmentionable reason for the two towers - the two White Towers - of Saint-Sulpice?

Were they conceived - preconceived - and then built so that they were entirely *dissimilar?* What was the secret and ultimate purpose of the body openings, making these two White Towers subject to all winds and keeping them at the disposal of the swirling currents of air which, on the heights, have accompanied permanently, since the beginning and for ever? Clemency, Rigour - to what secret and ultimate end, then, do the gaping openings of the two White Towers of Saint- Sulpice invite the souls of men and women to enter? do they predispose the souls of the elite to seek there, mediumistically, an occult passage that could lead them - by *making Sikkim - to* the forbidden spaces of the other world, if this *invitation* were not itself the supreme form, the only living and active form of what these two White Towers are supposed to ensure for those of us who know how to use the occult magnetic channel of their very dissimilarity to be carried to the other side, so that they 'cross the line clandestinely'?

However, the last great stragglers of the Saint-Sulpician flight unite to try to "force the passage" as a group, or in small groups, every year in the afternoon of the Catholic feast of the Ascension of the Lord. But the small number of those who could still lay claim to the status of Saint-Sulpician Argonauts is dwindling, growing wearily smaller by the day, and it may even be that by this fine royal, windy and priestly race has entirely - and perhaps irretrievably - died out, or on the verge of dying out, disappearing forever.

The fact is that the summer of 1962, their 'black summer', the number of people *struck by lightning* at Saint- Sulpice, of argonauts who missed their flight, had been dramatically trying for the brotherhood, all of them, afterwards, barely surviving corpses, metapsychically burnt, devastated, charred forever. A metapsychic hecatomb, offering the inner vision of a dark, lamentable, unbearable figure of metapsychic butchery in slow motion, sooty, disgusting, infinitely obscene.

As far as I'm concerned, I feel that my very occult powers of *making Belle Ferronnière* more or less at will are also leaving me, that I'm being stripped of them - that I'm being stripped of them - mercilessly. Yesterday, in the Place de la Muette, where I had long since become accustomed to an open tower in the style of Saint-Sulpice, open at its highest point 'to all winds', I

I couldn't even get past the chestnut trees, all in bloom, scenting madly, and where swarms of bees surrounded me, showing me a sort of natural Eastern, Orthodox commiseration, *melissa, melissa, melissa.* I endure. And so we are. The air, even at that little height, was wonderfully soft, fresh and luminous, *melissa, melissa, melissa.* On the other side of the Parc du Ranelagh, I could also see a kind of immense white light, motionless, incandescent, with a core of sunlight, criss-crossed by an unintelligible rumour, choirs, a proclamatory recitation, distressing, distant, extraordinarily alien to this world, Enochian, eager for extreme storms.

*Lamento, final lamento.* The luminous memory of my last big outing, when, in the same place, at La Muette, and leaning on the same square tower, open "to all winds", I had quite easily managed to reach the secret convent of the Tsiang Samdup lama, in the forbidden land of the Val d'Abor, which can be reached either by the conceptual route of the air, or by passing through galleries clandestinely dug, in very remote times, under the bed of the Brahmapoutra.

I remember those narrow, wooden corridors, skirting the hallucinatory precipices of the Val d'Abor, the eagles soaring in the mist in the distance, gliding at the very height of those strange, glassless windows, open nuptially to the winds of the heights, and I rediscover the ecstasy of the presence - still alive everywhere - of a white shadow, sublime and holy, limpid, the beloved shadow of San funo-ho, the young heroine of Talbot Mundy's book, *The Jade Egg* - in the original English version, *Om* - who, under the spiritual guidance, under the cosmological protection of the lama Tsiang Samdup, incarnated, conveyed *the living being* of "she who must come from the Land of the Heights".
". Did divine San-fun-ho - or whoever she was at one time called - really come to us from the Land of the Heights, and did she know how to bring us in time the inextinguishable fire of saving beginnings? No, she not. Too late, too late, because of the impenetrable invisible barrier erected in front of her, in front of us, by the darkness we know. But she came to us all the same, and I even recognised her on the train to Pontoise. As I said, she went up to Houilles-Carrières. Up, *up?* I've already said more than enough.

But yesterday, in Place de la Muette, there was no one left. The wind, the daylight, my shame, the shame of all my people, infinite. Five o'clock in the evening.

(188) And always that dream about Guy Dupré, always, I mean, the *same dream.* I'm walking, dreamily, through a thick forest of black-shaded oaks and fir trees. The road beneath my feet becomes narrower and narrower, disappearing. I am met by a young gamekeeper called Siebenschein, dressed in an old-fashioned green hunting jacket with two rows of seven gold buttons, the buttons displaying two hunting horns, a shining star and a veiled sun. His green hunting jacket, with its two of seven mystically emblazoned gold buttons, seems to me to hold a quite extraordinary importance, a royal and cosmic importance, divine perhaps. Siebenschein led me to Guy Dupré, who was waiting for me in the middle of a high clearing, seated in front of a table laden with food, especially cold game. A plate in the middle of the table is completely covered by an immaculate white napkin. "You're very late, my dear," he says. And then: "Are you ready to eat this royal dish? Under the white napkin, the bloody heart of Marie Antoinette. I had been waiting for this moment. A terrible storm arose. I say *love is stronger than death,* I eat her heart and drink her blood. Guy Dupré sobbed. "I look at his tear-streaked face and shudder. I say to him, 'We owe everything to Siebenschein, how can we thank him for his work? Guy Dupré: "Let's set him free".

# A magical and necromantic building

*again, we need to enter the house of darkness to find out*
*what it contains and to shed light on the entire interior,*
*without allowing ourselves to be intimidated by the ever-*
*camouflaged façade.*
*If we remain on the , we'll see nothing and be*
*deceived once again.*

MANGIN, "WAR LETTERS 1914-1918

(189) I can well imagine that there may be confessions *that are intrinsically suspect*, confessions that seem to invite the most shameful compromises, tainted by some base sentimentality that seems tainted in advance, by a trivial, romantic and feminising style that is reputedly non-superior, heart-rending and utterly suicidal: thus, by confessing my fascinated, irresponsible and sickly inclination for a small painting by J. B. Corot, Souvenir de Mortefontaine, I know I am putting myself in an untenable position. B. Corot, *Souvenir de Mortefontaine*, I know that I am putting myself in an untenable position; I feel guilty, yet without really acknowledging it, of some sort of obscure, indecipherable and singularly unhealthy crime against *V esprit du temps.* But that's the way it is.

For as long as I can remember, *Souvenir de Mortefontaine* has troubled me to the point of unconsciousness, plunging me into mortal grief and dismay, into a melancholy that, in the middle of the day, sometimes makes me think I'm in the dead of night.

The mystery of the transmigration of breath, something far more insinuating, far more dangerous still? No matter. The great secret of my past life, of what in the depths of my being represents the chiaroscuro margin of a certain past - undoubtedly predating, by a long way, the lived past of my own life, of my own present existence - is invoked, prefigured as if in a mirror with an altered complexion, leaden by the action of the years, in the centre, to the left, as well as by the whole of what, for me, never stops blazing,

but in the vertigo of what ventuous transparencies, through the breach so secretly trans-temporal of *Souvenir de Morte fontaine.* And why not say it too, this confession itself, its part of a troubled whisper, is excruciatingly trying for me.

(190) 31st March 1988. A most strange day, in fact, with fleeting, intense, dazzlingly white cracks of sunshine, suddenly asserting themselves through a breathless succession of great blocks of gloom, of darkness haunted by an icy, sooty rain, conveying who knows what primitive, blinding, blinded terrors. For my part, I learnt long ago to recognise these tumultuous *moments as* the veiled sign of a presence outside this world, *of an outside presence.* But this time, I confess, it was much more than usual, because all of a sudden everything tipped over into the ultimate abomination, horror immensely displayed in broad daylight and with all the worldly prerogatives of a kind of civility that is both disdainful and eager not to do too much, to let things happen and slip as if by themselves, trout of nausea and shadow, but secretly rotten in advance, and rotting everything, and that discreetly they continue to flourish - to pretend to do so - as if nothing had happened, fallaciously as if nothing had happened. What do you mean, the ultimate abomination? And what ultimate abomination? I've decided to say it, I'll say it.

In fact, it was the last day of filming for my *Oceanique.* In the morning, rue Boislevent, at La Muette. Then to Saint-Germain des Près and, finally, around midday, to the tip of the Ile Saint- Louis, and no doubt also the Canal Saint-Martin. In the afternoon, the Magic House on the Quai des Célestins, near the Ecole Massillon, and the end of the shoot at the foot of the Pyramid in the Parc Monceau. That's what I call pulling out all the stops.

Jean-Marie Carzou, the director of my *Oceanique,* formally insists on filming me seated on the bench at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis, the bench, supposedly - these old legends are tenacious - of the 'suicides for love', while Olivier Germain-Thomas questions me more specifically about certain sequences, with their veiled undertones, *These* sequences *are* supposed to take place in Tony d'Entremont's former studio - his sentimental hideout - whose windows look out onto the little royal square overlooking the timeless, bow-shaped quays that form the tip of the island, almost level with the water, and often even below it.

When we got *there*, we saw that the bench was already occupied, taken by someone as he had been waiting for us there, on purpose, who was turning his back on us, looking - pretending very well to pretend to look - into the distance, over the swollen Seine, swirling and dirty, foaming and dark, and further still, towards Notre-Dame, emerging from the milky mists of midday, towards alternately ecstatic and tormented backdrop of a stormy sky, opening up pathetically Paris and occasionally slashed by bluish lightning, and all immersed in a spectral, almost silky silence, a truly end-of-the-world silence. And that strange orange light.

Someone, too, who was slightly disturbing - why, moreover, disturbing, I didn't understand at all, at first, but I felt no less so - and whose appearance, at the time, didn't seem entirely unfamiliar to me, or at any rate not foreign to I don't know what mysterious preknowledge within me, one of the most obscure, and hence my concern. Who was this character? And where have I met him before, this handsome stranger from the Seine, with the almost mortuary mask? Secondly: what was meaning of air, at once knowing and haughty, a little disgusted with everything, a little advantageous, tinged with a rather benevolent contempt for us, *for me?* When he turned towards us, without saying a word, I saw that he was a person of excellent appearance, tall and of good height, in his late thirties, with a very brown face, very dark eyes and very dark hair, with skin that was matt, amber, almost livid, a deep, dark green, with a patina, slightly golden - a quality of intimate conformation that belongs, I believe, only to the Jews of Salonika, or rather only to certain old Jewish families of Salonika, and, of course, *Thessaloniki, the nest of spies* - and all dressed in black, black tie too, black glasses and black umbrella - ah, that black umbrella, huge, heavy, a sharp iron tip, terrifying if ever there was one - a bulky black leather briefcase beside him on the bench, which seemed to me to be stuffed to bursting point with papers, files, foreign and exotic newspapers, exhaling a specious odour of high rot and benzoin, of black magic. While he gave us a kind of distant, rather icy smile, he immediately made it clear - wordlessly, I repeat - that he had no desire give up his place, and that all we had to do was try to do our job - his very presence told us so, languidly, but with a certain hardness - in the very depths of the *situation*, thus defeated and as if remade anew by his presence alone, that we were resigned to having our pictures taken - to doing our shooting.

— with him in the field, sitting on the bench behind Olivier Germain-Thomas and me.

Let us therefore integrate it - as if by slipping - into a new and more complex concept of "suicide for love".

in the work we had in hand. It was like that: take it or leave it, but since we didn't even have a choice of our own, we went for it. He invited himself to appear in my *Océanique*, and *there* he is. later we will understand the immense, incredible nerve and hallucinatory, hallucinatory importance of this manoeuvre, this insinuation carried out with a master's hand, and *at what Pines?* The great
— and especially the great ones - sometimes have these coquetries, these ontological antics, but how can we bring ourselves to believe in the coquetry of the Underworld? Let's not think about it any more, it would give me a nauseating sense of pride about my own importance in the invisible world, about the true dimensions of the ultimate mission that has been assigned to me on Jacob's Ladder.

Melodrama, then? Sufurd melodrama? That too, perhaps. But, for moment, that's really not the point. Not at all.

The question - let's come back to it - lies exclusively - for the moment least - in the simple fact of *identifying with the character,* because I not fail to allow myself the luxury of doing so, a theological luxury beyond compare, the *Fiesta Grandissima.*

But would I have been able to recognise him if he hadn't wanted it that way? If this hadn't *day's* infernal *scenario,* carefully prepared in advance*?* Even so, there is, so to speak, always a certain amount of profound duplicity - let's say we should say ontological duplicity - in all the great affairs of the Underworld. A special duplicity, which comes from their own status of unavowable ineptitude, occult ineptitude perhaps, but fundamental: Legend has long claimed that the Devil wears a stone, so true and certain is it that all the schemes of the Underworld always end up serving the secret expectations of the Divine Cause, and that everything was preconceived in such a way that the blacker and dirtier the Infernal Upside appears, more damaged and decayed it is itself, the more immaculate, even immaculate, the Saved Place must prove to be. G.I. Gurdjieff was right: Divine Providence cannot be imagined in action other than in the guise of a cosmic Weaving Loom, the sacred reality of traditionally-designed carpets deriving from their character as divine hidden writing, a mission that today, in the West, has become the writing of certain inspired, mediumistic or even directly burnt literature by the passage of the Terrible Signifier.

So it is that the lived history of the worldly career, of the human career of the Levantine Personage we are discussing is in fact - nor can it be - nothing more than the highly laughable historiography of a furious self-dilapidation, devoid of any of the following

of any way out other than headlong rush that will take it further and further ahead, a self-dilapidation that is as tiresomely inescapable as it is fundamentally imbecilic, *blackly imbecilic.*

But you also need to know, above all, *who is who.* I must admit that when I recognised him and got over the initial fright, couldn't help but give him a sort of greeting, bowing slightly to him, who responded in , even though he was and remained seated and I was standing. A greeting that I gave him, believe me, quite as if from *power to power,* was perfectly the case, while taking great care not let the others notice. In , it seems certain to me that none of those around me, no-one, I mean, in our film group, suspected anything, really anything. Or perhaps Thérèse Kaufmann, the production assistant, whom I
surprised, out of the corner of her eye which was becoming, as they say, as white as linen, and biting her lips to the quick at the icy gaze that the other had just cast on her, a gaze as insolent as it was strong and which vainly tried to pass itself off as simply unseemly, whereas it seemed to me to have an intention, and criminal precisely because of the fact that Thérèse Kaufmann, at that moment I mean, and no doubt much more than she herself would have believed, was inwardly very close to me.

Now, as I was answering - I was in the process of answering - the questions Olivier Germain-Thomas had planned to ask me under the windows of Tony d'Entremont's old studio, I made it a point honour to try to steer the interview in the right direction - without pressing too hard, at first, by proceeding with a rather perverse gentleness, and all the while trying to control my rage, which I was constantly repressing inwards, by not preventively smothering the greedy and holy fires of my anger.
- towards a kind of discourse - to begin with - on the *uses of* love and the amorously submissive woman as modalities - occult paths - of a certain special philosophical work - the high and beautiful work of the lover, of the ardent philosophy of the Faithful of Love, or of the great tantric vehicles of Hinduism and Taoism, I mean a certain Hinduism, a certain Taoism - so that, step by step, by imperceptible touches mobilised to the task to serve a certain combatant's course, I come to conclude - "the high and beautiful work of the lover, the ardent philosophy of the Devotees of Love".

abruptly - by a very unexpected - dazzling - head-on escape on Mary, Mary, "living sun of Absolute Love", who, with her "Virginal Talon", will crush, at the end of tut, the "Head of the Ancient Serpent'. I admit that nothing could be done about it, the other - but shouldnt I call him the Other - didn't flinch. But its formidable power of transparent blackness, the vertiginous evil constituted in a block of I don't know what invisible ontological glaciation, managed to withdraw, to hide very subtly behind itself, without moving in any way those around me, as I've already said, while all this was going on, never stopped being done in a way that was more and more atrociously ostentatious by virtue of its very subversive transparencies, while trying to leave me - to impose on myself, perhaps - the dubious latitude - diversionist - of seeing in the end nothing but illusionism - auto-illusionism - and phantasmagoria, who knows what fleeting, pitiful, after all, and even somewhat shameful, deceitful and demeaning distraction.

And what happened next? Then we packed up, leaving behind us, on the bench of the 'suicidés d'amour', at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis, the Person of Darkness, with such a beautiful Levantine bearing, who had come to meet me that morning, in a gesture of defiance and veiled threat, and we went, to continue the day's filming, to the San Marino canal, where, at the very height of the Hôtel du Nord, in front of the half-open sluices, which tumultuously let the foaming, panic-stricken waves of the canal pass through - while braking, black with pleasure - I felt the urge to tell everything - to throw everything at the others, who were there with me, for me - about had just happened at Saint-Louis en l'Ile, to share with them the horror and the glory of what they themselves had just experienced without knowing it.

But I didn't do anything about it: at the same time, I had understood the extremely precise meaning - extremely precise, *nonetheless* - of this encounter, its *foreshadowing* rather than merely visionary meaning, and also the appalling importance of what the fact of this encounter must have had to signify to me in the form, almost - how shall I put it - of a judicial summons, of a putting into mourning.

Like an invisible hand of ice, despair choked my heart. For I already knew: there was nothing more to be done, absolutely nothing. Everything had said, done and settled. What had to be done would inevitably be done. And then, in a flash, I remembered the terrifying words of the Count of Saint-Germain to the envoy - the special agent

- of Marie-Antoinette, the Countess d'Adhémar, during the meeting they had arranged in the Church of the Récollets in Paris: "I can do nothing. My hands are tied by someone stronger than me. There are periods of time when backing down is possible, others when, once the decision has been made, the decision must be carried out".

So what did they want me to know through this *meeting?* I think it was this: that from that day on, we were going to enter - we, by which I mean myself and all those who metapolitically, even divinely, depend on me within the ardent course of the work, of the Great Work being done through me, in this world and in the next - that we were going to have to enter, I say, into a hallucinating probationary period of even blacker darkness than the very darkness which was in its own right the darkness of my own *times of darkness* when I had to be entirely of those times, in my life before the current states of my life. And this last period, this new period of darkness, the most unbearable of all, I will have to know the abominable rigours of it - to go through it unscathed, to somnambulically cross the inner reefs, all the reefs - without further delay, *right now*. To subject myself to it - and in so doing, to subject myself to it, this new crossing of darkness - through the initiatory journey of my own life *to its human end*, through the spiral of my final ascent towards the mystery of entry, of my acceptance under the regime of *Mania Iosis*, of the "work in the red, whose de facto approval is marked - guarded - by the ultimate probationary margin, by the black beach of this darkness beyond the work of darkness in my life.

A superhuman ordeal, and no doubt also an antihuman one, awaited me this morning: Only the successful crossing of this trans-final ordeal will really be able to give me the right, once its time is up, to pass - to *be carried* - towards knowledge existentially lived, and lived *in a soul and a body*, towards the direct transcendental experience of superhumanity, of being engaged without return in the straits of great freedom, existence liberated in life called, in India, the state of the *Mukti divan.* John Buchan: "In the night of tomorrow, nothing will come out of here but the Gods".

In the meantime, I was entering - we were going to have to enter, we were already slipping - into the ravine of new darkness, into darkness once again, and what darkness if the old darkness of my own life of darkness was not already recognisable in it.

Darkness from beyond the darkness, the part of what comes to me through this encounter at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis is called the part of the irrevocable absolute, the part of the eternal farewell to oneself, the part, in me, of the darkness prior to me, and that only the duplicity of my crepuscular fascinations with regard to - as I have perhaps already said - the small painting by J. B. Corot, currently at the Couvres, entitled Souvenir de Mortefontaine. B. Corot, currently at Couvres, entitled *Souvenir de Mortefontaine.* But that too has come and gone. *Souvenir de Mortefontaine?* Far away, already very far away, extraordinarily far behind me, I 't even know where, or anything at all.

(191) This new and final year of more than darkness will have to stretch out, I fear, over a space of black gravel and emptiness that can only come to an end, in the best of , with the spring of next year, and throughout this year of great mourning, the spiritual gains, the most hidden and most vivid charismatic fruits of forty years loving observance and *brahmacharyia*, of 'walking in the shadow of the One', will be mercilessly called into question: everything I have come to be, in the secret course of the upward spiral leading me towards my very place, will find itself exhaustively called into question, and as if annulled, suspended on the nothingness of its own probationary annulment following the figure of Jesus undergoing the final temptation of his own identity above the precipice he looked down from the top of Temple Wall, and who will ever know the depths of *what other places* this precipice was for him.

Nothing that I have amassed will be left to me, everything that has been mercifully given to me, as if for ever, will be taken away from me again, and totally, and I will have to go to the point of being shaken, not only in the foundations of my existence, but in my Faith too, and in my Faith above all, in my faith in myself and through myself, during these forty years of ardent philosophy under the nuptial auspices of L'Ingnis, but in my Faith too, and in my Faith above all, in my faith in myself and through myself, during these forty years of ardent philosophy under the nuptial auspices of *L'Ingnis Ardens* which were, of my life, entrusted to the devouring fire, to the inextinguishable fire.

There is no hope now, no truce, no mercy: no way out other than to hold on, to hold on beyond the final defeat of all resistance, with no help and no time left in the night with no margins and no skies that will henceforth be my night and my life, the night of my life and the only life of my night without life.

I will hold on, and in my senile obstinacy will be my divinity. It was an unforgettable day, 31 March 1988, full of storms and whiteness, a day of the last frontier of the great darkness and of *Y the supreme test.*

(192) The Seine was in very high water, completely drowning the lower banks of the Ile Saint-Louis. As I left the Quai de Bourbon, I stopped for a moment and looked back at the place where it had all happened: solitary on the 'bench of those who commit suicide for love', the Levantine character seemed lost in a reverie whose sickening, dark secret only he would have known. Noon sounded somewhere, and it was like an immense crumbling of sands in the heavens, like an immense ordination of silence, and other silences behind this silence, like a sudden engulfment of silence in myself and in the world. "Rien ne va plus, les jeux sont faits".

In the space of an instant, reality opened up before me, and a visionary tear, an abyssal rift, suddenly appeared in its midst, inhabited only by the sidereal void and its high winds : and I saw, with the inner gaze that alone leads to the realms of the invisible, a kind of high, very high aurora borealis, with black, sooty draperies, pouring down, animated by a slow but continuous breathing, *pouring down,* I say, from vertiginously inconceivable heights, on *the very place* where the Levantine Character was standing and perhaps no longer stood, and what thus fell there from the chasms of the well above, this non-light caught by the sooty draperies of its own half-reality, frou-froutante - swarming, spangled with black, a black with the feathers of a jay - then rose again, and in a way that was perhaps even slower, towards where it had come from, a black cascade splitting itself into a black counter-cascade.

But we mustn't let ourselves be fooled in this way, because in this essentially infernal perspective, where everything was in a state of total ontological reversal by virtue of the very presence of the one who, in and of himself, is and wants to be, never ceases to present itself as the very principle of every reversal governed by the occult sovereignties of the Anti-World, what seemed to come from above and to return to it actually came from below and returned to *it* madly, with a kind of silent, hypnotic greed, essentially putassive, criminal and lying, which drove me to the last degree disgust, to vomit out my soul. Is this the explanation for the *vomitto nero* of the dying Pius XII?
?

A sketch of a higher explanation: the simple advent, the presence of the Principle of Evil - whether he appeared to me as a Levantine figure, a contemptuous provocation, a direct insult, and calculated as such, to my profound disgust - had just provoked - or should I say, was intended to provoke - a rupture in the inner dykes of safeguarding and protected reality,

*the active creation* of a gaping hole in the ontological self-defences of the immediate reality of this world, a hole - the Black Doors - through which, once again, ancient darkness - if not the Previous Darkness itself - would come pouring out, reintroducing itself into the reality of this world, to feed *it*, to provide the occult bases for the next great spiritual and metapolitical reversals willed - and in process of being installed as such - by the once again active sovereignties of the Anti-World, an itself mobilised, set in motion again by I don't yet know what Infernal Decrees.

At the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis, the Personnage Levantin - very own Personnage Levantin, if I may say so - had just *burst through the floor*, and the black waters of the were invisibly rising up to assault the day our world and our history today : and all this having taken place this very morning, and in a way in my presence, and as if for myself, so that I could be made aware of my powerlessness and my shame in face of what was going to have to be done there, and which I was not going to be in a position to prevent or even, how shall I put it, a little to thwart, or at the very least to contradict. Which, incidentally, remains to be seen.

One thing, in any case, is absolutely certain: since this morning, and who knows for how much longer, an invisible apparatus of infernal high interference been in action on the Ile Saint-Louis in Paris.
- metacosmically - half-open to let through, to suck towards our world the outer abominations, the abominable conjurations revived to the task of our ancient impotence, our ancient galactic and sidereal decays from before the Salvation Pact, from before the Human Election and the Merciful Procession of those who brought us there to seek daughters, the Daughters of Fire.

(193) And how can we decipher the mystery of the "last image"? For there was a 'last image': at the very moment when the vision was fading, as if consuming itself, of that double black cascade through which the infernal External Interferences of our present misfortune are perpetuated, there appeared to me - there appeared behind me - a building in the night, quite low, hallucinatory, spectral, half-hidden under thick, black foliage, lashed by a driving rain, and then at the precise moment when the moon emerged from the clouds, radiantly white, the rain stopped as if by magic and the brilliant clouds chased each other across a low, fascinating sky.

ragged sails, but of what royal indigo. A building there, in front of me, in stone obscured by centuries, in the necromantic taste of the Black Renaissance, magical and kabbalistic. Massive, I would say *unshakeable*, infinitely suspicious. Off-limits to illegitimate, unplanned incursions. And with a pediment in the shape of a flattened triangle, on which, under the bluish, shimmering light of moon, you could read this motto
:

*Que Infra Nos Nihil Ad Nos.*

Behind the heavy bronze doors, I sensed a presence on the prowl, hostile, mortuary, sacrilegious and anti-human, most certainly infernal, or even worse. What black dissident of Pythagoras is not familiar with these high sapiential protes?

But it was thanks to the Latin motto that I remembered. For I now know where this necromantic and magical construction I 1 had first glimpsed, and in what confused circumstances.

Perhaps twenty years ago, or more, I was supposed to go, in the company of Constantin and Christiane Tacou, to a méchoui I don't know where near Versailles, an evening that had some kind of relationship with Philippe Aziz, invited by him or that we were meeting him there, I've forgotten, and it doesn't really matter now.

But we got lost on the way and arrived at the méchoui well before the went out, when there was nothing left, *tarde venientibus ossam*.

But the important fact lies elsewhere: while we were looking for our way - in the dark, in the hollow a valley, totally lost in a worrying succession of woods full shadows and darkness and black, motionless ponds, and while I had got out of the car to go and find out, at the end of an alley of tall trees, in sight of a whitening in the night that we had taken - probably wrongly - for the façade of a castle, an old manor house, I came to lose myself even more in it, to end up, finally - but, that night, at the end of the alley of tall trees, in sight of a whitening in the night that we had taken, probably wrongly, for the façade of a castle, an ancient manor house, I ended up getting even more lost in it, and finally - but *really* that night - came upon the same necromantic, magical building that I had seen in my vision that morning, and whose mysterious motto I had already been able to read - at that moment, in the light of the moon that had just come out - the same one. *Que Infra Nos Nihil Ad Nos.*

But why, why this ancient, this very ancient memory, emerging from the depths of my oblivion like a vision, a dazzling dream call? And what relation, by the way, does it have to the

dark outer powers, galactic and metacosmic, avidly on the lookout behind the Principle of Putrefactions who, this very morning, had made a spectacle of himself for me, in the baroque and scabrous disguise of the Levantine Character? These questions, all these questions again, and there's no escaping them. That's what our terrible battle of day and night is all about, even if it's night that seems to win every . But it wasn't always like this, and maybe soon it won't be like this again.

(193) The third part of the summons - the vision of the necromantic building in the woods, under the light of the moon - remains incomprehensible to me. So why was it given to me to see?

What, then, is there to learn from this? That my encounter with the Levantine Personage took place in broad daylight, and at the level of the most immediate reality, and that it is indeed this same reality, denatured, counterfeited from , that has just had to convey the message intended to let me know - to announce to me - that a rupture in the safeguarding figures of being had just taken place, that this very morning non-being had just been offered a new channel of subversive penetration into this world, that the Anti-World had returned. But, at the same time, that the double vision that closely followed my encounter with the Personnage Levantin - the vision of cascade and counter-cascade of infernal penetration, of the commissioning of the Portes Noires of non-being at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis and, secondly, the vision of the necromantic and magical building bearing the motto *Que Infra Nos Nihil Ad Nos* - was, this double visionsituated in the invisible. And that the reality of these visions - ontologically as real as reality the visible - was in no way perceptible, or even graspable, to others. To those, for example, in the film group working with me this morning. And yet the same group had seen, seen very well - without, however, perceiving its true identity, hidden, completely occult - the Levantine Personage sitting on the bench. His behaviour was somewhat strange and *out of place.* He didn't say a word, but still managed make sure that he appeared, advantageously, behind Olivier Germain-Thomas and myself, in my *Oceanique.* The infiltration into our midst of the man I was to call the Levantine Personage, behind whom who knows who was hiding, even became one of the topics of the day's discussions for those in our working group, who weren't any more worried than that, and in fact weren't really worried at all.

at all. It was because he had succeeded perfectly in diverting reality, through which he was going to *perfume* me, not with the Rosicrucian scent of the rose, sub Rosa, it is said, but with the very pestilential smell of Henbane, Mother Henbane, it is said, and on this point I shall have to come back straight away.

And I repeat: only I had access to it, on the Quai de Bourbon, to the secret flash of double vision into the invisible, and if access was open to me, well, to that, I only reached it by the paths of transcendental clairvoyance, the privilege, if you like, of someone who has been where I have been, and who knows he cannot go back.

Gustav Meyrink, in *The White Dominican*: "What prevents man from deploying the magnetic forces latent within him is the need to forge gods for himself and the fear of remaining alone with himself, of having to create his own universe; he wants to have fellow , and he wants to feel supported by the forces of nature; he wants to love and he wants to hate, he wants to act and he wants to experiment on his own behalf 1 How can he do this, unless he makes himself the creator of a new world? A voice tempts me powerfully: "All you have to do is stretch out your hand to touch the face of your beloved, but I recoil at the idea of reality and imagination becoming one. Even more than the possibility of having fallen prey to a demonic contact or of finding myself lost in the limitless ocean of madness or 1 hallucination, what is terrible for me is to know that there is no reality anywhere, neither here nor there, it' all imagination! I remember my father's anguished question when I told him about my walk on the mountain: "Did you see the sun? He who sees the sun abandons the journey: he enters 1 eternity" (translation from the German, A. D. Sampieri).

Gustav Meyrink argues that there *is no reality anywhere*, and that *everything imagination.*
This idea is also found in *Le Visage Vert.*

As for the secret of the *walk on the mountain*, it should be pointed out that it was a somnambulistic walk, carried out in depths of cataleptic sleep, of the "fourth sleep", and that the sun he had to see there was precisely the white sun of the abysses of the "fourth sleep".
"The midnight sun.

(194) Summary and confidential note on the Parisian pestilence of Mother Henbane. For ours only.

For ten days or so, the major Parisian press did not cease to deal with the strange problems posed by the intolerable and perfectly inexplicable pestilence, the rise of which made the air in Paris and the Ile de France unbreathable and pernicious, often bordering on a serious accident. I all the explanations have been put forward, except for the one real one: the grand infernal investment that began on the morning of 31st March, at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis, and which manifested itself - and which could not but also manifest itself, in addition to the rest, in this very *specific* way - by this rising wave, doomed to all manner of evil, of pestilential stench coming directly from the inner territories of the Underworld, from all the 'witches' pits' where the putrefaction needed for activist shenanigans, à la carte incorporations and other ordered displays of entities, things and demonologies called upon, these days, to rise tumultuously to the front line, to *infest* and *infect* us.

The operators of the transactions must take this into account as a matter of priority, bound as they are by inescapable ritual, even procedural, requirements: carrion is their *primary material,* and there can be no infernal reincorporation without the support, without the active substantifications provided by carrion in place and in condition, filth, rot of all kinds, mass graves, cellars with unspeakable remains, rubbish dumps assisted by certain prenotations of the field such as "witch pits", so many induced doors between this world and the penalties that are occultly inflicted on it by the anti-worlds of the *infernal palus.* But all this fail to leave its mark, to be self-denounced by the sumptuous procession of pestilence that accompanies, exalts and supports the action in progress.

However, the latest news from *France Soir, Le Figaro and Le Quotidien de Paris* seems to support the opinion of *specialists* who believe they have found that the foul-smelling slicks that have covered Paris since 31 March are simply due to the *perverse effects* of spring preparations in the fields, In the Federal Republic of Germany, they are in the process of covering the fields with certain organic fertilisers, and the easterly winds are bringing all the noxious fumes back to France, with a preferential convergence on Paris and the Ile-de-France region.

You had to think about it. And what does the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Jean-Marie Lustiger, think of Paris, which has just been placed under the nocturnal control of Mother Jusquiame? The same thing, without

No doubt, the doctrinaires of guilt of the Eastern winds, bringing us from Germany the pestilential exhalations of the fields under their sheets of organic engrais: forbidden of the invisible, he and his kind, how would they know is really the case with the visible and its current dismal decay, its criminal manipulations at the charge of the Power of Darkness? Right in the middle of Paris, on the Seine, close to Notre-Dame, a metacosmic black hole...
- And what barriers is French Catholicism in a position put up, even if only in principle, against this dramatic, terrible and perhaps quite fatal Return from Hell? Let's not even talk about it.

(195) But the living, beating heart of French Catholicism is by no means buried where the current proponents of
the foul, the very dark, the unbearable diabolical alienation disfiguring, beneath its veil, the tear-streaked face of the Bride of our handsome Lord of the Vines, an alienation that is advancing, insinuating itself and stubbornly holding sway over the so-called great Catholicism of the hierarchies so ostentatiously in place in the visible, so miserably *turned towards the world* as they say, those old aunts, and which has been so singularly lost, which has surrendered to the enemy without fighting, or even attempting to do so - but what am I saying, which has very languidly offered itself to the enemy - for a long time now, since the time , at La Salette, Our Lady of Sorrows was already announcing it to us. No, the only living and beating heart of Secret France is precisely there, where the glowing ensigns of the Sacred Heart of Jesus betray, *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*, the nuptial palpitations, the very bloody Living Presence.

(196) So they're back, and the successive groundswells of their ontological pestilence are already submerging us, the mercenary henchmen of the Levantine Personage? But they have no idea what awaits them *when the time comes.* I mean *when my time comes again.* Because I'm the only one who can still put things right, recover everything. Nothing, absolutely nothing will be left for them. Nothing.

(197) But the terrible direct consequences of these infernal floods, which overwhelm us from the invisible, will not be long in asserting themselves in the visible, and even more so in the invisible.
particularly, at present time, at the level visible history - at the level, I mean, current French history and its most immediate political states - because it is indeed at this level, both tragic

and precisely at this level, already plunged into the darkness of the great final alienations, that the next battles of the *Regnum Sanctum* will have to be fought, I mean the level where the problem of a certain eschatological and divine *predestination* of France is once again being posed today, and very abruptly. As long ago as 1942, Charles de Gaulle was able to foresee what is now becoming an immediate reality, and to assume its dramatic premonitory grandeur: "No one in the world doubts any longer that the battle of decision will bear the name of France".

(198) Thus foreseen in advance and even, in a way, ritualised - we need to go back to *Dogme et Rituel de la Haute-Magie* - how is this new - and temporary - entry - re-entry, rather - of France into the cosmological darkness of its own non-history going to work? of its history once again taken in hand, back in the hands of the power - both occult and manifest in broad daylight - of Anti-France and, behind Anti-France, of the Power of Darkness, of what it seems to me we must call the Anti-Reign?

Let's say that the Right will be hypnotically prevented from pulling itself together at decisive moment, pushed, as whole, in a somnambulistic way, towards a kind of inconceivable national suicide akin to the obscure and infamous rituals of the great "collective suicides", and that Freemasonry will manage to seize control, through the return to power of the Socialists - following the presidential election next May - of all the political, administrative, economic and other apparatuses of the French Republic, whose final ministry - here we are - still kept purely unavowable, for operationally occult, will that of carrying, to subversively impose the revelations of the infernal Evil, - all of which are linked to the misappropriation of property, to the fundamentally anti-human expectations of Human Rights - in Europe and throughout the world, of infernal Evil which emerges from the invisible and pours out, through its induced Black Doors, in Paris, at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis, onto the world of a humanity left defenceless by the apparently irrevocable defection of its highest guardians of salvation, of being and of opposition to the assaults of external nothingness, and France being the most affected, the most fatally defeated of all the great nations of the *Regnum Sanctum.*

And we must not lose sight of the crucial fact that the French presidential elections next May will have - above all - to formally prove the validity of all the gloomy warnings that I have based on

> of my disgusting Levantine encounter this morning on the Ile Saint-Louis, a formal notice with staggering presentations, this encounter, a wanton provocation and a deadly trap set me, me alone, contrived from the invisible but, how can we doubt *anything else?*

Something else, too? Let's be clear: how, in what sense *something* else*?* I was told this morning that *you heading for total collapse - you and your kind - and that you are all there, and you first.* And I know it won't be that way. But I also know *what will happen next, if I hold out without failing in any way.*

But let's return without delay to the sombre threat hanging over the French presidential elections next May, an archetypal operative example of everything that is going to be forcibly imposed on us during the new season of probationary darkness announced, if not decreed, this morning of 31 morning 1988: history, from now on, becomes the reserved domain of the invisible, of powers immensely hostile to the human condition and which, from the invisible, invest, at the time of

In certain troubled times, the front of the visible weakens it, subdues it by distorting it and causing it to shatter from within. In this solemn and desperate hour, let us remember the bloody and black years of the most troubled period, the pivotal period that set up, at the heart of the so-called French Revolution, the hallucinatory cyclone of all outbursts, This so-called French Revolution, the bicentenary of which they are preparing to force us to celebrate with them, to the ultimate degree abjection, with its defilement, its devouring shame and its unforgivable return. A bicentenary that will be their black High Mass of recommencement, the obscene ceremonial of a terrible Return from Darkness.

For a persistent and self-perpetuating intuition, burning like the bite of death, makes me sense that the infernal messages of this fateful 31st March are intended to shed light, in a priority, exemplary way, on the pre-sealed fate of next May's presidential elections, which will in no way normal elections, 'like any others': fearsomely inexplicable pressures, which may well remain unexplained forever, will be exerted in force. Occult and much more occult influences, deeply subterranean predeterminations, will ensure that the gigantic deviance of intercepted consciences is lifted, consciences massively captured through certain necromantic high magic operations and then summoned to hypnagogically join the candidate's support front.

of the socialist-communist left, which will be brought to power by a groundswell of a nature that is singularly alien to the visible face, the avowed face of our history and the immediate reality of this world.

So, next May, a new form action will reappear in France, at the level of politics and history in progress, politics and history that are considered to be immediate, visible, avowable and certain, namely the great magical and necromantic action called upon serve the Black Cause and the most inconceivable, most *external* metacosmic abysses.

The farthest metacosmic, the invisible and the ultimate inconceivable are back among us. Is it worth asking ourselves *for what purpose?* And, on the other , are we in a position to face up to it, are we ready, are we still of the race of those who know how to face up to it? Is our race still ontologically itself, is the human race still in a position to *want to be*? Are we still in a position to impose on ourselves the choice - the gigantic choices - of our own salvation, our own deliverance and our own *liberation?*

(199) Four o'clock in the morning. All that time typing, in one breathless rush, the first draft of a provisional account of this frontier day on 31 March 1988, which really wasn't a day like any other. Dead tired.

And now I'm going back to the prophetic, precise and terrifying book by the young Graham Masterton,
*The Wells Hell.*

Almost everything is there. "And his name beyond the stars is the god of times to come. He is my master and yours. And he will rise from the grave to rule this land once again, as he did in the splendour of Atlantis. And also: "I am all things and all beings," whispered the voice. I am the servant of the god of times past and times to come. My name is the name of everything and my face the face of every being. I am preparing the resurrection of the greatest of those who lived beyond the stars, in those places of immemorial exile, from which no one can return without being called. The waters beneath the sea belonged to us when we first returned to this earthly domain. We had to leave them in a hurry when the abyss collapsed. We were forced to seek refuge in the creeks and rivers, in order to deposit our seed in the bowels of the earth itself". And then: "I am the servant of the god of time

and times to come," repeated the whispering voice. I was created to satisfy his needs, so that he would live again according to the rites that were the law in those distant times when the stars were different from what they are today. When men were the slaves of beasts, Quithe reigned, the demon-god whom your Indians called Ottauquechee, he who dwells in the waters of the abyss. And his name beyond the stars is the god of times to come. He is my master and yours. And he will rise from the grave to reign again over the men of this land, as he did in the splendour of Atlantis.

And, above all, follows there: "You need have no fear, whispered the voice. The day is near, the day when the great god will emerge from the wells that have been his resting place for so long, the day when all men will bow down before him and joyfully offer themselves in sacrifice. The day will come when the god will once again inhabit the minds of all men, and fires will burn across this continent from coast to coast. The day of the great judgement is at hand, when the beast-gods will return. This day was foretold by the men of knowledge in ancient times, by the disciples of Sa-to-ga and Ya-go-sath. It was these men who first recalled Quithe, my master, and found the underwater continent of Atlantis. For centuries, the people of the waters reigned over the ocean, the greatest domain of this earth. Those were days of glory and sacrifice. They will return.

I think Graham Masterton is quite right when he points to the Celtic origins of the name of the secret god of the abysses, the ocean pits, the bottomless pits, the god Quithe, H. P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu. Graham Masterton: "It's an ancient Celtic word, meaning well, pit of the abyss," he says of Quithe. And then: "The Indians sometimes called it Ottauquechee, which means the waters *of the abyss.*

But one of these prophecies seems to me, in this instance, to be extraordinarily topical, when it said that *the day will come when the god will once again inhabit the minds of all men,* and when we know who these gods are whose return we are thus being told about, and also what the ways this return will be. The very paths of the terrifying *external interference* I have just spoken about, at length, with regard to the current attempts to return to power in France by the hidden agents of influence, the representations - the very representatives - of the Anti-Reign in its most direct political and historical identity. And , in the dark days ahead, we will no longer be able to ignore by whom *the minds of men* will be inhabited, *the minds of all men.* All men? If there is an *exception,* there will be salvation, and there will be deliverance.

But despite everything, there are *exceptions.* And there will be more and more of them, following L'spirale montante du travail qui est mien, et qui est nôtre par ces temps de coma artificially généralisé.

Graham Master ton, alias Thomas Luke, was born in 1946 in Uxbridge, Great Britain, and his knowledge of Connecticut is astonishing.

As for this diary, anything that is not transcribed on the day itself, and as if on the spot, can be considered, in advance, as something distorted and dead, something lost and wasted.

(200) It is no less certain that the meaning of the mediumistic appearance, this morning, at the end of a vision, on the Quai Bourbon in Saint-Louis en l'Ile, of the necromantic and magical Masonic building, displaying, in the light of the full moon, both brilliant and gloomy, the frontier motto *Que Infra Nos Nihil Ad Nos,* still escapes me completely: The hour of reception has probably not yet come, the hour of the blossoming, of the opening up of its meaning in me, the fragile and perishing hour of its anamnesiac self-deciphering, which is taking place in me like the rising of an ancient sob through the dogmatic layers of the greatest oblivion.

But it could just as well be that this third and final visionary flash this morning was not at all a staggering announcement and threat, *but a denunciation* of the secret origins of this threat, and that it therefore did not come from the same infernal source as the planning of my meeting with the Levantine Character and the vision of the double black waterfall of the Nouvelles Ingérences : on the contrary, I would even go so far as to say that it was the heavens which, in instance, had *beckoned to* me in this way, to show me, at the very moment of entering the zone of our pitiless and demented battles to come, the direction in I must look for what I am thus forbidden to be able to find on my own, if the impediment to doing so has been installed in advance and very covertly in the depths of my being.

So, I'm already wondering: could this necromantic building be the secluded, carefully hidden place where the great magical operations that preceded the current clandestine surge of darkness through the Black Doors, induced and secretly ajar since this morning on the Ile Saint- Louis, were to be carried out so that this thing happen, immense, appalling and criminal, ritually done, at the appointed and necessary time?

Another thing also seems certain to me. When I have rediscovered the place and the Masonic building with the motto *Que Infra Nos Nihil Ad Nos, on the* spot I say, and I repeat it deliberately, on the spot, or at least when I have grasped within myself the forbidden meaning, the occult meaning of what I have been given to follow if not to understand immediately, the extinction and eventual closure of the infernal cycle that began this morning will, in principle, be imminent.

And then, without really realising why or how, I find myself thinking about what Julius Evola told me one day in Rome. That *after the death of Pythagoras, his house was hastily turned into a shrine to Demeter.*

I can feel it, I'm hovering around the solution to the problem. But it's still a long way off.

Demeter? Apparently a goddess without mystery, refusing the perilous light, the paroxysms of the great mysteries. But is Demeter always the same Demeter, is Demeter always Demeter? For there are, there will always be, secretly, three Demeters, whose ritual summons will call, whenever necessary, for the advent of the fourth Demeter, the Magnificent Mistress of High Summer or, for the initiates of Tivoli, Alba la Longa, Alba Julia, the fascinating, dazzling, all-powerful *Julia Nostra.*

But we too knew the dazzling Julia Nostra, the Fourth, in another *saeculum* or, as Jacques de Baisieux put it, "in another century of joy and glory", the enigmatic Jacques de Baisieux so loved and so quoted by Julius Evola and Ezra Pound.

(201) At the dreadful end of this millennium, dreadful and increasingly obscure, a kind of very enclosed de facto sovereignty is being used to induce Great Britain to send some of its own people - and by what largely concealed, shifty, purposely *extinguished* channels - to govern and safeguard France's major affairs.

Charles de Gaulle, as we know from a very official statement by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Dublin, is a direct descendant of the now subterranean line of the last Kings of Ireland, of the violet-blooded clan of Mac Cartan, in whom the sacred race of Thuata Dé Dannan was perpetuated, at that time

that François Mitterrand himself is descended from the Stuarts - this is confirmed and guaranteed by Burke's Hall, "which publishes the directory of the British aristocracy and is the authority on royal genealogy across the Channel" - by George of Hanover, and on this point everything is still far from being said.

A situation that is certainly not without its most precise and meaning. A meaning which, it would seem, it would be more appropriate to . At least until further notice.

I would add that I myself am one of the few who are bound to know that in the path *of* the Final Reversal, of this ultimate dazzling revelation of the abyssal underside of the cards which some will call, when that day comes, the Apocalypse, an ancient hidden predisposition foresees the emergence of some highly extraordinary cases of *last-minute defectors*, high-profile figures reputed to be responsible for the destinies of one of the two opposing camps - see the meditation on Ignatius of Loyola's Two Standards - betraying their own camp and crossing over to the opposite camp, and vice versa: The Enlightened Ones of the Church, the Princes of the Church will pass, or, as we now see every day, are already in the process of passing, into the camp of the Duke of Iniquity, and hallucinating surprises will shock us when we learn what passages, strictly speaking inconceivable, will take place from the Enemy's Camp to us, the Camp of the Saints. In this crossroads of the Great Ones, I see a beautiful sign, one of the most ardent signs that we must expect in view of those days, in view of the advent, more and more instituted, of *the definitive hour*.

At the same time, I would readily admit that these apocalyptic must have a background, an interloped backstory, even if the movement that drives them is designed to bear a sign, a saving, *soteriological* petition. The banners of the two camps face each other, some go, others return: it's time.

Thus the Duc de Saint-Simon writes, on the subject a certain mission to Rome, and sees in it only the simple movement in a chase-cross, without any moral or ontological charge of : "The Cardinal de Janson had been in Rome for six or seven years; he had served there very worthily and very usefully: at last he wanted to return. The Cardinal de Bouillon was no less keen to go and relieve him".

And the Duke of Saint-Simon again, but in an infinitely more committed vein, on the subject of the mystical betrayals and counter-betrayals, abjurations and counter-abjurations of Madame Guyon, already imprisoned in Vincennes: "I left Madame Guyon in the dungeon of Vincennes, and I have omitted many curious things, because they are to be found in what has been printed on both sides. It must nevertheless be said, for the sake of understanding what follows, that before being arrested she had been placed the hands of Monsieur de Meaux, where she had been for a very long time, either with him or with the daughters of Sainte-Marie de Meaux, where this prelate had been thoroughly instructed in her doctrine, without having been able to persuade her to change her feelings. One can judge that she had purified them, in fact or at least in appearance, of all that was reproached as dirty and shameful to this doctrine, and to what she had been reproached for her conduct with Fr. la Combe and her strange journeys with him. Without the most scrupulous precautions, she would not have been able to surprise the candour and purity of the morals of the dukes of Chevreuse and Beauvillier, their wives, the archbishop of Cambray, and many other people who made up the elite of her little flock. But, finally tired of being like a prisoner in the hands of Monsieur de Meaux, she pretended to open her eyes to his light signed a retraction as he had presented it to her: for which he, who was gentle and of good faith, was fooled, and gave her her freedom, which the abuse she made by the secret meetings she held with the most affidavit of her school caused her to be expelled from Paris, and then, on her secret return, locked up at Vincennes". And here is the work.

(202) The splendours of the final hour are equivocal, dramatic and convulsive, bordering unknowable abysses. But there is no one so great a fucker that one day he will not be fucked himself, and it may well be that with François Mitterand and following the wisdom of the spectral bocage, the Levantine Personage himself will come to be fucked *royally*, and of course on the evening of the Victory Banquet.

We will then have seen the most beautiful, the most fatal of counter-revolutionary reversals, and François Mitterand finally crowned *a hero in the shadows* in his own right. And what's more, back among his own people, where Jacques Tenaille has been waiting for him for so long.

Because, once again, the most difficult part of great art is figuring out who's who. Sighing in front of the Levantine Personage, with all the requisite ceremonial and while bringing him a smile, François Mitterand is quite capable of attaching to him, surreptitiously, under the white ceremonial tablecloth, with

a cord without forgiveness, slammed them at the foot of the table, and then suddenly shouted "fire, fire". The Roche de Solutré is close to the Puits des Enfers, but the foot of the Table Infernale is perhaps even closer to the Roche de Solutré.

Will we have to learn one day that the hidden Grand Master of the final counter-revolutionary conspiracy, the one destined to topple everything and *put everything back in its place,* will have been, all cards laid out, François Mitterand himself, and that we will then have to sing, with Charles Trenet. faithful, faithful, I have remained faithful".

We would still have to make a number of fateful predictions about those who, following the same movement, would leave our camp to go to those opposite, to criminally place themselves at the disposal of the House

Iniquity. Another moment and the earth will shake from its

foundations.

(203) Jacques Tenaille in Madrid, and Axel de Holstein. Waking up at dawn in summer, Jacques de Holstein sees the Levantine Personage sitting on the bed next to his, smiling at him, not without a certain obscenity. He recites a *Gloria Patri, and* the intruder vanishes into thin air. But he will reappear the next day, in a perfectly deadly manoeuvre, as a flock of sheep passes through his street. The shepherd with his face blackened with soot, the iron club that he managed to narrowly avoid, even though *everything was in place.* As far as I'm concerned, the pestilence of the Retire, and its message of infinite atrocity and death.

(204) As for the media investigation into the pestilential investment, the agonising entry of Paris into the zone of impotence, surrender and passivity that is currently in the process of covering everything under the nauseating blanket of its states of hidden significance, but significant nonetheless for those able intercept the message of flabbergasting and obscene mincing, some fragments of testimony borrowed from the press.

On April 8, *France Soir* published these conclusions*:* "They first thought it might be sewage, but no clues were found. They even thought it might be odours from alluvial deposits, but as the river Sienne is not receding, this possibility was ruled out. So the mystery remains. And with good reason.

And a week later, on 15 April, Lucien Miard wrote in *Le Figaro*: "This pollution does not appear to come from a single source. Rather, it is diffuse. For one obvious reason: at its point of , the fumes would have been so unbearable that the population would have had to be evacuated. The possibility of sewage run-off from spreading fields in the Ile-de-France region also considered. But after inspecting dozens of kilometres of underground passageways, we can state categorically that there was no trace of liquid manure". And also: "Can the receding of the Saine be blamed for this? No," we replied, "because the level of the river has not yet dropped significantly".

The end of Lucien Miard's article is of the utmost interest to me: "Paris not alone. London experienced the same unpleasantness. A mysterious smell around Oxford Street made the inhabitants flee. Here too, the reasons for the stench cannot be explained.

Oxford Street, they say? Already, or rather still? Seen from the top floor of a gloomy house, I knew it to be a disused cemetery in London. A hotel, of course, one of the best guarded, but also one of the most frequented, among the few Western vestibules still able to give access to the infernal entrances of the other world, while doing what was necessary ensure that high prostitution was also skilfully paid for (class is class). Just off Oxford Street, this hotel of necromantic and red-headed loves. A poignant and, in those years, relatively luminous memory of the activities of the glowing comet Christine Keller. You can no longer die of nothing when death itself finally gives in to the most extreme flights of desire, and burns itself as a pitiful, wanton moth, infinitely tragic in the face of *the other flame.* Everything is a risk, we learn in the end. Who, in exile, has not known another exile, another death within death? Because the time of a poor adored body can also be, sometimes, as I have seen myself, the time of an ultimate amnesia, an amnesia pushed beyond all forgetting.

Like those luxurious demonological entities who had to occupy, from within, so deliciously, and also so criminally, the dark eighteenth century of others and of our own, Christine Keller, really, very really deprived of what it is still agreed to call a soul, inhabited by a chill of eternal ice, but what a dazzle in her naked young body, what lactescent and divine flesh, and even, why not, *divinising* if you like, Christine Keller, I say, as she knew how to shine, the affriolante. Now, in this dreadful absence of soul, which thus vivified, and in permanent paroxysm

of its mad glacial ardour, this flesh itself so royal, and as if it had come here from another century, more suited to the fabrications of the dear incendiaries on a mission? The day I realised this, and it was in the dubious water of a large mirror in a private room overlooking the disused cemetery that I have just mentioned without quoting it, a large tarnished mirror taking up the entire wall, that day I also realised the beautiful secret of Jacques Cazotte and his Biondetta, among others.

> And yet this cemetery forgotten by all, by all but a few, how good it would be, how salutary it would be if he were led, discreetly if you like, and even very discreetly, to cease his special activities, linked to the obligations of his *later* career (although, isn't it true, *u tungu baal'embà, na fulu n'mé batenn malembà).*

At daybreak, in the month of May, the beautiful London May near Oxford Street, those nauseating mists above the vaults worked on, from inside, during the night. From inside, or rather *from underneath.* The work of black lords and luminous sluts, Ethiopian work in the fiery wake of the ancient Elizabethan sciences and the rediscoveries and revisits of a Bram Stoker. I don't know if everything metaphysical is dodgy. But I do know that everything shady is metaphysical.

(205) Between my connections with the invisible and my ambiguous, irresistible fascination with all these Celtic advances, *I'm marked.* Yesterday's map, with daybreak over the abbey and pond of Paimpont lost in the mist, taken from the middle of the pond, at water level. Irène Omélianenko: "I know that disgusting smell too, and the ways in which it infernally rises towards us. But it always passes. But there's something much more serious. I'm reading La *Servante portugaise*, try not to get caught up in Morgane's dreams. Because, just above, Jean Couturier wrote to me: "In the great mists, behind the abbey, Morgane. You should know that Morgane protects you very well, we asked her to". Their groups work under cover, often in the forest of Brocéliande. For as long as Morgana has protected me, for as long as Morgana has pursued me, unquenchably, with her hatred, my dark and gentle princess Chotokalouguine. But I know this pond all too well, in its middle, and its mists.

My letters to L. have been hidden away in Paimpont Abbey since June 1968, but what can you do? Useless, dangerous manoeuvres on the part of the Italian Embassy in Paris, of

What are they meddling in? Unless something miraculous happens, I know that Morgane and her shadow double will win, if they haven't already.

(206) So when Alain Ravennes said to me at the *Directoire*, on the Champs Elysées, *you are infinitely generous to others, despite the terrible jinx you bring on yourself.* I'm still preventing the 'black stone', the 'stone of the black moon', work of preventing Morgane and her veils of premature mourning, ensuring that the blinding brilliance of her immaculate nakedness doesn't appear.

However, in the philosophical bowels of Retour à l'Etang, everything is preconceived, and everything that is not preconceived will never be anything. "Polishing the stone. endlessly polishing the stone", never stopping on the way, continuing, wanting to get there and knowing that that is all you want, always. Is it a clot of black blood below the forehead, a premeditated suicide of which I am and am not guilty towards myself, of which I am and am not, shamefully, very shamefully the unconscious accomplice, the non-expiatory victim, the refuge of darkness in broad daylight and, already legendary in this restrained and dirty extinction, my own *matter of Brittany 2* Lugubrious Arthurian gesture in reverse, and still living and reliving the fundamental occult adultery only to distance myself forever from Guinevere, more and more irretrievably lost in the wake of Morgane's successive non-existences. There is a black well, and a dream at bottom of this well, and at bottom of this dream there is Morgane.

I say that this dream is like a delayed block of the great glaciations of the past, or even like a block of radiant crystal, hidden in the depths of the pond, perhaps in the middle, and facing the abbey - what an abbey - in the depths of that pond, implying that there is also a very deep black well, and that it is at the bottom of that well that the dream, the ban, the *ultimate and primary shame of our people*, huddles. Can we get out of it? One day, when that day comes. But not through death, but through life and more than life. Would the work, then, be nothing other than the prohibition of the work? By the grace of Guènievre alone.

What do you mean, *by the grace of Guinevere alone? I* mean: by *the grace of Guinevere's forgiveness alone*, that Guinevere should forgive me in the end, *that she should forgive me everything.*

For me, therefore, there is no longer any salvation in the ways of the work of fire, for the work of I have passed, without realising it, I don't even know exactly when, and I have just realised that I myself have been

surpassed, in the terrible ways of the work of fire, by the active commands of the work of ice and by the ultimate polar cosmogonies *of* the latter: for me, from now on, there is no salvation, no deliverance in life, no liberation other than that of the only profound forgiveness, the only total forgiveness of Guinevere, Mistress of the Great Forgiveness of the Ice. So is nothing left to conquer, for forgiveness is only a gift.

The moment of deliverance - what I call *the very moment* - will therefore be the very moment of Guinevere's Great Forgiveness, *if there is still to be forgiveness.*

So, on the other hand, when, in Nerval, the masked lover comes - through masked futility, the dear and beautiful lover, or through death, or through a despair worse than death, or perhaps just as well through the most secret of the demented hopes of desire after extinction of all desire - to force him to hear her, and she tells him something as *you would have wanted the nun to be the actress, and the actress the nun.*

Through the clear, icy mirror of death, aren't the actress and the nun, in effect, The Same? The Same, Sole Mistress of 1* U nique Pardon Final.

The appearance of a new glaciation, the final glaciation on the working spiral of my life, the abrupt opening, in me, of paths of ice, of the *icy way, the* passage to *Glazialkosmogony.* Internalization of Hôrbiger's doctrines.

My existence becomes, in itself, a new Glacial Cosmogony. The ontological reading of Hôrbiger's doctrines, their existential deciphering, represents the stage their ultimate intelligence, the stage of their metacosmic intelligence.

The paths of the work of ice are in no way the paths of the work of fire, as you would expect: the work of fire is a subversive conquest and a high totalitarian battle advancing step by step on the prophetic spiral of its own infinite self-embarrassment; the work of ice violent abdication in the immobility of the ontological non-action of the end, and is made up only of *the very instant* when forgiveness is graciously offered, when in the ultimate emptiness appears the Crown of Ice of Guinevere's loving Donation, her supreme forgiveness given and given for nothing - apparently for nothing, as if nothing had happened - to whoever will have reached *that point,* "somnambulistically".

Everything about the path of fire was a battle, a will to obtain, an activist desire and the initiatory certainty of the promised victory. Heroic determination, faithfulness to the oath of fire, to the Burning Bush in the Rue Boislevent.

In the paths of the work of ice, on the contrary, there is nothing to do, absolutely nothing to do or to want to do, or even to dream of doing, nothing, nothing to desire or even not to desire, nothing: what must come there as forgiveness, under the guise of forgiveness, will only come after everything has been forgotten. It is the oblivion, the abysmal oblivion of being towards itself, that forms the basis, in a very hidden way, of the amorous mystery of the Gift of Guinevere and her Crown of Ice.

"So I have forgotten you, Guinevere. So I must prepare, resume my new love affair with Morgane, rediscover the hidden path her body and the nocturnal, hypnagogic, dreamlike mystery of the
"Return 1 Pond. Is his body a pond, or is the pond his body? Is the dream a return, is the return a dream, and through the dream? All the while knowing, too, that the other *pond* - no longer facing the Abbey, but facing the Hamlet - is still very close to the Petit Trianon and its induced rifts, debtor of the strange confidential stream winding through the green grass, under the falsely innocent grasses of the surrounding area, and when our footsteps sink gently into the languid and complicit, mortuary earth, kneaded with all the dreams of the 'distinguished company' of the Last Faithful, if it has been said that
"It's in the Hamlet that we'll meet again, it's in the Hamlet that we'll recognise each other". See how this great oblivion becomes remembrance if the great remembrance becomes oblivion, see how the white Morgana emerges from the black waves of the pond in the black middle of the pond, the living, burning moon of the other remembrance, of the other oblivion and of our other ancient death. Softly, softly, softly everything stops, and starts again to stop for good, to stop until it stops: this time, it's *done.* And I also know that these high walls air around me are nothing but sleep, the guarding of sleep under the leasing of death. But I haven't given up keeping my sleep diaries.

These notes, shreds and obscurations of a revelation whose original escape never ceased to draw me, last night - all night - into the subterranean galleries of the deepest sleep, the cataleptic sleep after sleep, where the dispossessed powers of archaic thought and its dying mythologies stagnate. There he prepares for perilous awakenings.

## The hounds of the frantic hunter

*There are also comic Walpurgis Nights, Your*
*Excellency! Now to announce one of these nights*
*cosmic Walpurgis. The time has once again come when the hounds of the frenzied hunter will be given the opportunity to*
*break their chains.*
*The time is right. The time has come.*

GUSTAV MEYRINK

(122) A beautiful August walk in Versailles, mystically scandalous.

And soon noon. "Where on earth are you going? We're not allowed down there, come back, come back quickly! This part is strictly forbidden to visitors, don't you know?
? Be careful, we'll send the guards to bring you back! Don't go any further, stop, stop going any further...". For a few moments there had already been two or three of them, several even, in blue gardener's aprons, shouting at me from a distance, gesturing wildly. But then, thanks to a hedge full of shade, I hid from their view and I don't know what happened, but in any case I didn't hear them any more. And, in fact, I suddenly heard nothing at all. There an extraordinary silence around me, and I couldn't even hear my own footsteps in the increasingly soft, uncertain earth. Despite the bright midday sun, there was a secret nocturnal quality in the air; I had the disquieting impression that it was night in the middle of the day, I don't even know how to put it.

I was walking quite a long way behind the Hameau de la Reine, and it was as I passed a small ditch that the gardeners in the distance started shouting at me. But already I virtually no longer free to move or make decisions,

I flew before me as if under the attraction of a mediumistic call that was as irresistible as it was precise as to the direction to follow, but whose source I did not know. I didn't know where I was going, or what I was looking for, or even who I was (if I ever knew *who I was).*

A few more steps and the earth suddenly shifted beneath me, engulfing me shoulder-deep in what must have been some kind of underground stream. The water bubbled around me, freezing cold, and I knew I had avoid moving too much.

How did I get out? I don't know, I don't remember. But I do know that I was in the middle of the old, and very mysterious, "ru de Marie-Antoinette", and that I had ended up where I always had to , in order for the greatest things to happen.

For it is the 'ru de Marie-Antoinette' that delivers the midday pass axis, the dangerous favours of our glorious and all-powerful Meridian.

I repeat, it was a beautiful August walk in Versailles, a dazzling enchantment under the white glow of the sun at its finest hour.

(207) But in the meantime I have had to face the most obscure misfortune, to persist in the neighbourhood of darkness, and the other *emptiness*, and so everything comes to fade slowly under the sands that we know, dear immortal enemy, for it is the trace of your footsteps that, from life to life, I try to search for and which, from century to century, never ceases to slip away, to vanish more and more each time. But where are these paths of erasure going, where are you leading me?

To the forbidden heart of Asia, to the mysterious Black Indies that Wolfram von Eschenbach called *Innern Indiâ.*

(208) My daughter Véronique took Gustav Meyrink's *Walpurgis Night* from the Prefecture library, so I re-read it last night. I read it again last night, eagerly, as enchanted as ever, and, as always, with a complete renewal of what I'd thought I'd found the previous time. As far as I'm concerned, this is true of all Gustav Meyrink's novels, all of which I've read at least three or four times. For a long time now, I've been hypnotically following the slow movement of a certain upward spiral. A movement that, it seems to me, is not about to stop. Or at least not yet, *not everything has been said to me.*

In *Walpurgis Night*, the pages about 'cosmic Walpurgis Nights' are extraordinarily topical, as are the approach and active identification of the 'living ones' who, lodged in the invisible of the 'Black Indies', in the transcendental spatiality of the 'Middle Kingdom', had created the 'Polar Fraternities' in Europe in the 1930s, using mediums to support what *followed.*

On cosmic Walpurgis Nights: "Every year, on 30 April, Walpurgis Night returns. On this night, according to popular belief, the ghost people are released from their chains. There are also cosmic Walpurgis Nights. Your Excellency! They occur at intervals too long for mankind to remember, which is why each one is considered a new phenomenon, never yet explained. Now one of these cosmic Walpurgis Nights is coming. Then there will be a reversal, so that what is below will be above". And then: "Here again comes the hour when it will be given to the dogs of the frantic hunter to break their chains: but it is *also* given to *us* to break something: the supreme law of silence! The words: "Peoples of Asia, guard your most sacred possessions" no longer apply to us. We abandon them for the good of those who are ready to "steal". We are allowed to speak. That is the only reason I am speaking to Your Excellency. The time is right, it has nothing to do with any personal merit on your part. The time has come".

What Gustav Meyrink has to say here about the 'Middle Kingdom' - a royal concept if ever there was one, and one that should be understood as 'an allusion to the Aggartha', in the sense that Alexandre Saint-Yves d'Alveydre, René Guénon and others close to us would have put it

_ seems to me to bear witness to the unique level, in his time, of his traditional science, of the direct and undoubtedly active spiritual information that was his, and whose real states and origin have remained secret to us, forever secret. What an abominable spiritual and mental solitude that was for Gustav Meyrink in his time, in Prague and elsewhere, in the world of *the intelligentsia* which he had to face, alone, throughout his life, and how I understand the searing words of Ladislav Klima (1878-1928), in *Nemesis the Glorious* (Prague, 1932), exhibiting the metaphilosophy of the experience of the afterlife, and one day exclaiming that *the turd that fell from the arse of a sturdy woodcutter was more valuable than the entire Czech intelligentsia of today.*

*In Walpurgis Night,* Gustav Meyrink gives a psychic voice to 1'. "Middle Kingdom" - *aweysha* will call it, "faire *awesyha"* - is said to be "a Manchu ". I quote: "A Manchu. High

plateaux of China. From the "Middle Kingdom", as you might have guessed. And also: "The Middle Kingdom lies to the east of the Hradschin. But even if you could ever decide to cross the Moldau to Prague, you'd still have a long way to go before arriving in 'Manchuria'. On the other hand, I am in no way dead, as you might think from the fact that I use Monsieur Zrcalo's body as a mirror to talk to you, to appear to you. Quite the opposite: I'm actually *alive*. In the heart of Asia, there are, apart from me, many other *living beings,* many other living beings like me". And then: "The Middle Kingdom, where we *live*, is the 'true middle'. It is the Centre of the World, which is everywhere. In infinite space, any point is a centre. Do you understand what I mean?

(209) I'll come back to this briefly, from Alexandre Saint-Yves l'Alveydre to Ferdinand Ossendowki and René Guénon, and especially if we take into account the *still-burning* issue of the activities of the Polar Fraternities, an issue investigated in his time by Jacques Marquès-Rivière, it will seem indisputably certain that the 'Centre of the World' - Aggartha, Shamballa - must - or perhaps should - have been located somewhere in North India, the 'Forbidden North' nineteenth-century India, or even more surely - much more surely - in Thibet. Aren't all the occult European expectations Thibetan?

However, Gustav Meyrink would suggest that his 'Middle Kingdom' was be found somewhere in north-west China, since the 'Manchuria' of which he speaks in *Walpurgis Night* can only be a formula of convention (and, moreover, the figure of the 'high plateaux' also leads us to the 'Western Pass' of the

"But is not the West of some the East of others?) But isn't the West of some the East of others? Everything is quantified. Now I myself have recently had to learn, by exclusively spiritual means, mediumistic much more than visionary, *ordered* means, a certain number of precise things - and, this subject, I have already explained myself, at length, in one of the last chapters of my novel turned towards the greatest tantric 'departure', *The Mysteries of Villa Atlantis'* - a certain number of precise things, I say, and even very precise, concerning the *current situation* of what René Guénon called the 'Centre of the World', the domain of the 'King of the World, and everything I've been able to find out it corroborates Gustav Meyrink's views, because, for me too, from now on, this place - situated, in any caseas Gustav Meyrink says, 'to the east of the Hradschin' - would be to be found - spatially - on the 'high plateaux' of western China, in the metaphysical vicinity of the 'Western Pass'.

But why spatial specification? , at present, all this high-level research is going to have to be reconverted, to give itself the order to find the openings of the being in the process of spatially joining itself, its new continental, planetary and galactic openings, and also taking into account the fact that, from now on, more and more time will be inter-said of time, that time already is no longer time, or so little of it, already too close to the end of 'the end of time, and that it is indisposed and depressed, dwindling and tending apocalyptically to self-destruct as a result of the dismantling call of this proximity itself, so supremely subversive

(210) On *4* April 1989, while waiting for Michel Jaouën, we had lunch at Somchit Tangkhapanya's "White Palace" in the Belvedere. A table set apart by a high screen made of translucent rice paper, lascivious music, a train of subtly refreshed rose cool aperitifs, a guaranteed change of scenery, but fortunately a rather allegorical one. Outside, unbelievably, it's snowing. It's been snowing hard all morning. It's a bad omen that it should be snowing like this on sunny day. My heart trouble is tiring me *to* no end. I'm so early, wish there had been some flowers on the table, or some of those thin branches with yellow and red berries. But it's tiredness again that wins out over everything, on the edge of a suspicious, perhaps dangerous sleep. I let myself slip into it.

And I am surprised when I think of the rather mysterious way in which Michel Jaouën, having more or less lost his way in the forest of Saint-Germain in the company of a young woman who was important to him, 'with a powerful and magical aura', had, a few years ago, a visionary prefiguration of everything he was going to have to do, by submitting himself, for this, psychically, to the occult influences of the spirit of the place, of the *Spiritus Loci,* of all that he was going to have to , I would say, around the Etangs de Ham, and higher up, on the plateau that was at that time completely deserted where, today, the White Palace of Belvedere and the clandestine architectures called upon to provide for the activist demands of the Jontion de Vénus and its 'violet-blooded' servants, from the 'Old Race'.

Today, however, they have all forgotten what the forest of Saint-Germain really was, the countless encounters and bells, chases and black shadow marriages that took place there the centuries and even quite recently. I will only mention the case of the Marshal of Salon-de-Provence, whose name was carefully hidden, forgotten, erased, who, having seen, one night, near his home, at the foot of a green tree, the White Queen of the Night

dressed as the Queen of France - La Reine de France la Morte - and having been entrusted by her with an important personal and ultra-secret communication for Louis XIV, obtained, at Versailles, recognition of the legitimacy of his mission and the very reality of his words by showing that he was perfectly aware - the White Queen of the Night had instructed him for this purpose - of the
One day, in the middle of the forest of Saint-Germain, the Great King himself had an "encounter" a "great dead" of the House of France (it was said). It subsequently became known that this highly necromantic 'encounter' had secretly left a terrible spectral and providentialist mark on the life of Louis XIV. This episode was recorded by the Duc de Saint-Simon in his *Mémoires*, and its importance has always seemed to me to be one of the most exceptional and perhaps also, in a way, one of the most decisive. One day I will have to come back to this. It will *be my turn to enter the forest of Saint-Germain.*

As far as Michel Jaouën is concerned, it seems clear to me that he was seized in the forest of Saint-Germain by the royal secret light that has been hidden there for so long, and that will always distinguish and illuminate his own, when they venture to pass there in gallant and magical company and when the stars, too, in the heights of the sky, find themselves in a certain difficult configuration.

The forest of Saint-Germaine is certainly not the same as it used to be, but there are a few delightful acres, full of slow, watchful shadows, and I don't know which glades are haunted by fleeting, faint, sometimes bare light. In these times, you have to light, very light indeed. Every night for some time now, I've been levitating in my dreams. Could it be that other legendary encounters are being plotted illegally?

(211) Michel Jaouën then appeared, and we had a rather admirable Thai-style lunch, Michel Jaouën at least, as I to make do with a salad and a fresh mango, *aroy mai kha?*

I am therefore reporting to Michel Jaouën above on the *fundamental line* of my activist discourse.

I say to him: the only decisive thing that we are being asked to try to do at the moment, we confidential companions of the Major Axis and, for some, "violet-blooded servants of the Junction of Venus", is that

we succeed in imposing, by our own means, by our *current means*, that Cergy Saint-Christophe - that the duplicated city of Cergy Saint-Christophe - and all the metacosmic action apparatuses over which it now has control from the clandestine architectures in place with the Palais Blanc du Belvédère and the appropriate development of its zones of high magnetic and metatectonic influence in the Val d'Oise, be chosen - by which I mean proposed, forcibly imposed and *accepted* - as the cultural capital, the absolutely central and centralising cultural hub of the new Europe now underway, of the Greater Europe to come.

And I'm also saying that, as the millennium draws to a close, things that have long been hidden and forgotten, things with an immemorial and fundamentally occult status, are coming back to the surface, reappearing in the full light of day: thus we are already beginning to understand, at least in certain highly informed, highly qualified circles, that the Val d'Oise is to France and hence to Western Europe what Thibet is to the Indian sub-continent and to the whole of Asia. Today, the Val d'Oise is the Thibet of deepest France, the Thibet of the France of the *past*, the France of the new surveys currently underway, of the new secret assessments of its trans-historic, Atlantean and Hyperborean past carried out by the researchers of the points of the Junction of Venus.

So the current culmination, the extreme western and Atlantic culmination, of the Major Axis in the Val d'Oise is destined to reveal to itself, to mobilise on the spot, the occult metacosmic availabilities of the Greater Val d'Oise, the land of the ultimate and first tectonic and metatectonic mysteries of the Eurasian 'Great Continent' and its bygone eras, a land, I say, and a region of transhistorical splitting, of profound dissimulation, persistence and safeguard, pre-ontologically charged with maintaining the flame of transcendental continuity of being in time, in the cosmic seasons of darkness imposed by the criminal regimes of the Kali-Yuga, and to carry it, intact, this limpid and living flame, until the day of Deliverance, until day and hour of the Final Reversal of the Axis and of the Great Return, of the Return of the
"Great Times.

Are not all the lands secretly polarised - made polar - by the passage through them of the Major Axis, made available by the Major Axis to the greatest galactic reverberations and magnetically set ablaze by it, today mission lands, *secret mission* lands? A *secret mission* concerning supreme decisions,

the revolutionary emergence of the Greater Europe and the setting up of its future transcendental unity, a unity which, some of us now know, can only take place around the Major Axis, since it has always been so decided and it is the concept, the very principle of this decision that will ensure that everything is done, in due course, planned and not otherwise. And I repeat, not *otherwise.*

(212) I then reminded Michel Jaouën that issue 5 of *Style* magazine, *a* special issue conceived as a formidable meta-strategic war machine, would be devoted to the current state of the 'new European literatures', and offered him that we would use the launch of this issue, next September, as the kick-off for all the operations aimed at establishing Cergy Saint-Christophe as the cultural capital of Europe. And I quote the words of *Style* magazine's director, André Murcie: "We are the only ones with the proud, peremptory hubris to assert that the fate of literature - today - is at stake in the unfinished business of a literature magazine". If the fate of new European literature is at stake, today and for a very long time to come, in the general battle, in the great avant-garde battle that the review *Style* is waging at this very moment, *then* it *is* in the 'unfinished gesture' of European literature, culture and cultures of the end that the fate of Europe, of the 'new Europe', will have to be decided: With Antonio Gramsci, we know that the hidden foundations of every decisive political and historical battle - of every metapolitical battle - are, in the very inner current of the history challenged by its ultimate destiny, cultural foundations. It is on the foundational emergence of its new literatures that the Europe of tomorrow will stake its destiny, its historical opportunity and even its very being. In Europe today, literature is destiny, the "great destiny".

(213) In the grand European metahistorical line that is ours today the launch of the special issue of *Style* devoted to new European literature would have to take place from the Maison de Gérard Philippe, in the Val d'Oise - officially inaugurated, therefore, at the same time - and with the agitational support of three grassroots events, for which the *Style* editorial and action group would then be entirely responsible.

These three basic events, proposed by us and all centred on the publication, next September, of the special issue of *Style* presenting new European literature, should be, in principle, the following:

— the "annual October meetings" at Gérard Philippe's house in the village of Cergy, devoted to new French and European avant-garde poetry,

— the "annual October meetings" at the Maison de Gérard Philippe in the village of Cergy, devoted to new European literature, novels, short stories, memoirs, essays, etc,

— the annual "October Encounters" at the Maison de Gérard Philippe in the village of Cergy, devoted to young European avant-garde cinema,

— series of meetings, all of which will have to take place under the sign of active polarisation and high cultural and metaphysical supervision of the Major Axis.

— Every three years, the Maison de Gérard Philippe's annual poetry, literature and film events should be given the status and title of "Grand Festival Européen de la poésie, de la littérature et du cinéma de l'Axe Majeur".

And, once again, I'd like to make this clear: the editorial and action of *Style* magazine, what we already call the "*Style* galaxy", has all the elements of doctrine, direction, leadership and agitation, all the creative elements necessary for the immediate launch of all the cultural and meta-cultural projects concerning the use of the Maison de Gérard Philippe and the major projects mobilised, and already in place, at Cergy Saint-Christophe, around the Axe Majeur, as an advanced operational base for future cultural battles - future metacultural battles and, dare we say it, future metahistorical and transcendental battles - which, in the tragic and exciting times for which we, the activists of the new imperial generation, feel entirely responsible, will be called upon - these battles to come, and which are already here, our battles - to define the grand-continental destiny of our Greater Europe, "from the Atlantic to the Pacific".

(214) I then announced to Michel Jaouën our decision, for the moment ultra-confidential, concerning the forthcoming creation, in a series essays still under the rallying sign of the Axe Majeur, of a daily metastrategic combat newspaper for the whole of Europe, *L'Europe Socialiste*, which I myself will eventually take over as political director.

(215) I'd also like to return - to affirm that I maintain the principle unchanged - and, beyond the principle, I intend to rediscover its beautiful fervour - to the double proposal - already dating from last summer - which committed us to using some of Michel Charpentier's most recent works in the architectural field of the Axe Majeur - in their most appropriate semiological place. Which leads me to quote :

— Its extraordinary "tragic tribute" to Gérard Philippe, the high flame its assumptive celebration, in whitewashed, radiant concrete, the celebration designed to stand guard in front of the House of Gérard Philippe, on the banks of the 1 Oise, and to institute its endless metaphysical integration *into its own places*, into its environment already the most *captured*. Metaphysical integration in a metaphysical environment, "under the immensely empty and white sky of the former Oise, above the fiery tops of the age-old trees of these haunted places, violently challenged, these *significant* tops, by the winds of the West, the winds of our most ancient continental and Atlantic, hyperborean immemory".

— the exhibition project - whose fascinating serial conception I noted once again - of his sculptures celebrating Mozart's Don Juan - the abysmal figure of Don Juan
- in its very figures, monumental sculptures, and investing the former terraced orchards of the Maison de Gérard Philippe, thus inaugurating a new exhibitionist structure by virtue of their metaphysical integration into an environment intercepted by the project, mobilised by it and as if changed, transmuted by the very discourse that haunts it spectrally and keeps it *in being, for as long as it takes*. And the exploitations, too, of a certain music, named, there, stakeholder, vertigo, liturgical engulfment, sacred delirium.

(216) I'm continuing with a report on the current state of progress of the scriptwriting and production work on my two films, *The Virgin of the Black Lake* and *The Secret of the White Palace*, both of which are intended to show, in complementary ways, the magnetic and, how shall I put it, *mediumistic* underpinnings of the missions of interference and cosmic overvaluation currently work on the site of the completion of the Axe Majeur at Cergy Saint-Christophe, where so much will have to happen, and no doubt very soon.

Mediumistic underbellies daring to face up, some of them, to the "mysterious barricades" that stand vertiginously in front of us, and within us.

(217) On the possible installation - even if only temporary - of our "Centre de recherches dramatiques avancées" within the walls of the disused factory at Eragny, in the Val d'Oise, whose current uses are controlled by the Etablissement d'Aménagement Public de Cergy Saint-Christophe.

This move by the 'Centre de Recherches dramatiques avancées' to Eragny is a preliminary operation to the final resumption of my project to organise in Cergy Saint-Christophe, as a world premiere, a major performance, a total performance of the two initiatory dramas by Zacharias Werner (1768-1823), *Die Sôhne des Thaïes* and *Die Kreuzesbrüder*, about the Mystery of the End of the Order of the Temple and the occult origins of the French Revolution. On this subject, I would like to remind Michel Jaouën of the letter of pre-commitment we sent on 19 June 1988 to our friend Michel Mirandon, General Secretary of the Etablissement d'Aménagement Public de Cergy Saint-Christophe. *Les Fils de la Vallée,* and *Les Frères de la Croix,* currently being by Editions des Nouvelles Littératures Européennes.

(218) On the three radio research programmes, to be broadcast on France Culture by Jean Couturier and Irène Omélianenko's *Clair de Nuit*:

- *The cosmic magic of the Etangs de Cergy,*
- *The secret voices of Gérard Philippe's House,*
- *The Twelve Columns of Absolute Freedom, at Cergy Saint-Christophe.*

(219) About André Murcie, who is personally at the ideological, activist and organisational forefront of all the great-continental cultural battles that we are now leading, whether overtly or quite confidentially. Today, I recognise André Murci as the Lenin of the decisive cultural battles for the new Greater Europe, and I want this to be known at all levels of our own parallel hierarchies, subversively in place where they already need to be.

André Murcie: "Because we have killed the gods and are moving forward into an age of mental darkness, armed only with our desire to overcome the opacity of the derelict night, we are intensifying the need for a literature of the greatest inner and outer vertigo - as close to and as far from what ordinary people call poetry as possible.

"Yes, we, *Style,* affirm that the literary act is operative - that there are secret and metapolitical paths of great poetic effectiveness - that the poet is the only one who holds in his hands the chaotic power to untie or retie the Gordian knot of the world's brokenness.

**(220) Erle Cox, La *Sphère d'Or,* Nouvelles Editions Oxwald, Neo, Paris 1987. From a** relatively paradoxically, if *there* is one - the ultimate secret - of the

a site reinvested, in Cergy Saint-Christophe, by the powers of direct tec- tonic polarisation and high metacosmic interference diligently pursued by the Axe Majeur in its outcomes and in its clandestine architectures of the Palais Blanc du Belvédère, this "ultimate secret", concerning the abyssal supports of the subsoil of the Val d'Oise and its trans-hitorical underground passages,
"In *The Golden Sphere, a* novel - apparently - of scientific fiction, and in *The Sphere, a* novel - apparently - *of* scientific fiction.
most certainly of visionary, over-qualified, "initiatory" instruction, of a level maintained under the direct influence of the "Unknown Superiors".

So I made it my duty as a companion to say to Michel Jaouën at the end of our lunch: "All of us have to read *The Golden Sphere.*
Erle Cox's message, to dwell on it endlessly, to meditate on it and it. For the rest of us, this obligation represents a *threshold of passage:*
t is in the subsoil of the Val d'Oise that the "Third Vessel" has been buried for millions of years.
- the 'Lost Vessel' referred to in *The Golden Sphere, a* vessel which , in fact, a Golden Sphere acting as a 'trans-historical ark', 'immemorial'. As Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere* clearly states, the 'First Vessel' - the
"First Ark", in fact the first of the three Golden Spheres - had been accidentally destroyed "somewhere" in Australia. The second Golden Sphere - the one that had been buried in Tibet - was magnetically - or rather, mediumnistically - exhausted by the work to which, by feeding the great planetary revolutions of the twentieth century, it had allowed itself to be inexorably enslaved. And it is the third and final Golden Sphere, the one which, as some of us have already realised, lies buried deep down in the archaic subsoil of the Val d'Oise, which today provides us with the visions, the presentiments and the breaths, It radiates and changes us, transmitting its occult life-saving powers to us via the metatectonic apparatus in action with the Palais Blanc du Belvédère and its clandestine action architecture at the end of the Axe Majeur.

With the third Golden Sphere, a transcendental sun is buried deep underground in the Val d'Oise, a blazing, fiery, radiant sun which
influences and occultly holds in its power all those who have sensed, in the depths of their being, its formidable metacosmic presence, and have thus experienced the terrible fire of renewal and other life that it brings.
emanates . In fact," I finally told Michel Jaouën, "'m quite convinced that Erle Cox never really existed.

But now I've perhaps gone a bit too far. I'm afraid I've probably revealed too much about our backgrounds or, as they say, "talked too much". < Defusing the situation? Already too late.

(221) On the other hand, if the Palais Blanc du Belvédère is really to be returned, one day soon, to its secret and primary vocation, to its only true original and *fully active* reason for being, which is to establish itself as the honeycomb hive of future creative elites committed, body and soul, to the front lines of the new European culture on the march, elites who should then be "mobilised on site" at Cergy Saint-Christophe, to put down existential roots there, it will have to be transferred from the company that currently owns it and controls its general management - I think it's FFF, Foyer du Fonctionnaire et de la Famille SA - into the hands of the Ministry of Culture - the French Ministry of Culture - until such time as, when the time comes, it is transferred to the future European Ministry of Culture, the future great European Ministry of Culture.

Only the State, or one of its Agencies - the French State, the European State - can regularly take charge of an internal colonisation operation of this order, its preparation, its spiritual and administrative management, its subsequent maintenance and the exponential upkeep of the high fires of its Central Home. Let the present Home of the Civil Servant and the Family *hand over* to the Home of the Creators and their very special missions, and let this Home thus become a Home of Ignition in a state of direct and permanent reverberation with the "Heart of Heaven", the "occult abode of the Lioness".

Polarised around the Palais Blanc du Belvédère, Cergy Saint-Christophe and the whole of continental terminus of the Axe Majeur, which tectonically forms its active identity, would thus become not the City of the Sun - the time of the sun has passed, and there will be other suns - but the City of the Star. Of which Star, the City of the Star? That's the whole question, and our whole secret can be deciphered from the sidereal inclination of the Belvedere's White Tower. Didn' I mention the "occult abode of the Lioness"?

It seems obvious to me that the operation to sidereally overcentrify the White Palace of Belvedere would be tantamount to deliberately, and in a highly concerted manner, creating a population with a special mission, a consecrated society, and that this consecration be that of a new Return to the Stars, a new "sidereal consecration".

A thorough, powerful and totally sympathetic re-reading of P. H. Lovecraft going to be needed as a matter of the utmost urgency.

I said all this at once, and I immediately felt that I had just made another mistake, and a big one, that Michel Jaouën was not so much - as not at all, to tell the - prepared to follow me on this perilous terrain, that, while he may have accepted the starting principle of the fundamental project of the sidereal colonisation of Cergy Saint-Christophe and of making the Palais Blanc du Belvédère entirely available to the creators in action of the new great-continental culture who have chosen to set up their supreme Foyer d'Embrasement there - this project, he refused to accept the *final consequences*, in particular that cleaning out the Palais du Belvédère so it could eventually be used by those who, from the outset, should have been responsible for its influence and polar metastrategies.

(222) So I realised that I had to start, right then and there, a tactic like going backwards, procrastinating, and that's , for the time being, I gave up talking to him about the recent creation by us - a creation with absolutely decisive consequences - *of V Institut de Recherches Métastratégiques Spéciales 'Atlantis*' (IRMSA), and also about what we currently call the *Aldebaran Project.* More on this later. However, the fact is that the Aldebaran Project exists - is valid, I mean - only in terms of immediate urgency. Will we have to come to terms with the current state of affairs?

Deviations.

(223) How could the inclination of the White Tower of Belvedere follow a sidereal definition if it responds to the nuptial attraction, the ardent, the very ardent attraction of the "Heart of Heaven", of the "occult abode of the Lioness"?

This is because the 'occult abode of Leo' exists, for us - I would say for myself - only through its reverberating star, which is its regency star, the Regent.

I say: the star in secret alignment of the White Tower of Belvedere is called the Regent. How do you identify the Regent? I'll come back to that later.

(224) For his part, Michel Jaouën asked me to write a short oratorio, intended to conclude the performance by the choirs - the "thousand choristers" - who will be celebrating, on 26 August next, on the esplanade of the Palais du Belvédère, the "thousand choruses".

XII Colonnes de l'Occident - we'll call them the XII Colonnes "de la Liberté" - and their cosmological guardianship of the high heavens of 1 Oise, an Oratorio that will be set to music by Luciano Berio, as will, moreover, the entire grandiose spectacle (<< whirling wheels" of voices, meshing with each other, moving like whirlwinds of air, like crowns of wind).

And it also invites me to write the text of the "great exhortation" which, read by Michel Piccoli, will inaugurate in beauty, next autumn, the vast terraced gardens planned to establish a significant continuity between the esplanade of the Palais Blanc du Belvédère, the breaking front entrusted to a guard of the XII Colonnes de l'Occident, and the descent towards the water of the Etangs de Cergy.

I confided to Michel Jaouën that for years I had been thinking of one day proposing to Luciano Berio that he describe the music for my opera on the mystical career of an Anti-Don Juan, "Buckingham Palace".

(225) It was at this point that Michel Jaouën came to talk to me about the 'cultural lists' that some of his friends were preparing to present at the European elections in June, 'parallel lists' to the official political competitions, outside the game, in the way certain ecologist or 'alternative' groups had already tried to do in Berlin.

Which, as I said, seems to me singularly exciting, and a very fine symbolic representation of the hidden connections, the connections between states and things in progress, things that
"They are secretly doing the same - and taking great care to ensure that nothing breathes 'before its time' - to put together and keep ready, throughout Europe, entirely supranational lists - of all nationalities, on the sole condition that they are Europeans, These lists are designed to represent current state of avant-garde cultural creation, and will be exhibited not alongside the lists for the European political elections, but quite separately from them, at the same time. The aim is constitute an Alternative Assembly of the new European culture of today and tomorrow, a Cultural Senate of the Greater Europe, establishing itself from the outset as a "parallel feudalism", already belonging to a "different world", to a "totally different history". What I am proposing is that all European lists of "cultural alternative" - or at least some of them - should go up in flames under the acronym of the Axis.

This is the case when know how to approach it from the angle of its most intimate justice in action.

The extreme ritual utility of the XII Columns of the West, on the edge of the depressive rupture of the esplanade and the lacustrine counter-commitment that takes place there. Attention. Caution.

(226) I got home around three o'clock in the afternoon and had to go to bed straight away, overcome by a tiredness whose very intensity said enough about its suspicious, and even ultra-suspicious, nature, both elementary and corrupt, and *vampiric* to say the least, we'll come back to that. Terrible, this word which is not like other words, invested with the bloody, melancholic and severe aura of a ritualised sacrilege.

I woke up around five o'clock in the evening, even more tired, and having not stopped dreaming of my Anti-Don Juan, of 'Buckingham Palace' as a *show*, and as a *show* staged and performed, in its definitive version, somewhere by the ocean, in summer, a show that is strangely different from the current version of my drama, the only version I know - knew - to date, and as if bathed, this show, in an immensely spectral light, a version, I must say, incomparably richer, more violent, and dramatically unravelled, illuminated by the restorative power of a tumultuous, baroque, pornographic and criminal finale, a finale other than the one I knew, and haunted, indefinitely haunted, as a spectacle, by the muffled but formidable roll of the dark, icy waves of the Atlantic on its Lusitanian shores, a finale I had never really thought about before, and which only came to me at the end of this dream in the afternoon, when deep inside I was aware that it was snowing outside, *snowing in April.*

I must confess that I couldn't resist calling Michel Jaouën at home late at night to tell him about the troubling adventure of this dream, which had totally changed my 'Buckingham Palace', which had already been in the works for perhaps three years or more - with interruptions - and which, in fact, had only been waiting for the opportunity, both completely unforeseen and foreseen from the start, of a conclusive encounter with Luciano Berio, It had been in the works for perhaps three years or more, with some interruptions, and was in fact waiting for the opportunity, at once completely unforeseen and foreseen from the outset, of a conclusive encounter with Luciano Berio, an encounter so mysteriously conveyed by Michel Jaouëne and which, I don't know why, seems to me to have already *taken place*. This white foam, the harsh splendour of the Atlantic as seen from Portugal.

These waves, this foam. Love to insanity, the ocean and death, and the spectral light of the beyond of death at the ocean's edge.

But what I didn't tell Michel Jaouën was that my Anti-Don Juan is in fact a biography of the Duke of Windsor and his royal and amorous abdications. Was the future Duchess of Windsor a whore in Shanghai, a nagging question that continues to trouble me this day. What will always remain in the memory of Wally Simpson, the former US Navy undercover agent in China, is what Hitler, who was notoriously stingy with his comments, said after the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's visit to Germany: "She, the Duchess of Windsor, is the only true Queen of England. There is a disturbing shadow, perhaps forever impenetrable. But why an opera? Because the only way to grasp this mystery from now on will be through the sealed channels irrationality, through the song that glorifies its prey by stealing it, by lifting it high into the air, towards the void of the Middle of Heaven.

Hanns Heinz Ewers, *Vampire:* "She will rise from nothing, she who has been slain! For she is watched from heaven, resplendent. Like Horus, her father's avenger, she will strike down her enemies and triumph over all that has set itself against her".

(227) I sometimes find my past inside me, like a little wood lost in the shadows at the end of the night, on the banks of a stream that, up close, looks like a canal once controlled by locks, now dismantled, rotting, blocks of black shadow in the fading blackness of the air already under the influence of dawn, and all this in perfect silence, in a Masonic silence.

Was it yesterday? At 68 rue François Miron, in the Marais district, a stone's throw from Henry Montaigu's and Philippe de Saint-Robert's homes, the Hôtel de Beauvais. How do you get close again to its great ancient secrets? Christian Schlatter wrote the following about the Hôtel de Beauvais in an old issue of *Sept à Paris:* "Its Gothic foundations date back to 1200, but its name only dates from 1654, when Anne of Austria gave it to Catherine Bellier. A lecherous chambermaid attached to the queen, she rendered her three services: firstly, because she administered clysterus marvellously; secondly, because she served her queen's love affair with Mazarin with discretion and efficiency; thirdly, because all she had to do was seize Louis XIV, who was only sixteen at the time, for a few moments, so that an inexperienced young man

in the things of love to make him a royal partner. He could marry, which the Queen arranged. And it was from this balcony that Anne of Austria greeted the triumphal entry of Louis XIV and Queen Maria Theresa into Paris on their return from their honeymoon. Catherine Bellier had become Baroness of Beauvais. Later, old, ugly but still lecherous, she had to sell the hotel that still bore her name; she ended her life there, this time as a simple tenant. Here we find the immediate and, as it were, external side of things, the dubious confession of the low life. But there is also a major reverse side to the story, its occultist and providential identity which, in this case, calls into sharp focus, in the least disinterested way possible, what, in the nocturnal course of the centuries, had to take place more or less clandestinely at the Hôtel de Beauvais. I'll no doubt come back to this. But, for the moment, it is one of my own adventures that must relate here, and with a very specific aim. A goal, I would say, mystériosophique.

Indeed, in the secret historiography of my own initiatory journey, what I think I should call "my night at the Hôtel de Beauvais" holds a singularly special place.

The winter of 1950, in February perhaps, a strangely luminous night, in very cold weather, with icy snow, bluish under the spectral glow of the white moon, royal and magical, hypnotic. And myself wandering all night, alone, in the Marais, feverish, in the grip of a kind of ecstatic madness. I remember that at one point, yielding to an imperative but inexplicable and obscure impulse, I saw myself creeping like a shadow into the snowy courtyard of the Hôtel de Beauvais. Where, standing in the shelter of a ledge, I hours staring into myself, waiting with bated breath for I don't know what saving, marvellous, unspeakable event to happen gently, on the spot, for a door hidden in this wall to open onto *the other world*, that a loving invitation be discreetly extended to me, showing me the way to cross, both immediately and supernaturally, the dividing line between this world and its heroic, magical, legendary and divine double.

But nothing happened, nothing apart from the fact that at the end of my vigil - of my *waiting* - so empty, seemingly useless, even as, with tiredness and excitement turned inside out, I felt myself slipping, irresistibly, into a most suspicious, disgusting faint, a voice from beyond the wall of non-life resounded within me, loud and clear, to tell me, in an unknown language, these few words that I have never been able to forget - forty years have passed since then - a magical motto, a highly encrypted message, a sentence concerning

the march of my life to come, immemorial recollection an oath prior to my current existence, I still don't know, *entoria camores, velobes alessar*.

Many years later, the suspicion came to me, and I ended up believing it, that it was the ancient Enochian language, used by angels, spirits and outside entities to converse with those humans they choose by virtue of their visionary or mystical qualifications, philosophical too, if it is indeed the ardent philosophy of the Ars *Regia*, those humans, I would , who carry within them a certain sign, hidden and more than simply hidden, but secretly incandescent and very radiant, a sign from the other world and the other life, *Sigillum Dei Aemeth*. And in other circumstances, and following a different version of this same sign, "You carry in your heart a Cross of Diamonds of Light," but there said in plain language, by the vehicle of a human language, below - or beyond, perhaps - the magical and securitarian prohibitions of the "Enochian language".

And yet, if I wanted to be completely sincere with myself I would mention an old doubt that has haunted and saddened me ever since 'my night at the Hotel de Beauvais': did nothing else really happen that night, nothing other than my angelic interpellation, my interpellation in the Enochian language? A challenge that, after all, I remember a little too easily? Something else, something unheard of, but which would immediately be covered - at that very moment, that very night - by the 'veil of oblivion'. By the veil, I mean, of the 'great oblivion' protecting the 'exits' of the mystagogic and providential 'noble travellers' when they come from the other world to this world, and from this world when they go to the other, and always illegally.

(228) Last summer I asked Vintila Horia, who had stopped off at my house in Cergy Saint-Christophe on his way back to Madrid by car, to go to the Royal Church of Saint Jerome near the Prado and light two candles in my name and for my intentions.
"answer".

He would later tell me that as he was leaving the Church of St Jerome in Madrid, where he had just performed the apparently simple ceremony I had asked him to perform for me, he was struck by a dazzling light at the top of the stairs leading down to the gardens at the entrance to the Prado, and heard

inside himself, a voice calling out to him, in an unknown language but with extreme clarity, *Vêla Belar Entreverbis*. Unfamiliar language? No, "Enochian language" again.

This was my second challenge in the Enochian language, and I still haven't managed to penetrate its meaning or grasp its message. As with the first, I can't manage to 'break the code'. But *should I?* For could it not be that these messages were not in fact addressed to the conscious part of myself, that they only concerned the abysmally submerged part of my being, and the only part that is alive, but irremediably forbidden to the day of consciousness of the day, the most occult, supra-temporal and unspeakable part of my 'dogmatic identity'? In the depths of myself, does anyone understand the 'Enochian language'?

But it would still be necessary to know what otherworldly abysses I myself was appealing to - I was *soliciting,* it must be said - through the ceremonial thus performed, in my name, in the Royal Church San Jerome, in Madrid, and what were, on the other hand, the local antecedents of this beautiful work, antecedents linking me, and for a very long time already, linking me invisibly and sacramentally, to the place thus solicited and to the very high external influences permanently attached to it, as I know from having experienced it myself, at other times, in the past, and sacramentally, to the place in question and to the very high external influences permanently attached to it, as I know from having experienced for myself, in other times, in times that were infinitely disastrous but have now passed, all the power direct action and all the 'living fires', the fearsome and limpid 'living fires'.

I say it to myself sometimes, *Vêla Belar Entreverbis.* And I've been told that in Portugal there was a large feudal estate that went by this name. *Vêla Belar Entreverbis.* I have this perilous idea that things must happen there sometimes.

(229) And then there was a third , a third Enochian message, while I was in a cinema on the Champs-Elysées watching a film by Jean-Jacques Beineix, Roseline et les lions, starring the inaccessible and dangerous Isabelle Pasco.

During the last few minutes of the film, as Isabelle Paco lay naked on a sort of blue velvet-covered ice floe, waiting for the lion Caesar to come and seize the blood-red red she had placed herself, hieratically, on her naked stomach, between her naked breasts, it suddenly seemed to me that, in the space between her naked breasts, the lion was going to come and seize her, the lion was going to come and seize the blood-red lion she had placed herself, hieratically, on her naked stomach, between her naked breasts.

in a flash, she turned her face towards me, in the film itself, to shout to me alone, secretly - at the top of the extraordinary silence that had fallen there. i mean in the film, thousands of people holding their breath, at the height of their excitement - a few words
- but by then Isabelle Pasco was no longer Isabelle Pasco, but Sekhmet the Lioness, the Supreme Mistress of the 'Heart of Heaven' adored by the captivated multitudes. A few words in the Enochian language, once again - the third time - which I promptly forgot, this time the dazzling bearer of the Enochian message having instantly burnt it, erased it, by the very paroxysm of its blank intensity - the container not having been able to resist the exacerbations of the content - but whose meaning I nevertheless retained, thus seizing upon the only translation which, to date, has been given to me of these messages in the Enochian language, the translation, I say, but not *the words*, namely that *you must now re-establish the roadway.* And what road must I now re-establish? As if I didn't know, *re-establish, re-establish the roadway*.

(230) And I don't think I'm far wrong in recalling here, in these logs, that the only really notable and recently published foray into the metaphysical region of problems concerning, or at least approaching, the mystery of Enochian language and writing is still that of the Cahier de l'Herne devoted to Gustav Meyrink, in 1976, to Gustav Meyrink, in which the study that Gérard Heym had published in 1957, in numbers 11 and 12 of *La Tour Saint Jacques*, on John, Dee, "Le système magique de John Dee - (Cahier de l'Herne directed, let us remember, by our dear Yvonne "Francesca" Carouth, and by our great friend Dr Anorld Waldstein).

In the conclusion to his article on John Dee, the most advanced Western user of the Enochian language and script, Gérard Heym wrote: "The Enochian language, if may be so called, does seem to contain certain words which are also found in other very ancient languages where they were used for evocative purposes, and others which are also similar to terms describing ancient priestly functions".

And I give below, according to Gérard Heym, a table representing the Enochian alphabet
:

The Enochian Alphabet
*from A True and Faithful of what passed for many years between Dr John Dee and Some Spirits*, London, 1659.

(231) Everything is really important is subjected to the lasciviousness of *repetition.* It's no surprise, then, that I find myself obliged to return to Jean-Jacques Beineix's film *Roselyne et les lions.* But, this time, for a reason of a general nature, outside my own daytime and night-time paths, outside my own destiny and outside any providentialist schemes that concern me personally. What compels me to return to it is a reason of fatality and active domination, a reason that engages, in the ways that are exclusively its own, the current march of Western society as a whole and the final history of this world, a reason that comes to us from the depths of heaven and goes so far as to claim the ontological status of an indomitable *sign of the times.*

The fact is that, apart from the mystical sequence of Isabelle Pasco alone in Amiens - which is the least a bishop's granddaughter can do - Jean-Jacques Beineix's film *Roselyne et les lions* betrays a kind of subversive withholding of its own discourse, purposely - I suppose - preventing itself from going beyond the mental level that is supposed to be that of the teenagers summoned to display the dubious yet heroic disarray of their resentments, their terrible young impotences, the pile-up of often primitive, cartoon-like clichés serving to pave the way for the incredible incendiary miracle of the last film.

sequence, which constitutes its "apotheosis". A supreme sophistication presides over the occult destiny of this film, which has a singularly disturbing appearance, because it is a constant state of self-destruction right up to the end: the outpouring of the sacred is an external gift, irrational, unforeseen, and as if divinely unpredictable. The tumult of adolescence will always be fake, mediocre and stupid. But then comes the burning. When, with a splendid and terrifying intensity, the intensity of a solar explosion, *something else* suddenly appears. What else? That's what I have to say, if I can. If I can? There' too much vertigo, too many burning heights. An ancient sun shines there. We will be carried there liturgically, like sleepwalkers we will go to this *meeting.*

Who, among the crowds invited to this spectacle of paroxysmal fear and eroticism burning "like live embers", realised, if only subconsciously, that the final sequence of *Roselyne et les lions* - the final sequence which is, very precisely, that of Roselyne and her lions, or, rather, of Isabelle Pasco and her lions - is, in reality, whether Jean-Jacques Beineix knew it or not when he made it, a hallucinatory liturgical celebration of Sekhmet the Red, of the Lioness of the 'Middle of Heaven', the Absolute Mistress of Absolute Power and Absolute Love, of the 1
"Absolute Desire.

And this is precisely what makes Jean-Jacques Beineix's film *Roselyne et les lions* - by which I mean its final sequence, which is the only one we are interested in - appear, as I have just said, as an indomitable *sign of the times:* it's certainly not for nothing that occult influences from elsewhere, awakening after thousands of years of dogmatic slumber, since the highest imperial season of Ancient Egypt, have conspired to make this ecstatic and nuptial celebration of Sekhmet the Red Lioness emerge and present itself *as if nothing happened,* to stand, as it were, suspended above the slaughter, above the spiritual, religious and radical mass graves of a world history thus apocalyptically confronted with its own death and which, perhaps, will dare to rely on this death itself - on this flamboyant petition to kill - to recover itself in its own abysses.

I don't know what Jean-Jacques Beineix wanted to show in this final sequence of *Roselyne and the lions:* I do know what came out of it.

At the very moment when we tell ourselves that the metacosmic inclination of the White Tower of Belvedere is aligning itself - and us - with the Regent, with the

mysterious invisible star ensuring sidereal reverberation, and all the outpouring conduits that come to us from the Foyer d'Embrasement, from the very place of the permanent solar and supra-solar deflagration of the Red Lioness Sekhmet, how can we fail to understand the very high pre-nuptial announcement that is thus made to us through the final sequence of Roselyne et les lions? The sumptuous virginal and sacrificial liturgy of Isabelle Pasco embodying the Red Lioness Sekhmet - there is a Eucharist of the flesh transfigured by desire, by the gift of desire, a divine Eucharistic gift and sharing of the flesh lovingly transmuted into solar fire.
- will therefore only have had to be premonitory, manifesting, signifying the imminence of the advent, in the metaphysical skies of our own lives, of the star The Regent, while giving us the secret direction of its advent and even its very identity, if we know how to see. And here I'm talking about its existential identity, the very fact of its incarnation to come, or which, very occultly, has already taken place, somewhere. Or which, if not yet quite complete, will soon be.

So may I finally say it, without any restraint whatsoever? It is the final sequence of *Roselyne et les lions* that reveals to us the most occult elevation in place of the White Tower of the Belvedere, because it shows us - exhibits - the White Red Lioness Sekhmet liturgically incarnated - through Isabelle Pasco - in her most ardent and vivid works, in the hallucinatory solar and amorous transmutations that make the
It is the "Heart of Heaven", the mirror of the Immaculate Heart in which the U nique Sun of Absolute Love is reflected and blazes.

The performances that Jean-Jacques Beineix obtained from Isabelles Pasco in this final sequence were intercepted and used - eucharistically I would - by infinitely occult, infinitely powerful influences, sidereal influences that were themselves already manipulated and used in almost timeless times by those of Ancient Egypt, influences that are now coming back attack this world and will prevail. From now on, it's just a question of circumstances, a question of astral configurations foreseen in advance.

So we're not far from the day when we'll be able to decipher and grasp the mystery of the inclination of the White Tower of the Belvedere, both psychically and *factually*: the star of all the sidereal and metacosmic regencies of the Red Lioness Sekhmet has once again entered the crystalline heavens. Our Regent has returned. She who was absent is no longer absent.

(231) On the subject, again, of the White Tower of Belvedere. During a great Enochian vision that John Dee experienced, through Edward Kelly,

On Wednesday 20 June 1584, in Krakow, the Spiritual Creature who was talking to them said, among other things: "God the Father is like a pillar standing on end".

(232) Edith Cresson, at the Ministry of European Affairs. I am very interested in her *Groupes d'Etude et de Mobilisation* (G*EM*), which she set up last September under the direction of Bernard Esambert, Chairman of the Compagnie Edmond de Rotschild. Through her *Groupes d'Etude et de Mobilisation (GEM),* Edith Cresson says she wants to create "Commandos for Europe".

Contact mission to Philippine Sentenac-Ménard, who is on leave until the start of the new school year and whose lucid activism fascinates me. What's more, her very beauty makes her a formidable tool for political penetration. I'm reminded of what Nicolas Bréban said to me recently: "I'm writing a novel about a young woman whose beauty is seen as a weapon of high politics, as an *affair of state*.
*".*

And when I think how Philippine de Santenac-Ménard came to us. When great things have to happen, everything is predetermined from outside this world.

(233) In the wake of our clandestine architectures. The urgent, very urgent need to build a special space for film programming, dedicated to providing a home for the annual October meetings and the Grandes Triennales of young European avant-garde cinema in Cergy Saint-Christophe, while at the same time being able to serve as a place for confrontation, exhibition and work open to other forms of creative expression. To make it the permanent epicentre of the European avant-garde. To make it the permanent epicentre of the European avant-garde.

This afternoon, in her studio, Horia Damian finally showed me the first model of the Palais Saint-Christophe, the design of which I had asked her to continue, taking into account the commandment of its primarily cinematographic uses and also my personal obsession with its Thibetan identity: The vertiginous power of immediate impact of the model of his project, whose gigantic and sidereal appearance radiates a kind of total conceptual presence, as if over-activated, of a very ideal Thibet, a mental Thibet, a transcendental Thibet.

So let's get on with the construction of the Palais Saint-Christophe, an ill-considered undertaking which suddenly seems to me to be charged an extreme certainty of state, starting precisely from singularly indecent precariousness of our means, from our admirable destitution. We have absolutely nothing, we have absolutely everything, in advance.

A cyclopean mass of leaning towers, transversalized by the tiered rooms, a Potala exclusively in white and black, ecstatic, vibratory, emerging in the Val d'Oise under the sign of Visconti and the *vaghe stelle of the Orsa* Maggiore.

The deep secret, too, of the optional adventure that presided over the birth of this project: at the outset, Horia Damian had me choose, from a number of works already completed or in progress, the one that I thought should have become the Palais Saint-Christophe, which thus appears as the fruit of a miraculous nativity, having pre-existed itself, born before being conceived and conceived before being born. Which vaguely reminds me of a recitation by Milarepa, the whisper found in the shadow of Horia Damian's own Indian predestination.

Some of us have already had a premonition of this: the great passionate conscience will soon be back in Europe, the conscience of the young god who is already devoted sacrifice, the painful conscience of the immolated and saving god, who is above all, and always, the bloody fruit of gnostic and magical knowledge: the attraction that I myself feel so violently in front of the first model of Horia Damian's meta-architectonic project, in front of the implicit promise of her passionate and clandestine architectures, is of an order akin to the magical conditions existence and appeals directly to the secrets of magical existence; it carries, this subversively vertiginous attraction, the Gnostic weapons and all the harbingers of the very great things that, once again, will come to birth, to *emerge* in the next few years in Europe. And not only in Europe: everywhere in the space of the most occult revolutionary predestination which, at present, and as if for the next end of history, will be a religious revolution, the bearer of the revolutionary birth of a new religion. And this space, let us proclaim, is that of the Great Eurasian Continent, what we have called its "inner space".

Once again, then, because such is the law of the renewal of origins, all our battles to come will increasingly be cultural battles, battles that are religiously close to the living becoming of the being that is returning, and I am convinced that this will be the case.

insists on claiming that the seismological epicentre of all these visionary and foundational battles will be found - but isn't it already polarised as if transcentrified by a certain planned location, and very location - I keep saying - is somewhere in the Val d'Oise.

I would say it to them this very morning: the fact that they immediately agreed to follow me when, last Sunday, I asked that, in a sort of coup de force within our group, we decide name the future Palais du Cinéma Continental in Cergy Saint-Christophe after Andréi Tarkovski, is already a first battle in the great continental cultural revolution that is coming, that is pre-determining us and that is already carrying forward. What follows will be like a long fire. The *Incendium Amoris* returns.

So, *the vaghe stelle of the Orsa Maggiore*? While the continental and polar site of the Val d'Oise, and the sum of its hyperborean hauntings of yesterday and today, are secretly predetermined by the invariant reverberations of the Big Dipper, the solenoid of the metacosmic shot the White Tower of Belvedere is oriented, as we understood from the start, towards Venus, and Venus alone. We, those of the Junction of Venus, were not mistaken. But what do North Star and the planet Venus have in common? Let's put it this way: everything, if the great Nervalian dream is ever fulfilled, which was to have the 'nun' be the same as the planet Venus.
"actress'. Through the intermediary of our polar group of metacosmic and continental action, the revolutionary honour of André Tarkovski will have provided for it, mediumnically, from beyond the grave.

(124) In a more distant time perspective, and without denying anything of  I had been led to say about the current state of the great sidereal and polar mystery buried in the metatectonic and legendary subsoil of the Val d'Oise, all the activist projects and proposals that have emerged over the last two years from my interviews with Michel Jaouën, all of which, as we have seen, concerned the transcendental redevelopment of the spaces so highly predestined under the domination of Axe Majeur, from my talks with Michel Jaouën, all of which, as we have seen, have to do with the transcendental redevelopment of the spaces so highly predestined under the domination of Axe Majeur, must not be taken - as a whole in action, but emanating from an absolutely unitary ideological pole - as something to be understood quite literally. In a more distant perspective, in fact, the entire
- this set - of projects mobilised around the Major Axis, or rather by the Major Axis itself, is likely to open up to

a reading comprising several layers of philosophical approaches, several levels interpretation as to their direct implementation and even, limit, as to its future de facto locations.

What I will retain from all this, then, is a prophetic vision of the future polar and centrifugal organisation, imperial, metaphysical, of the inner spaces of the Great Eurasian Continent and of their cultural reappropriation of the Eurasian Empire of the End, whose arrival we are subterraneanly awaiting and preparing for at the beginning of the next millennium.

A kind of quantified dress rehearsal, a foreshadowing of what will one day take place there, in the Vil d'Oise, or elsewhere in the inner imperial space of the Great Continent, elsewhere, but according to the same fundamental architectural concept of being and destiny, power, of living, life-giving, radiant light, of the same *Imperium Magnum.*

(123) Gigantic cosmic and other powers have been negatively at work in the Val d'Oise for millennia, for past cycles of inconceivable temporal and supra-temporal dimensions, negatively at work to neutralise, to prevent the emergence of day, to dismantle from below, to divert and attempt to degrade what lies hidden in the hourless wait and what will nevertheless one day take place there, just as it has already taken place there, in other times, far beyond the times that are unfortunately ours today.

What I thought I should do the present, for Major Axis at its
But I would at least have succeeded in making certain things at least partially understood by a few people. But I will at least have succeeded in ensuring that certain things are at least partially understood by a few people, and that some of these people are in a position to establish further channels of communication.
destined to perpetuate themselves occultly, managing not to be reduced or hijacked by the genetic and cosmic enemy on the prowl.

I've probably got there too late, but one day the fire have to start again.

(118) According to Henry Montaigu, *the* motto of Chenonceau is *"L'ardeur subsiste quand la flamme est éteinte"*. Even today, the rival shadows of Catherine de Médicis and Diane de Poitiers haunt the place in a way that one can have little suspicion of if one does have the initiatory privilege of knowing the place well, by which I mean being *admitted to the place.*

On the other hand, the question that springs to mind when I think of the mysteries of Chenonceau this morning is this: all things considered, is Michel Jouën a repeat offender? Because, after the intimate encounter he had in the forest of Saint Germain, was the discovery of Chenonceau, the consequences of have yet to be revealed. During a recent study visit he had made to Chenonceau with some of his students, including three young girls, Michel Jaouën - he has just told me - had
had wandered into the surrounding gardens and woods, and in doing so, around midday, had found himself in the grounds of an ancient - and no doubt current - High Cult enclosure, obviously dedicated to Diana, and to Diana the Bloody. Complete with sacred pond, shelter island, ritual separation huts, demarcations, armed pillars at the four corners and four black statues of Winged Lions guarding the premises. All visibly well-maintained. A stone sacrificial table, of a special workmanship, showed recent bloodstains, very recent indeed.

I also remember the quality of the ecstatic terror, the suspicious sleepiness that seized the group once they were in the consecrated places, the repulsion first that later became a kind of misguided fervour, the thirst and the desire for them to wait for the night, and the light of the moon, hidden on the spot, and to *respond to* what they felt was a call, an invitation, the breath of an unprecedented opportunity.

But in reality, they couldn't help themselves from not going, all of them, as a group, and giving in to the archaic commands of the place, *terrifying, overpowering,* when they had let the first part of night pass, night that was discovering them to themselves, the night they were discovering in themselves, and which was the same night, madly.

## Le Gué des Louves

*Constrained I am by a great desire To come to*
*the place, not where I leave you, But, leaving*
*you there, I go there*
*perdis moyes me.*

SCEVE, DELIE CCCLI

(110) Every profound symbol has to evolve inwardly, to change within itself, following a spiral that conveys its true identity, an active identity that will at the same time show itself to be the bearer of the special mission incumbent, in advance, on this symbol, the bearer, I mean, of its providential and cosmological ministry.

Every profound symbol is a living being, brought to life to fulfil its own mission and, as such, engaged in the cosmic battle in relation to which it defines itself at the moment it called to act.

The abyssal figure in me, the Gué des Louves, had evolve, as if of its own accord, over time, over the years, in the lived or dreamt future of my own existence. From a stream that I would have had to cross myself, a certain stream hidden somewhere in the Bois de Boulogne, this symbolic figure changed, evolved without any change in its inner principle, without any change in its intimate principle, the crossing of the line of greatest peril thus becoming something else, and even, apparently, something else altogether.

What *else*? That, one after the other, young women - sometimes naked, but more often than not clothed - cross at the ford, on their way from the other world to this world, a small, tumultuous, black river, deep in the hollow of a ravine with high, wooded, dark, heavily overgrown slopes, and these same young women also crossing again - one after the other - a small, tumultuous, black river, deep in the hollow of a ravine with high, wooded, dark, heavily overgrown slopes, and these same young women also crossing again - one after the

The same river in the opposite direction, returning to the other world after completing what they might have had to do in this world. In this world, I mean, where I myself was sent to act, taking all the risks of total illegality.

The young regular visitors to the Gué aux Louves come and go. But one day, there will be one among them, more adventurous than others, the one we call the Meridian, who, crossing the Wolf's Ford at high noon, will no longer have to return from whence she came, but will herself, like me, take up residence illegally in this world, to Reign there, and by Reigning there will make the other world become immanent to this one, setting it ablaze and transmuting it highly. Baruch, III, 38 : *Then she appeared on earth and lived among men.* A sleepwalking lookout at the Wolf's Ford, I too was on both sides before the old memory darkened in me and I forgot everything.

(234) Around four in the morning. Suddenly I wake up. It's still dark outside, but the air is already turning blue. Only one window on the other side of courtyard is lit up, and downstairs the baker is lighting up his shop. The holy smell of fresh bread fills the whole courtyard, lovingly reverberating in the air still soaked by the chill of the fading night. But what is this astonishing silence? At this very moment, a great cosmic mystery is being accomplished, anonymously celebrated, that of the 'blue hour', that supernatural interruption of time marking the birth of a new day. The cosmic mystery of the 'blue hour', which Eric Rohmer is the only person to have intercepted and brought to light in his marvellous *Reinette et Mirabelle.*

And I know only too well what woke me from my sleep. I was dreaming that I myself was the man who, in André Tarkovsky's *Nostalghia,* vows to cross a "miraculous pool" three times, with a small lighted candle in his hand, and who may have to die in the process just as, out of breath, he has completed his third and final crossing. And yet I woke up having just completed my mystical crossing for the third time, which is certainly not without a premonitory meaning, a warning, or even some admirable augural promise.

Are not the paths of this votive triple crossing of the empty pool the very paths of my return to God, the paths of my most secret thoughts?

reunion with God? It is in the humble gesture of this coming and going of mystical agony that God himself will find the path of his return to me, a path so long distorted, buried under the vague ashes of the ancient promise so mysteriously devalued.

An inner trembling persists, and I feel an irresistible urge to cry. So overwhelmed by the immediate and inexpressible experience of this dream, I feel that it is really making me give up any attempt to go back to sleep.

It has to be said that, in these notebooks, the part of the dream, the part of the dreamed life, is at least equal to the part of life itself. Orpheus's ophidian bite, the "outpouring of the dream into life" announces a *commitment the green*, the life that has already allowed itself to be confidentially grasped from the other side.

(235) Most often the source of existential nausea, this very disturbing repetition of a dream, an exaggerated, unbearable repetition, which thus becomes, in the long run, a semantic furrow, the obsessional semiology of an occult, subterranean command, repetition, I mean, of a certain dream, which may be either the recurrence of a real memory, or a dream dealing with a symbolic experience, lived only in dreams, or coming, by way of the dream, from the abysses of an immemorial, transpersonal experience, situated in an existence other than this one, in another history and other times, "mine and not mine".

In this case, as in John Franckenheimer's film *The Mandchurian Candidate*, it's a dream - an obsessional semiology - recalling the memory of a real event, a lived experience that place in my current existence and left an indelible, heart-rending and total on it.

It is a fact that in 1961, in the Royal Basilica of the Valley of Los Caidos, near Madrid, following a solemn High Mass and in the presence of the special envoys of the Spanish government, a small group of us, including myself, were consecrated, with the title, rank and quality of *Capitanes de Cruzada*, "Captains of the Crusade", by the Mitré abbot of the Royal Basilica of the Valle de los Caidos, with the gift, powers and all the charismatic prerogatives of a Bishop, Fray Justo Perez de Urbel.

However, given the place, the circumstances and, above all, the episcopal identity of Fray Justo Perez de Urbel, who was himself acting on a superior mandate, this consecration - in the name of Fray Justo Perez de Urbel - was not an easy task.

will keep the value and the reality of a true sacrament, of a Holy Sacrament of the Church, called therefore operate, as it was then, a total transmutation of level and state in 1 deep being of the consecrated if not of their awakened conscience, an ontological change whose value was to remain implicit, but which, one day, could just as well find itself summoned to manifest itself in the open, partially or in a plenary way, going up to and including the level of the greatest history, of "Great History".

As some still know, the confidential origins of this special sacrament, with its dual charismatic, royal and religious appellation, date back in Spain to John of Austria and the mystical vigils of the Battle of Lepanto.

The fire of the Blessed Sacrament had changed my life completely. In a visible way, but definitively, I was thus branded, in my being and also in my conscience, for this life and for eternity: a sacrament is an irrevocable thing, the fire of its intrinsic value acts in life and in death, beyond life and beyond death.

The supernatural reality, the abysmal reality of the irrevocable charismatic, brings out in the dream what the obscurantist march of life tries to plunge into and keep there. And so it is that I have to go back again and again in my dreams - and this has already happened to me about twenty times - to the entire ceremonial of my note of consecration at the Valle de los Caidos, as I had experienced it at *the time,* sometimes with variations resulting from the fact that a particular light was shone on one moment of it rather than another, The whole, however, remains more or less intact, although bathed - more and more, as time goes by - in a spectral light of an intensity and whiteness that don't seem quite of this world to me, and indeed hardly are.

I repeat: a burnt-out consciousness, branded with a red light. And I repeat: the mechanism of the whole metapsychic operation - and charismatic, I said, on an entirely different level - being the same as that which appears in John Franckenheimer's *The Mandchurian Candidate*.

However, an extraordinarily distressing question arises: why did the meeting, why did the occultist nuptials I had in Innsbruck on New Year's Eve 1949, with the invisible and ultimate order, with the charismatically active armatures of the *Regnum Sanctum*, not take place?

Did they not manifest themselves - did they not have to manifest themselves - in the same way as what keeps coming back to me, in my dream, of the ceremonial of our consecration of the Valle de los Caidos? For the moment, all I have to go on is the following answer: in Innsbruck, the underground passages of my dream, of my abyssal identity, had been pre-emptively equipped with a protective device, an amnesiac ban without fail, obviously because the purpose of my transcendental investment in Innsbruck was not at all the same as that of the Valle de los Caidos: what had been done to me in Innsbruck was so that I would never remember it again, and in Valle de los Caidos so that I would remember it over again, and for ever.

But what could be crucial, for me, behind the state antagonism of these two regimes of abysmal counter-remembering and no less abysmal rememberingone founded on the mystery of transcendental *amnesia* and the other on that of transcendental *anamnesia*? A suspicion comes to me, fragile, evanescent, unbearably illuminated from within by the permanent tearing apart of my double state of being torn apart, broken between the most profound non-remembering and remembering, of my double dogmatic identity, both historical and suprahistorical, so that if in history my part is constituted, - an immense mystery, I confess - of impotence, of shame and abjection with each day that passes even more intolerably dirty, in the occult suprahistorical openness of my life - and it is the same life - everything is in advance, in advance and even as if already now, an accomplished petition of omnipotence, radiant glory and living reunion with the *previous memory*, also an immense mystery, I agree. God and rubbish, but, in fact, rubbish.

(236) So, as I've just said, *what was done to me in Innsbruck was so that I'd never remember it again, and in Valle de los Caidos so that I'd remember it again again, and forever*. A confrontation of two antagonistic memories that I would no have to relate to the inner evolution of which I credit the profound symbol, the actively abysmal figure in me of the Gué des Louves. An evolution from the dream - or waking dream, or waking vision - of my own clandestine crossing of the ruisseau des
The ultimate dangers in the Bois de Boulogne, right up to the crossing of the same forbidden river - ontologically forbidden - by the seven young women - in reality, six plus one - of the Compagnie de la Méridienne. Now, these mysterious six plus one, most of them clothed, it is a question - a unique, supreme urgency - of identifying them, of succeeding intercepting or even capturing their identities as they pass through this world, where they can never be anything but clandestine. From the very clandestinity of all absolute love, and knowing that all gallantry plays the part of the Apocalypse in this world.

(237) Apparitions ? "Why are you laughing? "But I'm not laughing, I'm smiling at you. That dizzy, sweet beauty of his forgotten smile. Apparitions? Yes, *apparitions* if you like, and this sudden return each time **to** 1 school of gallant failure. Shall I confess? There were three of these dazzling apparitions, and they were certainly one and the same, because it was La Même who, under her three twilight coverings, came to the rescue each time - so many incandescent cracks in the invisible and nonetheless very opaque surrounding wall, in the Umbrian valley surrounding the lordly domain of Absolute Love, 'absolute reality', but, also, so many inexplicable gallant failures, failures, I mean, on my part, in the face of the invitation that was abruptly - too abruptly - extended to me to "pass over to the other side", to dare to seize, on the spur of the moment - it will always be *on the spur of the moment* - the opportunity that was thus offered to me so that I could be subversively admitted to the "wedding feast of the Bloody Lamb". And so it was that sadness won out over amazement every time, the sadness of death and hallucinatory, black amazement. Apparitions, and in the face of each of these apparitions its gallant failure, and the obscure consolidation of oblivion; of oblivion, and the darkness of oblivion. Never, never will I cross the Umbrian Valley?

For the first time, it had to take place in Spain, in Granada. A large modern palace, with a beautiful white and luminous simplicity, of an absolutely patrician class and sobriety.

Around ten o'clock in the morning, just before we left the hotel, a young ash-blonde girl, barely twenty, perhaps even younger, with undefined duties, because she was not disguised as a chambermaid like the others, dressed a very elegant morning gown of lilac velvet, with a white silk collar and cuffs, came into my room to ask me if I needed anything more, any extra service, any personal desire. In any palace in the world, you know what this phrase implies and suggests: for *some reason*, it never crossed my mind for a moment that there might well have been a licentious invitation to the intimate services of a young girl displaying - charged with the very intention of displaying - a personal class worthy of the establishment that employed her.

So what was this mysterious reason, capable in this way of completely inhibiting a situation which, in other circumstances, would not have borne the slightest doubt? The reason for this inhibition was this, magical and solar: the extraordinary - the inconceivable, I would say - luminous, supernatural beauty of

my so young morning visitor, smiling, regal, solar and more than solar, limpid and as if unbearably irradiant by the very excess of the inner clarity of this limpidity in action, the limpidity of a crystal, of a diamond invisible nucleus - living focus - was a pulsating, radiant sun, a very limpid virginal sun, lovingly nourished by the living mystery of the immaculate Conception itself, and all the preserving all the appearances of naturalness, of the life that goes with life, a naturalness that is just a little too sunny, but there's no shortage of sun in Granada, is there?

In a certain sense, I could say that this encounter was the only miracle, the only immediate and real miracle I have ever experienced in my entire life. And there is absolutely no exaggeration on my part, not the slightest self-delusion, *it was just like that.* And I really have nothing else to add. "Why are you laughing? I asked. "But I'm not laughing, I'm smiling at you", she replied. How could I not recognise her *from that answer alone?*

Then, no longer knowing how to contain myself, I asked her - yielding to a foolish inspiration, but which in reality, as I later understood, was the bearer of something quite different, the bearer and doer, the masked worker of a cosmological rite with formidable powers - to make me - I hesitate to admit - wash a handkerchief, that a quarter of an hour later, still laughing, exhibiting the same joyful limpidity, the light of the same joy or the joy of the same light, I don't know which, she brought me back washed and ironed, brought to a state of snowy whiteness, almost magical.

Baron Georges d'Anthès, who accompanied me on this para-diplomatic trip Information Commissioner for the Provisional Government of French Algeria and the Sahara (GPAFS), was later to tell me that he himself had experienced the same adventure that morning: the same sunny appearance, the same ecstatic amazement at the radiant, limpid, young, laughing splendour of the man who had stood there before him, the same stammered dialogue, the same corny idea of asking him to wash a handkerchief laundered to immaculateness.

Who had I been dealing with in the big white room overlooking the street in the summer of 1961 in Granada?

For the being, I prefer not to think about it too much, especially as, twice again, in 1976 and 1986 - as if it happened again every ten years

- I met her again, the same one - La Même - only older, the one from Granada, the one from the *Pardès Rimonim.* In 1976, in 1986, although she was the , she seemed to be twenty-four, twenty-five years old and, perhaps, a little less radiant than in Granada, asserting the resplendent powers of her mere presence there in a more concealed way, or less openly lavish with herself, less sumptuously provocative. The fight became harder as *the night wore on.*

How did this happen? On 21 June 1976, I was on a trip - supposedly business - for the whole day, somewhere near Melun, and having missed the last Melun-Paris train in the evening, so I phoned Melun station to ask for a taxi take me the nearest station - about twelve kilometres away, I can' remember which - where there was still a train to Paris.

Now, the taxi that picked me up that evening outside Melun station was driven by a very beautiful, very luminous, very radiant young woman, an old gold blonde, who was trying to veil carefully - but not too veiled - her deepest identity, her other identity - perhaps a borrowed identity, her deepest identity, that evening, someone else having, perhaps, very covertly taken possession her, because there also, sometimes, personality hijackings - without, however, really managing to prevent me from recognising her, after a few minutes, as being the one from whom - as if from somewhere in a previous life, in a life other than the present one - I had taken possession of her, But she couldn't really prevent me from recognising her, after a few minutes, as the one whose fleeting, occasional, immensely revitalising, heart-rending, divinising and divine presence - as somewhere in a previous life, in a life other than my own today - I had already had to lovingly endure in a white room in a Granada palace in 1961.

Procedure? No. I would say rather an immutable ritual, an obligatory passage that cannot be altered; just as in Granada, she told me, from the outset and in light of angelic innocence, or pretended innocence, words of infinite, excruciating ambiguity, bordering on deliberate, professional provocation; she confided in me,
laughing, that there was - she knew there was - at the side of the country road that we would have to cross in a quarter of an hour, a certain inn - a marvellous place - situated this dream inn, in the middle a small, quiet, and very discreet wood, where people from the best world sometimes stop to have a glass of champagne, "in front of a beautiful old fireplace, where a large heather fire burns permanently", and where many exciting encounters were made, many happy adventures ; there was a burning invitation, a fork in the road

This was something that, once again - the second time - I didn't dare to do, or rather I didn't know how to it myself in the time that I had - that we had - to do it in; and everything was lost once again in the hesitation, in the stalemate and in the mystical dread of which I felt trapped by the simple presence at my side of someone who had wanted to come and meet me a second time, to rekindle the mystery of the 'second fire' in my path; I really did ask him, trembling, to stop the car in the middle of the countryside, thinking I was gaining time, trying to find the strength I needed - or that I didn't even need, to tell the truth - in the tumultuous march of the long, whitening front line of the wind in the slow-motion undulating wheat, like waves of liquid gold ; waves of gold whitening under the wind of the plain, and which would have liked to capture us, to wrap us under the eddies of their solar dementia, and that they would hold us forever in their powers, free only to our desire, our only desire and theirs; but in vain, everything; the terms were probably not yet mature enough, or something else, how to know, and, at the end of everything, why know ; the car stopped in the middle of the wild fields, the wind, the blaze of the wheat and its successive surges of eucharistic ardour, the fear; the silence between us, and the fear; my fear, and his, the obscure fear, the religious fear of was again going to have to be undone, and not done, once again, at the *very last moment.* We set off again, and everything stopped. There were a few moments of sombre silence outside Melun station. I asked her, "Why are you laughing? She replied: "But I'm not laughing, I'm smiling at you.

And yet *there was* one more of these encounters, one more of these Apparitions. The last one? Ten years later - in August 1986 - and still in a taxi, a taxi called, again, by telephone - which had picked me up on the heights of Deauville, at the Clos des Chardons, to take me back to Cabourg, on the evening of Saint-Laurent's Day - but this time - the third time - I had been in a taxi.
- we were walking along the flat, darkened sea, and she herself seemed infinitely more hidden within herself than the other two times, infinitely more unexpected where she had had to emerge again in the course of my life; infinitely more distant, and more *tragic*; so hidden, this third time, that it had taken me almost three years to realise that it was her - the same one - all over again; And if, from the start, I had said that this series of Orphic encounters was already engaged - irremediably - in a twilight spiral, it was because the apparition that came to meet me three times in this way had to show itself even more concealed each time by

And so much so that, this third time, running through the hills and along the dying sea, it still took me all that - almost three years, *I* repeat - to understand that had been the same visitor as in Granada in the morning, in the Eucharistic fields near Melun in the evening, and in sight of Cabourg at nightfall, or just before the night came ; *The twilight* spiral of the unfortunate advent of the same woman who, three over, came to me only to drive me to lose her will thus mark the time of a "great day" in the time of my life, of my present existence, and what the final outcome will be I don't know, I mean I don't know if, as it should be, there is going to be a fourth apparition, the grace of a fourth coming, and this one at night.

A number of things remain to be said, I believe, and some of them most revealing, most important, about the third of these apparitions, whose amorous and Orphic series was inaugurated in Granada twenty-eight years ago. But I reasonably do so, or not yet, and that is a great pity; Just one more step in the disclosure of the galaxy of events, situations and complicities, providentialist convergences and people involved or having variously contributed the setting up of the non-event of the evening of Saint-Laurent on the road to Cabourg, along the seafront after having defrayed the nuptial obligation of a certain wait in the twilight hills of the Clos des Chardons, and I sink into the crude indiscretion, and the most vulgar, I give in to the infernal cycle of those indiscretions that dangerously provoke resentment, the hidden resentments of an unfulfilled destiny. Because these indiscretions are dangerous, very dangerous, not only for us, the two protagonists of the non-event on the road to Cabourg: other people could also be hurt. I'll stop there. We got out of the taxi. "I know why you're laughing. * But I'm not laughing, sir. I'll smile at you if you like. The elder hedge. The madness of the tits, all those cries.

(238) And why was she laughing like that? Because every time - Grenada, Melun, Cabourg - she knew in advance that I was going to have to fail. Her laughter, apparently so luminous, so full of joy, her smile, she said - and what a joy, philosophical and so vertiginously heroic - was in reality only the final spasm of an infinite, heart-rending and even more heart-rending distress, the fruit at once supreme and as if stillborn of my defeat and hers, of the terrifying defeat of Absolute Love in us, the merciful counterpart of our own eternal agony in the heart so mysteriously perished, by us, of the white sun Absolute Love.

No, she wasn't laughing, or smiling, she was just luminously concealing, under the solar blindfold of her Apollonian despair, the torments, repeated three times over, of her appalling agony of love, and of mine.

(239) On the other hand, there's nothing to stop me from copying these few pages from one of my 'green notebooks', dating precisely from the final summer of Cabourg, nothing if not a sadness in the mask of mortuary crystal, and as if already relegated to the cold windy belt a mythological sidereal journey.

"As if doubt as to the secret of my ultimate identity could still obscure, suspend the course of what can only be foreseen from all eternity; as if were decided, nor very inexorably brought fulfilment by the providential decree of which my whole life has been, in fact, nothing but the outward, fatal and non-essential manifestation ; as if the bitterness of the hour and the impotence that have always gripped me like the iron of the garrote e vi7 could still mean anything other than the direct sight of the inner becoming, of the *very becoming* of the supplicating ordeal that underpins, guarantees and illuminates the forward march of my appalling, ecstatic imperial and polar ministry; as if the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality of the irrationality; as if the supremely nocturnal irrationality of my degradation, of the unbearable and so low shame of what I am required to live, to know, now, in my existence just as it came to me, but differently, in the horrible years of my adolescence, were not the reversed reflection of the moment of final coronation, of the unseemly and very sudden outburst that will decipher everything by redeeming and redeeming everything by deciphering the entire course of my existence as it was and as it was not, that will bring everything about me back to the terrible limpidity of the unique principle of transcendental reason whose most royal, sparkling and hypnotic carrion I carry within me ; as if this day, whose impulses of disaster and mourning I can no longer control, were not, in me and for me, the very day of the last Good Friday; not according to time, according to the miserable times of this world, but Good Friday according to the occult times of that which prepares and leads to subverting its completion in justice, I mean in Absolute Justice ; and, by the same token, the irrevocable final ruin; and all the while I have to maintain within myself the activist splendour on Good Friday of my own tearing and twilight passion, of the bloody journey of my tears and my suicidal and apocalyptic exhalations towards the day that perhaps will never come to me".

(2-40) I often find myself telling myself that this activist nightmare in the dark will never end, that everything is designed to duplicate itself endlessly, that it's all right, that everything must tirelessly go from duplication to duplication to duplication; duplication, then, too, and in a way that I have no idea how to describe.

I would like to define, from the series of three Orphic apparitions of which I have just given a rather sincere and hasty account, Grenada, Melun, Cabourg ; Now, if I am going to talk about it, about the doubling of these three apparitions, it will only be out of a sense of conscience, and to force myself to overcome the heaps of ontological fatigue heaped up inside me, and which is becoming more and more hateful, adorned with all the subaltern trappings of a kind of languid, nauseous stupor, and already as if *vellum*, the very stupor of soiled existence, made subject to exaltations, to depressions, each as morbid as the next, by the failure of the very thing it should absolutely not have failed to achieve and which it finds itself in the very process of failing to achieve, just as those dreams in which we see ourselves, as if by splitting into two, in the process of sinking into the black mud of the inconceivable, where you know more or less that it's a dream, but at the same time suspect - and this suspicion is becoming more and more certain, paramedical - that it could very well be that it wasn't a dream at all, and that after all, *that's how it is.*

A derisory barrage of sand and straw against the fact that *this is so*, to say, and this is what I about do, the doubling of the three Orphic apparitions that led to a certain twilight by the sea, to the taxi tragically stopped in the sand, in the sand wet by the evening tide, near Cabourg. A derisory barrage dishevelled seaweed, sand and crushed shells.

(241) How can you not be disgusted, and more than disgusted, disgusted as if by the fetid, final, mortal nausea of viral hepatitis? For forty years I've been running around the world, mercilessly, hallucinatingly, behind a phantasmagoria that appeared to me only to disappear immediately, year after year the terrifying sidereal distance that separates me from myself increases from within, becomes emptier and blacker, everything I'm given undertake disintegrates, rots on the ground, the further I advance, breathless, in the The steeper the paths of transcendental experience, the more the darkness of active incomprehension metastasises into my consciousness, and impotence of being and acting becomes an impenetrable fictional, dreamlike and subtly interloped barrier of dead ashes and emptiness that runs the length of my own lived life, and even into the futile dependencies of the life inside me that still passes for dreaming : but, at the same time, I know them, *that's the way it is*, that's how things are and no other way at all. And all this existential bogging down, all these pitiful approximations of being, are somehow an estuary. The great sleep of the staggering river of non-being, that is the ultimate secret,

making itself, we'll never know how, driver, far away, and with what immensely subversive slowness, towards the invisible but certain trap of the estuary, of what, for us, over there, on the whitening line of the midday sun, makes us very secretly estuary.

On the other hand, nothing should ever be taken literally. A great and living literature is never more than the relentless and even, in the end, somewhat cretinous repetition of a series of alchemical allegories in situation, and this spread of allegories trying to impose itself as destined to multiply endlessly, a debauchery, an abundance taking the place of being and guarantee of being, of occult pouring out the direction of the estuary whose deaf and violent imperial schemes I have just so proudly denounced beyond the horizon. Milt, and the sacred depredation of milt in the tepid waves of the estuary.

(242) Preontological awareness of being everything, ontological evidence of being nothing. Nevertheless. I had thought that I could spare myself the Cross and everything became a Cross for me, I had thought that I could ask that this black, burning cup be taken away from my lips and into what pits of even blacker sludge did I not come to lose myself, in the end; body and soul
slowly. Always that black muddy trench at the end, that philosophical pit that in end will always raise the mystery of the other beginning.

So why struggle on, "one day at a time": I'm back on track. I'm back to writing in these notebooks, the endlessly rehashed account of what binds as it unbinds and unbinds as it binds in the path I've chosen for myself and which had chosen me long before I chose it.

So I write only to die, to die to myself, even though I've been dead for I don't even know how long, to die to death, which never stops dying in me and with me. *Via Crucis: it is* not in the steep, chaotic alleys of Golgotha that my Way of the Cross is slowly ascending, but in the pile of notebook pages quivering in the black wind of the writing of death, which cannot manage to die in any other way - already - than by the ascent of my pitiful non-death on the march, towards the day and hour *I don't know, towards* the day and hour *of what I don't know.*

So I know have to remember and write, and *how could I not?* Every day. Every night. To write. Everything. Start again: everything is autobiographical, above all, above all, *don't stop writing.*

A doubling, then, I would say, of the three Orphic apparitions that began in Granada, a doubling through confessional writing of the autobiography which will itself be sucked far, far back, very close to the origin of everything comes to be, and even far beyond that origin. And, one day, who knows, the end?

But hasn't it already *come to an end*? And isn't it this outcome that, in fact, constitutes the constitution of the primary origin of everything, the absolute, virginal origin, and as immaculate perpetual conception of the whole in confessional duplication of this autobiography in progress, or, if you like, of my own autobiography in the process of being caught up its own writing of state?

Now, if the origin is in the outcome, is this autobiography, conceived as writing infinitely repeated, infinitely reconciled in the openness of its own actuality, anything other than the gestation in progress of a second outcome, which would be its own origin? From duplication to duplication, is black writing - writing in black - secretly approaching the place and the time which, in itself, will declare the immensely subversive nativity of something so new that it could even be called dawn, a dawn that is different and which, nonetheless, can only be the same, inexpressibly?

Because, don't we understand the word, the word is *indescribable.*

So, as we said, don't stop writing. Let the autobiographical current surge up the whitening line of the estuary and its gentle concentrationist semiologies, wave after wave, vertiginously from eddy to eddy.

These things, after all, let's get it over with and regard them as simple things, sentimental adventures whose narrative, while more or less self-sufficient - privilege of autobiography, and supreme fiction, perhaps - provides itself with an active confession in duplication, a swirling estuary current of foam that seems *fabulous*, the creators of fables, true fables, truer than what they might have been but passing foam.

What did I say, love affairs? Of course, sentimental adventures and nothing else.

(1) At the time, I lived near the Champ de Mars, on Avenue Charles Floquet. Was it really 1955? On Ascension Day, I got lost in Saint-Germain des Près, and said to myself If I don't find absolute love by five o'clock today at the latest, I'll kill myself. This very day I will commit suicide. I've never been so close to suicide as *I* was that day. And I haven't forgotten.

Then, at ten to five, she walked past me in a pale red summer dress and white cardigan, and went to sit alone at Le *Flore*, where she asked for a squeezed lemon. It was really hot. There a lot of people there, so she drank her glass in one gulp and left, with me hot on her heels. A nag, but not too naggy. Then, without warning, she took the bus to Porte de la Muette. On the way, I discreetly passed her a quickly scribbled note in which I told her that I called her Laure, "Laure for eternity", and asked her to me, three days later, at five o'clock in the evening, on the square in front of the Church of Saint-Germain des Près, where I was going to make "revelations of absolutely decisive importance for both of us, and for the ultimate destinies of France and the West". And already, like all the others afterwards, she was laughing and smiling. What an unprecedented sunshine of youth, of grace, of the high sapient certainties of an ashen, radiant, polar blonde.

She didn't turn up for this rendezvous with secretly galactic implications, but that doesn't matter: in a certain sense, things were, and have remained, quite simple: it is she, and she alone, 'Laure for eternity', that I have been waiting for ever since, that I seek out and that I invoke every time the sun reaches a certain angle the Memphis sky.

And here, I can confess, we just reached dangerously, very dangerously close to the origin, *indisputably* the very horizon of the estuary.

(2) In June 1985, a secret organisation of high spiritual and, above all, mystériosophical standing, operating under the Pythagorean name of *Catena Aurea* and which, as I think I must have understood, was based mainly in Padua, Italy, commissioned me to write a 'book of great poetry' intended as a sort of 'mausoleum of song' in memory of a sublime young dead woman, Diane M., an American from a very good family, a model on the pinnacle of international haute couture, a drug addict, who died of an *overdose*. I didn't know Diane from her

A doubling, then, I would say, of the three Orphic apparitions that began in Granada, a doubling through confessional writing of the autobiography which will itself be sucked far, far back, very close to the origin of everything that comes to be, and even far beyond that origin. And, one day, who knows, the end?

But hasn't it already *come to an end?* And isn't it this outcome that, in fact, constitutes - never ceases to provide for the re-experienced constitution - of the primary origin of everything, the absolute, virginal origin, and as immaculate perpetual conception of the whole in confessional duplication of this autobiography in progress, or, if you like, of my own autobiography in the process of allowing itself to be snatched forward by its own state writing?

Now, if the origin is in the outcome, is this autobiography conceived writing infinitely taken up again, infinitely reconciled in the openness of its own actuality already something other than the gestation in progress of a second outcome, which would be its own origin? From doubling to doubling, is black writing - writing in black - secretly approaching the place and the time that will, in itself, declare the immensely subversive nativity of something so new that it could even be called dawn, a dawn that is different and yet can only be the same, indescribably so?

Because, don't we understand the word, the word is *indescribable.*

So, as we said, don't stop writing. Let the autobiographical current surge up the whitening line of the estuary and its gentle concentrationist semiologies, wave after wave, vertiginously from eddy to eddy.

These things, after all, let's get it over with and regard them as simple things, sentimental adventures whose narrative, while more or less - the privilege of autobiography, and supreme fiction, perhaps - provides an active confession, a doubling, a swirling estuary current of foam that is precisely *fabulous*, the creator of fables, true fables, truer than they might have been but passing foam.

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alive. But the photos I'd been given of her had been enough to disturb me, it had many others who had been close to her when she was alive. The images she had left behind still reverberated with unbearable power. Fatally powered from outside this world, from the trans-space power station in the Midheaven.

While I was at it, I said to myself, let's do things right, let's set the bar as high as possible, and even a little higher than that. Let's attack the inconceivable and its disguises.

I then unwound an ancient Egyptian ritual for the magical resurrection of certain dead, for the 'return to the past of the great predestined', the *Ritual of Memphis*, which had reached me, at the time due, through a Judeo-Alexandrian channel that had survived everything, and particular its Italian disguises, after ending up in Palermo in the 1930s; discreetly housed at Les Roches Noires, in Trouville, I break down the operative process of the *Ritual of Memphis* into a certain number of stations of living theurgic ascent, over-activated, astrologically polarised on *Vendrait même qu*'il fallait; into XXXIV stations ; of which I give, in appearance, as XXXIV 'sonnets', in reality the numerical account of entire operation thus regularly brought to a conclusion through the XXXIV planned stations ; it seems to me that certain things, certain breaths are taking shape, a certain song is being , a light is being shed in the boreal heights of the supreme June sky, in the very dwelling of the return of the called, and all this is being invoked, poetically summoned in the corporifications offered by the XXXIV sonnets of the whole of the account recorded there under the title, with its transparency, for some, quite terrifying, *Diana before the Gates of Memphis.* What I had lost in Thebes, I found again in Memphis.

The very night I had finished encrypting the XXXIV$^{th}$ 'sonnet', I mean the very moment when I had passed the XXXIV$^{th}$ operating station of the trying - mortally trying, I would say - magical and necromantic spiral engaged in the icy journey of
At the completion of the work of sidereal re-embracing that I had secretly made my own, a deep sleep came over me, a sleep of philosophical death, a sleep of cataleptic petrification; under the open sky, on the terrace, in great cold of dawn ; then, in the depths of my sleep, and myself lying on the separation of worlds, appeared to me, in a dream, and spoke to me, not the young dead woman celebrated, operated on and awakened, "Diana", but one I myself had once lost, "Laure for eternity", herself dead, then, for already XXIII years : by doing this

Now she said to me, in a muffled, weary voice, still full of her shadows, still covered in her rags: She said to me in a deafened, weary voice, still full of her shadows, still covered in these rags: "Since you are so keen on *it*, and since through the intermediary of another you have so perfectly managed to do everything necessary for me to be obliged to go back to it, I am coming - *I am coming back*, she had said - to you, in a dream, this night, and on *7* July next I will come back".
- I will come back to you - alive again, in a soul and a body, myself again, yours again. So, on *7* July, at noon, in the Place du Palais de l'Opéra, in Paris. Come along, I'll be there. I'll be back, alive, because you wanted me back so much".

I didn't go to the rendezvous at the Opéra on *7* July.

I didn't go for fear that she would be replaced, at the last moment, by death itself, by my own death; since the very dream of her previous appearance, I had very secretly conceived as an unavowable suspicion, infinitely perilous; I knew only too well - on the other hand
- the nefarious value of certain errors I had committed in the necromantic execution of the operative ritual ; And I knew too well, too, certain *subtle breaths of* the voice of the woman I had loved and still love, for the disguises of that voice, attributable to the terrible fatigue of 'such a long road', to her disarray, to the weariness of her disarmament, not to appear to me for what they really were, the minimal avant-garde of an apparatus of fascination for sadness, of a trap for fateful slowness.
"To others.

Let's also say that she hadn't known how to laugh, that she hadn't known how to *smile.* You cannot counterfeit what is in Mary's keeping, in the domain of her personal attributions, in the inescapable and absolutely irrecoverable domain of her Grace alone.

However, if I had deceived myself with my suspicions, with my belated claims, what an inexpiable crime I committed, in this world and in the next, on *7* July 1985 when I did not go to the square in front of the Palais de l'Opéra, what an inconceivable betrayal and cosmological rout for our people.

(3) Repetitions? No, continuation, the very tragedy of continuation. In March 1989, I was due to travel by train to Geneva for the 'rencontres européennes du roman de fiction politique', which was a complete failure, and by a huge margin.

far and away, the worst prognostications. A day of great thunderstorms, the air as if ablaze with lightning, the rain never ceasing to sweep over everything with its icy gusts, to drown everything, a sooty, massive rain, covering and suffocating everything under its shapeless weight, a single liquid slab, blackish, or of a poor, very dirty green. Running, in a taxi, along the Seine, the lightning, many , in the distance, towards 1 old Halle aux Vins, its frightening mystagogic whiteness.

At Gare de Lyon, I saw her arrive at the very last moment, hands in the pockets of her military-style khaki mackintosh. And, in no hurry whatsoever, she climbed into the front carriage.

I'm getting on behind her, and we're going to travel all the way to Geneva together. Face to face, in the same compartment. On the way, we had to cross, one after the other, and it was a kind of miracle, three Rainbows. I don't think there is a sign, an omen of more extraordinary and certain beneficial value than this triple arch of new light, virginal at the same time as supremely nuptial, cutting three times into the darkness of the heavens where these storms ended. Troubling golden light. Indigo.

I immediately recognised the rumour within me, and the light on her face. I might add, because every major symbol carries an otherworldly glimmer, that, yielding to the abominable fashion nowadays for women to wear stockings with designs, figurations with equivocal reminders, she sported, on her stockings, a multitude of representations of Venus, but of Venus not in her current planetary state, of Venus as a travelling star, as a dazzling comet from a time when she only passed by to set the skies ablaze apocalyptically with her amorous wanderings, her future incendiary predestinations as we know them.
"When she crosses her legs and hikes up her skirt, the storm will stop in one fell swoop", I told myself, and I was not wrong. But then other storms began, with mediumistic fulgurations of what mad, distraught violence. And how time passed. Was she laughing at the end? Smiling? We looked at each other to death, but I didn't speak to her and, late that evening, when I arrived in Geneva, I let her disappear into the drowsy, compact crowd that closed in on her all at once. Everything in Geneva will always be bad for me.

Now, this suicidal silence, once again, *why?* Because my awareness of the abjection that currently reigns over my visible, external, social and existential identity had once again won out over my lack of awareness.

It was because I was so unworthy of it that I didn't dare to want to make the demented - divine - leap, to commit myself the shifting sands and then the dreaded proximity of the *line of passage.*

As we approached Geneva, she was suffocating, and so was I; neither she nor I could breathe all; the breath in us, at the end of the submerged corridor, was about to interrupted from its most secret and distant origins, to be ordered to withdraw from us, towards the Middle of Heaven, and really we could have cried out at such moments that *no hay dolor mas grande.*

So it's all going to have to come to an end, once again, somewhere around here, I don't know where exactly. It's also certain that, all things considered, I don't have that much left to say. Not without some gentleness, a beautiful, indifferent, cold gentleness, there's a kind of closure that's being proposed, and that's already starting to happen, and perhaps we should say, rather, re-closing.

However, not everything has yet been said, no, not everything has yet been said, and I myself have not yet said everything, truly everything, about this mysterious and so feverish railway transaction placed, as it was, under the solicitude of the great Venusian dolorism, and claiming with pride and what a distraught gratitude the sign repeated three times, evening in the stormy depths of the darkest skies and as if for our sole intention, the sign of the reconciling ap- parition of the Sacred Scarf, blue, indigo and gold, the iris, the .Messenger of the Gods, because here - and where this hope, so ardent and so mad, comes from, I don't know - a final turnaround and the situation may still be possible. I don' know. 's such a faint premonition that tears me apart and never stops bleeding my already mortally wounded heart.

(24-4) Post-human scum from the innermost cesspools of the Underworld, the operator of death and insult in the vast revolutionary plot that death has never ceased to oppose to life in Europe since the seventeenth century, Joseph Balsamo, known as the Count of Cagliostro, is still of interest, I dare not say still *fascinates*, even if this was indeed the case. Let us remember the infamous weaknesses of a Goethe.

The man who dared to attack the Queen must not be allowed a moment's respite. Under the assumed name of Jean Villiers, Jean Robin has just published, with Guy Trédaniel, Editions de La Maisnie, a book of denunciation

counter-revolutionary Catholicism of the Grand Cophte, *Cagliostro the Prophet of the Revolution.* In this book, the fruit of the murkiest ulterior motives, if not everything is said, it can nevertheless be said that *all the leads* are indicated, when one knows how to read them, which lead directly, or in other ways, to the central nucleus of the conspiracy.In this book, which is the fruit of the murkiest ulterior motives, not everything is said, but it can be argued that all the leads are indicated, if one knows how to read them, which lead directly, or in other ways, to the central node of the conspiracy, properly speaking satanic, which mobilised, in the front line, at that *time*, Joseph Balsamo and his visible and invisible coadjutors not so much to put an end to the French Monarchy and Divine Right, but above all to bring down Marie-Antoinette, the 'Great Queen'.

On this subject, Jean Robin alias Jean Villiers will cite, among others, the demented and blinkered hubris of Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Pentihièvre (1725- 1793), father-in-law of Philippe- Egalité and Grand Admiral.*In* the midst of the Affaire du Collier, the Duc de Penthième conspiratorially went to see the King to advise him to have the Queen locked up in the Val-de-Grâce, as a prevaricator and adulterer, and an adulterer "of Messalinist morals".

One of Jean Robin's greatest merits in this book will also be that of having been able to provide, but without putting too fine a point on it, all the elements objectively unassailable investigative apparatus , not of proving, but quite simply of showing the extent to which the plot against the Great Queen and the Monarchy of Divine Right in France had been, from its beginnings to its end, conceived, inspired, supported, framed and led by selected elements of a certain part, irredeemably rogue, of the illuminist and revolutionary cosmopolitanism of the XVIIIth century, from the beginning to the end, conceived, inspired, supported, framed and led by selected elements of a certain, irredeemably rogue, part of the illuminist and revolutionary cosmopolitanism of the eighteenth century. Which, according to Jean Robin, only served to illustrate, once again, the "classic alliance of the most outrageous gloss and political subversion". And Jean Robin invokes, in this connection, the great and beautiful figure of the Sabbatian Jacob Frank (1726-1791), nicknamed the "Jewish Cagliostro", in whom were embodied "all the horrible virtualities of a corrupt and despotic messianism" (G. G. Scholem, *Les grands courants de la mystique juive*, Payot, Paris, 1968). Jean Robin also cites, among many other features of indisputable and decisive significance, the visit of Cardinal de Rohan in 1788 to the Synagogue in his good city of Saverne. He lit the synagogue "with a thousand candles" to "thank the Rabbis for the support they had never refused him" during the events of the Affaire du Collier. As well as the "dark practices" to which he had resorted in his frantic, somnambulistic and bloody race to the top

from the throne, the infamous Philippe-Egalité, for whom Rabbi Scheck - held to be the occult commander, the royal pole "of all the Jews" - had fashioned a lapis lazuli pectoral talisman intended to ensure the ultimate accomplishment of his highest designs of dynastic and anti-royalist subversion (there is no royalty except by divine right, any other royalism is criminal and subversive, manipulated and supported by the secret powers of the "unleashing of dead bark").

(245) It is the extraordinary privilege of genius, let's face it, to be able to grasp reality both as it moves and as if from within, and thus promote a second presentation, a *representation* obtained by doubling the first and which will have the advantage of being able to be seen from the inside.
The same ontological value while taking nothing from , without having to inflict on it the slightest diminution of life, without having to take anything from its vital force in action.
Writing about Cagliostro in his fine essay *Les Illuminés*, Gérard de Nerval recounts, in a few mysteriously inspired, dazzling pages, the ceremonial of "female initiation", placed "under the invocation of Isis" and lavishly dispensed in his "Egyptian Temple" in the rue Verte-Saint-Honoré by Laurence Feliciani, wife of Cagliostro. "Madame Cagliostro", Gérard de Nerval called her.

And even if Jean Richer has established that, for all the passages concerning the 'special sessions' of Egyptian magic voluptuously presided over by Madame Cagliostro, Gérard de Nerval borrowed copiously from the *Mémoires authentiques pour servir à l'histoire de Cagliostro* (1785) by La Roche du Maine, Marquis de Luchet, How can we deny the author of Les *Illuminés* the fine merit of having been able to impose on his assemblages the very movement of singular and absolutely fatal madness, that atrocious *madness of the times* whose licentious outpourings he discreetly intends to capture in them the same time as their nocturnal and infernal origins? *What are you, in the end? My poor friend, I am the devil* (Gérard de Nerval, describing the opera *Le Diable Boiteux).*

However, the secret of the Egyptian Temple in the rue Verte-Saint-Honoré - but wasn' it more of an out-of-the-ordinary brothel, a meeting place for magic and oriental specialities - was still a mystery.
- of which the beautiful Madame Cagliostro had proclaimed herself High Priestess, according to the Marquis Luchet, could be summed up in a few words: "*Pleasure is the essential business of this world, this Temple is dedicated to it,"* cried the High Priestess before her followers, plunged in dubious mystical swoons, while avoiding publishing too much that the pleasure in question

was exclusively and fruitfully conceived as a *group pleasure.* Thirty-six grand dames were invited to work with thirty-six "geniuses of truth dressed in white satin and masked in black", and indulged in breathless sex under the watchful eye of Laurence Feliciani.
Madame Cagliostro", herself supported in her exacerbated and exacerbating ardour by the cabinet activities of a certain Chevalier d'Oisemont.

But the Cagliostro household was not only into baroque, magician's putanat for the use of beautiful, languid duchesses, it was also into operative necromancy, and sometimes even very high-level necromancy.

Gérard de Nerval: "His wife, who was very beautiful and of high intelligence, had followed him on all his travels. She presided over this famous supper attended by most of the philosophers of the time, and at which several people who had died recently appeared: according to Cagliostro's system, *there are no dead people.* D'Alembert, Diderot, Voltaire, the Duc de Choiseul, the Abbé de Voisenon and who knows who else came to sit down, although dead, at the places that had been reserved for them, and chatted with the guests, *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis'.*

(246) The false matrimonial consequences of young Laurence Feliciani can, however, sometimes go further than expected: Sometimes, a high-scientific pimp manipulation goes awry along the way, and the High Priestess becomes involved for good with, for example, a happy merchant of the breed of Monsieur Duplessis, a lawyer at the Parliament of Paris, who, at the insistence of the condescending Joseph Balsamo, manages to get the fierce woman off his back and into a confidential hotel all to himself.

However, through the intermediary of the Lieutenant General of Police, de Sartine, who is his aide, Balsamo quickly finds the trail of the irresponsible man and makes him pay, at the price, for his dangerous waywardness.

Jean Robin: "The fugitive was indeed found and imprisoned on 2 February 1773 at Sainte-Pélagie, where thieves and prostitutes were kept. She remained there for four long months, and it seems that this imprisonment aroused in Lorenza a desire for vengeance that would remain latent for a long time, but which would manifest itself at the end of Cagliostro's epic in a "betrayal" whose causes should probably be sought no further. As

Raymond Silva, "it was certainly from this period that, despite appearances, she felt a deep resentment for her husband, which later turned to hatred". In the meantime, the couple, who seemed reconciled, resumed their wanderings as soon as the doors of Sainte-Pélagie opened".

The strange thing. If it was thanks to the double-dealing of Laurence Feliciani, 'turned' by the Roman secret services - by *Vocultissima*, as the high pontifical police was then called - that Joseph Balsamo fell into the masterly trap that was to lead him to the final dungeon of the fortress of San Leo, in the Marches, we can assume that, without Balsamo having intended it or probably even knowing about it, it was this Monsieur Duplessis - the dark revenge of the micheton - who was behind the downfall of the Great Count. It is a disgusting misery of great effects dishonoured by the obstinate and remote fatality of small causes.

(247) Guy Dupré himself is enigmatically obsessed with the figure of Cagliostro, to the point of making some of his schemes - in case, the visionary mirrors prepared by the Grand Cophte, the first gateway to the Necromantic Secret - one of the driving forces behind his latest novel, *Les Marnantes.*

The very frightening passage in *Les Marnantes*, we catch Georges Pompidou secretly consulting the prophetic mirrors of the Servite convent on Mount Senario, near Florence, and not understanding anything when he sees himself there, wearing the Grand Cordon, but with a scarlet, puffy face, on the verge of bursting, as he did in the last year - the last days - of his secret ordeal at the Elysée.

Les *Marnantes:* "Is history made up, in part, of these abortive manoeuvres, these double paternities, of these secret ceremonies and consecrations, of this work adepts aiming to subject the hazards of birth to the mysteries of reversibility?
? Only fragile souls would attribute a dark character to the 'underbelly' of History". And then: "The true lights are underground, just as there is a central fire, just as its burning hands announce to the dreamer the fault for which he will not have to repent ("which will not blacken him"). That's what I kept telling myself in your throat, where I seemed to be churning the white of the sky and the black of the night. The white mingled with the black to create a grey landscape beyond the flesh, where the Mother Lover, the Lost Child and the Unknown Father played at losing themselves and finding themselves again. Defiled mother; lost child
father not recognised; mother lost; father not found: child tainted".

Gérard de Nerval attributed the use of mirrors as part of the Necromantic Secret to the Count of Saint-Germain. Gérard de Nerval, on the Count of Saint-Germain: "He showed Louis XV the fate of his children in a magic mirror, and the king recoiled in terror when he saw the image of the dauphin appear decapitated".

So here I am tonight, dreamily rediscovering my long-running quarrel with Guy Dupré over the antagonistic - some say complementary - missions of the Count of Saint Germain and the Count of Cagliostro.

(248) Each time we are invited to plunge our gaze into the depths of the French Revolution and its *satanic underbelly*, we return, as if gliding, to the obligatory confrontation between the Count of Saint-Germain and Cagliostro.

Gérard de Nerval again: "Saint-Germain and Cagliostro met in Germany in Holstein, and it is said that it was the former who initiated the latter and gave him mystical degrees. At the time he was initiated, he himself noticed the famous mirror used to evoke souls.

Not without a certain amount of astonishment, Gérard de Nerval asserts that it was indeed the Count of Saint-Germain who introduced Cagliostro 'to Holstein', while Jean Robin, who himself, each time using a different namea book to each of these two apparent competitors in the shadows, suggests that both could have been incarnations, successive personifications of the same occult, anti-human principle, devotes a book to each of these two apparent competitors in the shadows, suggesting that both may have been incarnations, successive personifications of the same occult, anti-human principle, of abysmally negative identity, which still acts and will continue to act *until the end.*

If I myself believe that the so-called Count of Cagliostro was nothing more than a temporary personification, for the purposes of high-level operative subversion, of an entirely superhuman 'principle of negation', and that this personification had already been called upon to take place before Cagliostro came along, and that it did not cease to take place again long after his disappearance, *at the* same time, I am very strongly tempted to believe that the Count of Saint-Germain in no way belonged to this abominable line of nocturnal, criminal, abysmally negative personifications. On the contrary: the Count of Saint-Germain seems to me to have been predestined to incarnate the opposite principle, to incarnate himself - different each time and always himself, in a

an occult lineage of high counter-revolutionary sign, founded in fidelity and by that very fact destined, conceived with the aim - the sole aim - of confronting the negative lineage that produced Cagliostro and "his fellows, his brothers".

On the other hand, one has to wonder whether certain traits that are too suspicious, too contradictory to what one would expect from the former confidential agent of Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour, from Marie-Antoinette's 'masked knight', might not rather indicate - in the eyes, I mean, of the true connoisseurs of the battles of the shadows - that he was the 'masked knight' of Marie-Antoinette.
— that false counts of Saint-Germain may have been created to suit the needs of the "people's cause" at the time, for the purposes of diversion and to cover their tracks, as one can well imagine. The personage, for example, who, under the name of *Graf von Saint-Germain und Welldona*, had himself killed on 27 February 1784 at Eckernfoerde, on the Baltic, at the home of Prince Charles of Hesse, seems to me - if I rely above all on the testamentary declarations that he had arranged to leave behind him, or that have been *forcibly attributed to* him - to be absolute opposite of everything we know about his previous secret activities in France and outside France.

Belonging myself to the small number of those who, against all odds, believe that the memoirs of the Countess d'Adhémar are neither false nor post-fabricated, I consider that the high point of the Count de Saint-Germain's occult, metadiplomatic career was his meeting, in the Eglise des Cordéliers, with Marie-Antoinette's envoy - the Countess d'Adhémar - to whom he was to inform of the terrible decree of Divine Providence, which had then decided to allow the forces of the 'dark conspiracy' to prevail - for a very long time, and who knows for what inconceivable purpose?
— on the fighting rearguards of the Principle of Salvation, bound by the motto eternal loyalty to the great Queen, the One Lover, the *coward who leaves them.*

— The current disaster in all our positions, a disaster truth without precedent within this same trans-historical cycle in its entirety, should not make us understand that a moment of irremediable slippage analogous to that which brought about the decapitation of the Monarchy of Divine Right and its most occult double, namely Absolute Love, is today coming to us, analogous but already infinitely lower, even further down the infernal spiral of the end of the cycle and its next supra-historical conclusion, i.e. Absolute Love, is now coming to us, similar but already infinitely lower, even further *down* the infernal spiral of the end of the cycle and its next supra-cataclysmic conclusion, I call the Great Dissolution, the *Mahapralaya?*

— But if that were the case, and the same causes give rise to the same effects, should we not still expect, as if by the doubling of the opposite sign of the same spiral in action, a 'return of the Count of Saint-Germain'? Ready to take his revenge even beyond this ultimate end of history, which the previous time he had not been able to stop from rushing into the abysses that had opened below his subversively diverted march by the same people we have to face today, he would return to *Do what could not be undone, and to undo all that had been Done.*

The enemy is the same, and so are we, and we're still fighting the same battle. What will change now is the *outcome of the battle.*

(249) In *La passion de Jacques Cazotte*, by Jean Richer, Editions Guy Trédaniel, Paris 1988, a perspective, perspectives and, also, elements of the most certain interest concerning the attempt, for once *crowned with success*, by which Madame de la Croix and Jacques Cazotte had succeeded, by exclusively metapsychic and magical means, the talisman of Diabolical Fortune, which the foul Philippe-Egalité had never parted with since the rabbi 'of all the Jews', Dr Falk Scheck, had specially made it for him in London to help him climb the steps to the throne. The moment this lapis lazuli talisman broke on the Regicide's chest, he felt violently ill and fainted: the straight line was opening up before him, which on *6* November 1793 would take him to the Widow's Bran Basket, where he would dishonour his family for last time by rolling his head in it. Some blood stains like shit, more than shit. Son of the Widow, he had himself immolated by the Widow. As early as 13 May 1793, in the greatest secrecy, "a few venerable members of the lodges had declared the Grand Mastership vacant and, it is said, had broken the sword of the failing Grand Master".

This failure, however, and the just shortening of Philippe-Egalité, "of an illustrious throne with a rotten branch", was it not, above all, that of the mysterious Dr Falk Schneck sitting, in those days, in London? And subsequently, in many other places, following the perpetuations of a lineage destined for a destiny as terrifying and unheard-of as the occult ministry of death and curse that was and would be his, a priestly and royal ministry draped in black, unbearably funereal draperies.

(250) These counter-revolutionary considerations revive fearsome reminiscences in me, and manage to stir up deep, dark waters that have long since run dry. Shouldn't the secret of the unremitting and merciless curse that has been hanging over my family since I don't even know exactly when, and that has never stopped *preventing me from being* linked to it? Shouldn't we be looking for it in the works of great black magic undertaken - perhaps in continuation - against us by another Dr Falk - or the same one - living - this time - in this same little town of great mysteries - Charles XII of Sweden had a long clandestine stay there - where we ourselves found refuge, P ++++. One day, will I talk about this town, whose very name conjures up the idea of mysteriosophic occultation, its river bed hiding unthinkable superimpositions? For it may well be that everything came to me from there, without knowing it. Warning.

I remember the muffled legend ran through my family, according to which, until the 1940s, we were involved in some inextinguishable conflict with a Dr Falk, who, according to those in the know, had connections, an underground influence and incredible powers. I seem to have an extraordinarily vague recollection of his house, his gardens, I don't know what alleys whitening in the sun, but that's where my memories end, I'm not going over the bar again. Rhododendrons in bloom, a high awning with windows of an intense, azure blue? A tall, slightly stooped man with a knife-edge face? The vertigo of an irrevocable, hallucinated hatred that has become almost the vestibule of an unavowable religion, as abstract as it is ardent and *sustained*? I was a hunter, I was game, I was an undergrowth splattered with very black blood. Already ignorant of our true identity, *we suffered.* And when we also had to reckon with the dark ramparts of madness, meditative self-mutilations even more execrable than very work of darkness brought about, for our benefit, by the singular operations of Dr Falk cleverly hidden behind a certain high carrion dump, on the right, at the very entrance to the Trivalle. Sometimes I find myself dreaming about it, and I faint with horror. Even today. On these shores, the weather doesn't matter. The cisterns of Pontic hatred are inexhaustible, and their necromantic perpetua- tions feed the buried stump, the Falkian bushes of those of the Pact with the Great Outsiders.

I've been there.

(251) As for the book that Jean Robin - alias Jean Villiers - has just so happily devoted to Cagliostro, the 'Prophet of the Revolution', it smells of faggots, or rather, it's already suffocating. Jean Robin, who wrote,

on René Guénon, works of great authority and perfect fidelity, *René Guénon, témoin de la Tradition,* and *René Guénon, la dernière chance de l'Occident,* will finally attack René Guénon himself, by recalling some of the errors of youth. René Guénon will be dragged back to his old metapsychic hideout in the Rue des Canettes, his dubious satanic disguises, and rediscovered, as if through forgotten, spectral channels, the states of his first subjection to the 'Serpent Nahash' ('ô antique serpent, Nahash', René Guénon once cried in *Aspects de Satan,* and 'Jean Villiers' will hasten to recall it at the most opportune moment).

It's as if, by some derisive strategy in service of an anti-Roman attack that is both masked and strangely self-deprecating at the same time, 'Jean Villiers' had chosen to present - and amply support - the most unconditional set of fundamentalist and counter-revolutionary Roman positions on this disgusting subject, as if they could also have been his own, or even to illuminate *a giorno* - the most unconditional set of fundamentalist and counter-revolutionary Roman positions on this disgusting 'Cagliostro affair', decided again and again 'at cutting edge of current affairs'.

"Jean Villiers" violently takes the opposite side from Jean Robin, from the whole of the Guénonian orthodoxy represented by the latter. The same person is therefore defending with the same partisan resentment - but free nonetheless - two absolutely opposed activist metahistorical theses. Where are we going with this?

In this disturbing case of inversion and counter-inversion, what is *the ultimate message* from Jean Villiers? And, behind 'Jean Villiers', what is *the ultimate purpose* of Jean Robin?

Be careful there. It's all about reversal and counter-reversal, provocation, invisible undermining and, in the end, a petition for ritual murder: To penetrate subversively, to pretend to assume, in their entirety, positions totally opposed to one's own, secretly holding on to one's own positions, in fact unchanged, is also a great magical operation of "devouring from within", taking up the school of Luc Gauric (1476 - 1558), and his "scarlet fever". An operation of self-annihilation through the vital discredit attached to the poisoned and poisonous lie of the totally feigned thing, and feigned precisely, in this magical design of weakening and destruction, of ontological dishonour so that at the instigation of the shadow the prey prostitutes itself, and loses itself in its place.

Does "Jean Villiers" win the whole game? No, he only came close, disconcerted as he was, at the last moment, by the *resistance of the materials.*

So, who, Jean Villiers or Jean Robin? Neither. Or , if you can muster the courage, the adventurous propensity for waging immutable battles after the end of everything. I do, of course, have this courage. I'm taking, or this case I'll have the whole package taken, we need it. I need everything, I'm fourth gear. So how favourable is the tendency towards isolation to me now that I intend, with the tiny group of my people still here, to exacerbate in a very paroxysmal way the dialectical process of the mental assignment of these incendiary claies into a single field of subversive relevance! And then, what could be easier than for us to blow on the fire? Hand in hand, 'Jean Villiers' and Jean Robin sleepwalk towards the unquenchable heart of the inferno. I see them, I follow close behind. As if we really had nothing else to do.

(252) Some time ago, in these notebooks, I quoted from memory Gérard de Nerval's presuppositions about final, 'Aurelian' identification of the 'nun' and the 'woman'. "actress'.

This text is terrible. I copy it from the Pléiade: "I had planned to take Aurélie to the château, near Orry, on the same green square where I had first seen Adrienne. She showed no emotion. So I told her everything; I told her the source of this love glimpsed in the night, dreamt of later, realised in her. She listened seriously and said:
"You don't like me! You expect me to say: 'The actress is the same as the nun'; you're looking for a drama, that's all, and the outcome escapes you. Come on, I don't believe you any more. "(in *Sylvie, Souvenirs du Valois,* episode XIII, *Aurélie).*

I'd give anything to know whether anyone in France today is really in a position to understand the occult and philosophical significance of this fundamental text.

Gérard de Nerval died in January 1855. Less than a century later, the work of the Odinian hanged man in the snowy Rue de la Vieille Lanterne was recognised as belonging by right to France's most fundamentalist spiritual and cultural heritage, and his literature and his very life were the subject of an as yet incomplete process of colonial approval on the part of the proponents of the "French Revolution".

mythological world of French literature, where we catch both the university in its musty juices and the young werewolves of the last living forces at work. man Albert Béguin called the chosen one of a *high destiny* would seem to have turned them all upside down, dazzled them all in their poor darkness.

And yet, to this day, no one really wanted to understand that all Gérard de Nerval's writings - or at least all his great literature - are encrypted testimonies - "activity reports" - of a certain philosophical knowledge in action. A philosophical knowledge that is as special as it is dangerous, ancient and forbidden, coming from the timeless mists of time and moving, uninterrupted, towards the supra-historical conclusion of that of which it never ceases to execute the most current, the most immediately historical provisions. In this respect, it is not unimportant to know that Gérard de Nerval worked for a long time as a confidential agent of the Paris Foreign Office, in Europe and in the Echelles du Lavant. All secret agents, whatever their camp, share in the special light of the Absolute Agent. Every secret agent is mobilised, wherever he acts by Absolute Action.

The entire galaxy relating to the somewhat autobiographical mystery of his Daughters of Fire - Sylvie, Pandora, Aurélia, Adrienne and Aurélie - will in fact bring together abysmally encrypted testimonies of a great experience engaged in the Tantric Spiral, an experience whose conclusion, rue de la Vieille Lanterne *sous le neige*, exhibiting all the appearances of a dark and tragic failure, in fact calls for the transcendental passage of the ritual hanging of Odin and undoubtedly represents the summit figure, though veiled - "the night will be black and white" - of the "philosophical crowning" of those who are finally allowed to ascend, turning slowly on themselves, through the Chimney of the Middle of Heaven.

Climb, I mean, towards the Big Dipper, climb towards the Pole Star, *climb back up there*.

(253) I slept all afternoon, carried far into the dark by a train of enigmatic dreams, basically Italian, with protected meanings, but at the same time *easy to guess.* I woke up exhausted, really at the *end of my tether.* It so happened that I had arrived in Rome, invited, received, 'taken in hand' by a group of high-class Italian and German pimps, with exceptional material resources - which they placed at my disposal - and whose involuntary display was, as it were, over-qualified by a bias of

luxury of the highest order, a luxury that is silent, hushed and restrained (but nonetheless "splattered with blood").

In the evening, I had an intimate, personalised dinner in one of the lounges of the palace where I was staying. I found myself seated next to a young woman with her breasts exposed, one yellow and the other green, a *verde avocado.* Her lipstick was dark, almost black carmine. From the outset, she warns me: "I've been paid, royally paid, to be at your disposal, if you like me, for the duration of your stay here". Intrigued and even a little moved, I asked her: "But let me ask you, who are you really? Signalling me not to insist, to keep quiet, she stealthily slipped me a piece of paper under the table on which, I immediately realised, she had written her name. Could it be? "Galla Placidia'. I can still see her handwriting in violet ink, childish, but determined, heroic and winged.

It was then that, in my dream itself, certain waves, certain clues, like hieroglyphs in the making, made me realise that *things weren't quite so simple,* that this party, licentious and also, despite everything, the most interloping, was splitting into two spectrally, opening up into darkness with scarlet holes, filled with the muffled sound weapons, whispers and furniture being moved in the dark. "Galla Placidia added
As you can see, we are in danger of a Victorian precession. I hope very much that you will be able to understand this prophecy, my last prophecy and, if you like, what can now also be passed off as the Last Prophecy". So I replied: "But what prophecy are you talking about? No prophecy, you haven't given me any prophecy".
"Galla Placidia: "Ah, do you believe it? Is that how you see it? No prophecy, really? Just a few moments ago, wasn't there? Nothing?"

Then everything was lost in a kind of blackness cut as if by a dazzling light. From this dream, I also retained the certainty, the obscure certainty that a detail of posture held an unsuspected importance, singularly decisive for the subsequent understanding of the whole: "Galla Placidia" was at the table, barefoot, having come without shoes to our great dinner that night.

(254) While I was caught up in the gloomy jurisdictions of this dream, no, not at all. But later, when I remembered it, once I'd woken up, I immediately knew that there had been something of the special atmosphere of so many of my Roman nights spent in the codified space of the *Daponte Blu,* corso

Vittorio Emmanuelle. Barefoot under the table of the equivocal but beautiful "Galla Placidia"? It had to be, because under the table we were standing on an antique marble floor, numbered in Latin letters, and the Pythogorician at my disposal was manipulating the numerology and magical emanations by placing - for my sole intention - one or other of her bare feet above the number she needed me intercept and remember, in the precise order in which she had been instructed to proceed.

And it was in this way that I found the ancient and secret key to the numbering that I myself have been asked to use in the internal layout of this book, by which I mean *Le Gué des Louves.*

# Victoria Palace Hotel

*- I'd love to know how they knew we were coming back.*
*- It was all planned that way," replied Maggie.*

JOHN COYNE, *THE LECACY.*

(225) Events discreetly take up the encrypted message of the dreams, turning them into warning signs and provocations, hollow marks for those who return.

Bare feet under the table, begging for the secret Pythagorean numbers on the tiles, the inspired mission of the night passenger back at *Daponte Blu.* Bare feet, bare legs. The sky of the last dawn.

When, last November, Barbara Sukowa sang recitative part of Arnold Schonberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* at 1 Auditorium du Louvre, she appeared barefoot on stage, tense, plunged into a second state, entirely given over to the inner fires of a supra-human inspiration, coming from elsewhere, mysteriosophic and hallucinated, archaic. The terrifying cosmic wound, that night, of her bare feet, her naked body under the Pyramid of the Louvre. The radiance.

At the top of Horia Damian's Pythagorean Columns, these capitals bursting into tight swarms - still, after all, the mental bees of Magna Graecia - of bare elements, stripped bare, arranged and numbered so that they signify the unspeakable in action, rediscover, I believe, the number-logical mediation and ancient paths of Pythagorean transmission of pre-ontological mysteries unbearable to human speech and consciousness, deadly and devastating.

Thus, through the Pythagorean Columns of Horia Damian, which in themselves already constitute a de facto conspiracy, the state of the Anterior Principles, archaic and divine, is clandestinely opened in this world the

of its new conventions. Fearsome signs are once again appearing in this world, and no one knows how to intercept the message. But isn't it always later than we'd like? And all these burning forests come from numbers.

And the same numerological transmission having been called upon to found, in Paris in the thirties, the initial organisation of the Polar Group, mediumistically directed from India and even from much further afield.

The Pythagorean hermit of Bagnaia, sent by the Anterior Principles to reopen, in Europe, through the Polar Group, the occult passage of the ancient sunken causeway of Atlantis, whose numbered slabs established the controlled itinerary of those who went out of this world and returned.

And above all these numerologies of apocalyptic advent, the immobile, barefoot dance of Barbara Sukowa with her flamboyant hair, Kâli the Red, an auroral doubling of Kali the Black and her darkness, which will burst into flames.

They don't know what's in store for them, we've just pulled off our final coup, those of us from the abysses of the new *Glazialkosmogony.*

(256) The heavymidnight-blue velvet curtain with its golden oak-leaf braid, drawn the bay window, which I catch rustling in the light dawn breeze, not knowing whether I've woken up or whether I'm still dreaming.

She screamed all night and died dawn. The forest, the sands, the ocean.

(257) Seven of them, one after the other, clandestinely returned to this world. Through the Wolf's Ford, so that as soon as they had completed their missions, they could return to the inconceivable place of polar temperatures and supreme sunshine from which they had come. To leave again, they will take the Gué des Louves, but in the opposite direction.

There are seven of them, or rather six plus one, because one of them, "the traveller", will no longer be going back there: illegally installed in this world, she will, through herself, make the other world immanent to this world, and thus ensure that the Great Times return, the soteriological times of our *Imperium Magnum.*

What were the seven clandestine envoys from the Land of the Heights who, in order to enter this world, passed through the Ford of the Wolves?

A mystical denouncer in the service of a new religion of love and, in the end, myself turned inside out, annihilated and bargained for, *brought into disrepute* by my own victims, delivered up without repentance or truce so that they disappear immediately afterwards and nothing is ever done, that by some insurmountable cosmic interdict nothing can ever reach the conclusion of the nuptial datum in progress, present there in flesh and breath, alive, but at the same time fading away, suspended and deported from this world by the very movement of its advent, between the white scarf of her who, ascending to Houilles Carrières, mysterious goddess having taken on the allure, appearance and astral radiance of a young woman from the 'ancient kingdom of Arles', had enabled me, in the space of a sparkling dream, to open the hunt, and indigo scarf, the scarf in the sacred colours of the Messenger of the Gods worn by the silent passenger on the road to Geneva, and this one already caught, almost caught and yet escaping me at the last moment, did I not note and record, here in this diary, the passage through this world, one after the other and all clandestine, of those who make up the whole liturgical chain of unlooked-for comings to me, from other world, via the Gué des Louves, namely : the passage, then, of the one, perhaps a child prostitute, and yet so extraordinarily limpid, in the summer of 1961, in Granada; and the passage, too, of the one who was suddenly lost, burnt, in the fields of wheat whitening like liquid gold, somewhere near Melun; or the appearance, later, of the one on the ascent to Cabourg, the most powerful, the most advanced and, by that very fact, doubtless also the most dangerous of all, but from whom I had nonetheless been able to learn
— or, before all the others, the one I had legendarily called "Laure for eternity", found - or rather rediscovered - at the Café de Flore and lost under the philosophical skies where Thebes never ceases to oppose Memphis; to conclude, precisely, with the one about the rendezvous, given in a dream, for noon at the Place de l'Opéra in Paris, the darkest summer of my life. A rendezvous signified in the depths of the dream, and dragging sadness from beyond the grave, which I didn't go to. Why didn't I go? Will I ever know?

The spectral light, resigned bitterness, secretly funereal, reigning in the dream in which I had been given, without too much conviction - and how weary she had seemed to me then, so distant, detached from everything and even from her, from me

— the rendezvous on *7* July at noon on the Place de l'Opéra, the necromantic atmosphere of this dream that we were trying hard to hide, but not too hard, the slight spiritual nausea too, and this premonitory anguish that I felt while at the same time feeling, because of it, infinitely ashamed, was this in fact the real reason, the ultimate reason for my inexplicable conspiratorial lapse that day? I wouldn't swear to it, no, I still wouldn't swear to it. Behind these obscure metapsychic impediments, wasn't there, above all, something else, and what was it?

And, at the end of the day, this question, more terrible than anything else, haunting, merciless: was it really on 7 July 1985 that the chain of passers-by intercepted by the Gué des Louves was interrupted, was it really at that moment that I myself, through a fault, interrupted the chain, and irremediably so?

But has the chain of travellers been interrupted in this way, or has it, on the contrary, been brought to its most occult conclusion, opened up towards the supremely unforeseeable, towards the inconceivable and *towards the even more encrypted?*

Seventh and by the same token, last in the series of clandestine astral women passing through the Gué des Louves, the one I did not meet on 7 July, and whose passage counts at the same time as it does not count as a passage under the sign of the passage of the others because I did not go to this rendezvous I did not meet her, this appointment having been given to me only in a dream, and this dream seeming to me uncertain, and I would even say *insecure*, concealing who knows what perils and what dismal trap, the seventh and last, I say, has she not left the *way clear* before her for whoever comes to engage in it later, at the time really intended for this passage to take place in a soul and a body?

Isn't a passageway kept available at the Gué des Louves, the predestined passageway of the "midday traveller", the Méridienne, whom some people expect to see at the place foretold by a certain small, insignificant stream that has become underground and disappeared, somewhere in the gardens of Versailles, behind the Queen's Hamlet, under the old flowerbeds that have now been stripped of ornamental flowers? And so everything is turned upside down again, *towards something even more cryptic*, and the only thing that remains certain is the unforeseeable and its clear face still shining in the shelter of the other world. And there, a word emerges, by reverberation, from where nothing has yet come:

*O innocent traveller in the middle of the day,*
*semiotics that fade away in the very heart of*
*the dream, wave after wave of this high,*
*reddish light, giver of sparkling swarms.*

(258) The enumeration, however, of all these mysterious and beautiful passers-by, which animates, inflames and nourishes the Gué des Louves, which maintains its inspired and fruitful permanence, and defines the succession of its constantly fading apparitions, the enumeration, I say, of this troubling *semiology which fades away at the very heart of the dream,* can also be said in a mode where, struck down, the succession of lovers lost as soon as they were approached becomes the very reality of what indefinitely constitutes its unique symbol, namely niche CXLIX in the Almudena cemetery in Madrid, and what it will have contained before it is disqualified and its contents, as had been secretly foreseen, taken to the Common Grave.

Someone, then - could it be myself, writing it, or someone else, and probably no one at all - someone, I say, found himself writing, from Paris, on 11 September 1992, to a stranger he'd met *on the paths of Quéribus,* those dreadful things that follow, the scream shredding the lungs, and the heart, and liver, and the eyes, and the mouth with its broken lips, who silently rewrote it to himself in the frosty afterbirth of this writing that was so difficult to escape from the dead - mortuary - darkness of the afterbirth of his own nothingness unlocked towards the inner precipices of the great nothingness, towards the deciphered precipices of who will never again be able to call himself 'myself', or anything else, for ever.

How can we believe it, when the fate of this world is entirely consigned in the following letter:

Dear Madam,

it so happens , following a recent move, a rather strange box appeared - or reappeared - containing, among other things, correspondence sent to me by Editons de La Maisnie in the second half of 1990.

Recovering in this way what had been lost for a while, I also found your letter from Almeria, dated August 1990, a letter to which I can in no way fail to reply, whatever the delay - or rather the impediment - may in fact have been

~ which had been very significantly imposed on us, and whose unavowable mission we might suspect, supported in its task by who knows what train of outbursts of Dead Bark, of Klippoth coming from the depths of the ditches of death, but, in the end, as we can see, powerless to forbid what once again could no longer be forbidden.

The explanation for the fact that you were unable to find anything in Almudena cemetery in Madrid lies, I believe, in the dramatic and pitiful assumption that the perpetual plot you were following may have been renegotiated in the meantime, extended to ten years and the remains in niche CXLIX subsequently removed to the Common Grave. This is, of course, if we resign ourselves to the level of the most immediately graspable and conventional part of reality, when *there* are also other levels of approach to the events that must have secretly taken place there, and even a very ultimate level, occult and much more than occult, of a transcendental and glorious order, liberating, suprahuman and, in the end, divine and undoubtedly divinising for those who manage to cross the initiatory prohibitions.

In any case, the final explanation for the fact that you no longer had anything to find of what had been there for a time in the Almudena cemetery in Madrid, an explanation that I owe to you insofar as you were mysteriously invited to inaugurate what I might call the cosmic journey of the Secret Pilgrimage Almudena, seems to me to be, in four parts, as follows:

— The world that is now ours finds itself apocalyptically in the absolute imminence of an end that will have to be, as all of us who are part of it already know, either the *result* an abysmal, inexhaustible failure worked entirely in the darkness of darkness, or else of a total, unprecedented, irrevocable and resplendent victory for the powers of life, survival and more than life in the sole obedience of the Queen of Heaven, the *Fulgens Corona.*

~ The living and active mystery destined to decide, in itself, the meaning of the end of this world - total failure or total victory - had to experience, in its inner becoming, a fundamental First Station, a first passionate incarnation, a first sacrificial and probationary, crucifying existence, which dramatically ended in niche CXLIX of the Almudena cemetery in Madrid.

- But now, the philosophical times of the First Station are over, and we must expect other times to come, *other times* that may already be here, times of salvation and restoration.

eschatological, leading to the Last Station, to the Supreme nuptial mystery of the Last Incarnation.

— Now that the terrible crucifying mystery of the First Station has ended up in niche CXLIX of the Almudena cemetery in Madrid, what is the predestined cosmic location for emergence of the Last Station, the "mystery hidden since the beginning of the world", and what will be, *what is*, the Last Incarnation?

(I must perilously leave a written trace of this here, as I can testify that a certified copy of the previous letter has been deposited in Versailles, in the ultra-secret archives clandestinely kept at a great charitable institution still in operation, by the Confrérie de la Salvation Prohibée, which, in other times, had already done mine and myself a great service. We all fear it, trembling, the Brotherhood of Prohibited Salvation, we, those of the *Final Tragedy* of Love.

It was also planned that, when the Chapel of the Chancellor of the Roses next built on the site, at the end of the park, the exact copy of this letter of divine credence would be bricked into the reinforced, solid, impregnable masonry of the altar, and also that the envelope of this letter would bear the following dedication: *For the one who engineered it all, Thérèse Martin la Chancelière des Roses).*

(259) So the time for writing has finally passed, and so has the season of passion for the novel. All hope of love will henceforth be in vain, and destined to annihilate itself as soon as it is awakened. Once again, we find before us the fateful hour of direct action, and it is an immaculate conception.

Has love, then, failed us, mean the last love, the greatest love that existed in this world and in the next, and even within the Holy Trinity, nuptially turned towards Mary? There is a dreadful secret there, and it does not belong to me, and everything will come to us from now on will only take place under the tumultuous sky, the sky of darkness and unheard-of conflagrations, which is the sky of the final tragedy love.

So *forget about* .

For the rest of us, there is left but direct revolutionary action, the immensely subversive counter-strategies of the *Regnum Sanctum.*

But, for the moment, everything will still be happening in the shadows, shadows so dark that *we'll see the North Star at midday*.

On the other hand, I don't see how I could have spared myself - since it come to this - from quoting here the last part of the combat article I just sent to Robert Steuckers, asking him to publish it in the next issue of *Vouloir*, October 1992. Article entitled *Pierre Drieu la Rochelle, and our greatest battles to come*.

At the very moment when the world and its current history are hurtling towards their vertiginous apocalyptic conclusion, everything I have to say and establish in force, organisationally, on behalf of all our people, is defined in terms of direct and final counter-strategy.

From this article, which is much more than an article, I will quote the following fragments:

"Just as at the beginning of the great historical cycle currently in the process of final resorption and self-extinction, when, at the time of the fundamental hyperborean transmigrations from their supratemporal polar focus, the dogmatic irrationality of the original supranational consciousness, holder of a unique, indivisible power, made history on its own by defining it in terms of direct investment of the space immediately opening up to its visionary power, the same absolute power is going to fall, today, at the ultimate end of the same cycle, already over or on the way being over, to the final geopolitical vision of who is going to have to master against the current and define ahead of time the history to come, the "new history of the world", following the only lines of force dogmatic irrationality dictating once again the law of its own depths, of its own rediscovered original foundations.

As I recently wrote to comrade Robert Steuckers, the time for decisive conclusions is approaching, and we ourselves will have to do everything that needs to be done, everything we have to do.

The path that we must follow to the end has already been mapped out for us. We are the body of ideological affirmation and ontological protection of an *absolute concept*, emanating directly from the Base.

And I'll say it again and again:

— The final domination of the world will be achieved by those who succeed in imposing their own ideological definition of the meaning of world history as a definition that is both total and final.

— So, at the present time, it is the geopolitical concept of the "final battle" of the *Endkampf* which, by inflicting on it the secret convergence of its own line of march, its own magnetic lines of force and its own polar attraction towards the Fourth Empire, the "Last Empire", is turning current world history into a gigantic whirlpool in search of its final definition. It remains understood that, for us, the Fourth Empire, the "Last Empire", can only be, from now on, the Eurasian Empire of the End.

— Now, all those who need to know this are already certain that the definition of world history at its current end, the definition that will deliver the hidden key to ultimate and total metahistorical power, can only emerge from the geopolitical bodies currently being mobilised in the shadows by our own *Groupement d'Acton et de Recherches Géopolitiques Avancées.*

*Organisations*

Emanating from the grassroots through the channels of dogmatic irrationality, a new imperial geopolitical consciousness of the Great Eurasian Continent and hence of Greater Europe has been born, or is in the process of being born at this very moment. This consciousness is itself out of reach, but the demands of the moment are all directed towards the extremely urgent creation an ontological structure capable of receiving and doctrinally installing the counter-strategic corps of combatants destined to take offensive responsibility for the meaning of the new European history of the world and the new establishments of power which must assume the forward march of this history which has not yet begun and, as far as we are concerned, the fact of our own passage into action.

Let us assume, then, that for the moment and within the fairly narrow limits of what can already be said, this first ontological structure required by the transition to history, by the transition to direct action of the new imperial consciousness emerging in Greater Europe, would be precisely what is currently making itself known in the form of our *Groupement d'Action et de Recherches Géopolitiques Avancées.*

It should also be noted that, organisationally, the *Groupement d'Action et de Recherches Géopolitiques Avancées* already has a number of operational structures for development and active coverage, including *the Institut Français pour la Géopolitique du Sud-Est Européen, the Institut Français pour la Géopolitique de la Méditerranée, the Groupement de Recherches Géopolitiques pour la plus*

*Greater India* and, based in Moscow under the direction of the Dugin Mission, *the Russian Geopolitical Institute for the Eurasia-Pacific Axis.* Because of the internal tensions caused by hard-line terrorist line taken by the Sendero Luminoso, we have had to postpone setting up of *the V French Institute for Andean Geopolitics* in Lima, despite the particular importance that we feel it should in any case be recognised, in terms transcendental geopolitics, to the very places where the remnants of the imperial establishments at the end of the previous cycle, now entrusted to the sole guardianship of the Pleiades, still secretly radiate from the highest heights. The Horbigerian legacy in the Andes is still in the shadows. Is this a sign
? And a sign of what other impediment or imminence?

On the other hand, *Atlantis Institute for Special Metastrategic Research* (IRMSA) is already up and running in Lausanne, as is the active presence of the *Hohenstaufen Memorial* in Palermo. The latter will shine brightly.

With its own revolutionary powers of being and change, the visionary consciousness of the near and more distant future of Greater Europe and its imperial Eurasian destinies is already moving ever closer to immediate history, and this approach is itself already increasingly organisational in the deepest, fractal and cosmogonic sense of the term. So history is preparing to meet us halfway. Does the organisational interpellation of history change its course? However, I don't think it's really necessary at this stage to dwell on the organisational backgrounds of our *Groupement d'Action et de Recherches Géopolitiques Avancées,* which we don't have to draw up an exhaustive grid or give an overall definition of here and now: all we're doing is providing a somewhat revealing overview of our organisational investments which are already in action, or which will soon be. In this way, dogmatic irrationality becomes revolutionary organisation.

On the other hand, we will have to set up an initial geopolitical consultative assembly on the grand-continent, which will bring together representatives of all the significant countries or regions of the Eurasian Continent, from Japan to Iceland, with a view to the subsequent actions we can already envisage in their major lines, a provisional grand-continental government called upon to emerge thereafter. As well as a President for life of

the Imperial Entity of the End, elected in a manner identical to that which still decides the Roman Devolution, and possessing the full ontological powers belonging to the state of his secret imperial predestination, but which will manifest itself in due course, *signo dato omnes se erigunt.* A President for life of the Imperial Eurasian Entity of the End elevated dogmatic irrationality to the state and titles of an absolute concept, and this "absolute concept" being itself, then, only the last state of dogmatic irrationality.

(260) Spiritual work takes an extraordinarily long time to follow; the space of a lifetime is enough for a glimpse to emerge of what was very secretly set in motion at the time of the first veiled, fatal illuminations.

Just as the last part of the night is the darkest, as the years go by, the long years of life served, the path becomes more and difficult, so that in the end it becomes impossible to follow, unbearable in the very secret of its march, made, under the sly and blind chaos of its own rockslides, of a disposition to slow down and stop, of an intolerable loss of breath and consciousness, seeming then as if it were mysteriously interrupted and the pact of the original oath annulled. And it is the test of abandonment that is the most qualifying, the only one.

At the hour of completion, very close to its ultimate end, the path will suddenly appear as nothing more than the prohibition of the path, and it is this prohibition which, in itself, will then constitute the path: nevertheless, it will be necessary to know how to go forward still, and even to renounce the path, to forget everything, to abandon everything, so that in the powerlessness and in horror this renunciation itself carries forward and continues lead. Far from signifying the supreme spiritual betrayal of the one called to the path, the final abandonment of the path will therefore sometimes appear as the very act of supreme fidelity to the One Principle and its Inconceivable Purpose.

For every great path, and great indeed, corresponds to an occult providential design, serving a cosmic action that is unintelligible to those who are on the path in progress and who will not know about it until the planned path has reached its end and completed, and more often than not the secret will remain intact even beyond the end of the path, beyond salvation, beyond the "last heaven".

(261) Since last summer, I've been slowly sinking into the waking nightmare of my breathing difficulties, which now seem to be becoming a permanent, increasingly unbearable summer.

All the time I feel suffocated. The terrible anguish of the breath stopping, the chest convulsing and petrifying, no longer responding to the call of the missing breath.

But the hidden, misleading root of these breathlessnesses in me is exclusively spiritual, ecstatic. This interrupted breathing, a *sign of passing.*

Some "special instructions" produced by the Confrérie de Versailles - I'm talking about the Confrérie de la Salvation Prohibée - state that, in the final stage - the very last stage - of the ascent towards deliverance, towards total liberation in life, states known only to the greatest spirituals, and also to certain superior initiates, a sign of very occult and very hard excellence always announces, and declares from the outset, the ardent imminence of the hour of all salvific recoveries, the secret solstice hour of the reversal, of the cosmic exchange of being and non-being. This sign is the regency of a mysterious difficulty in breathing, bordering on suffocation and its spasms as we approach the ecstatic straits of escape towards the "other world", towards the recovered eternity of our own principial, dogmatic identity, before the first separation from ourselves.

With my chest on the verge of breaking in the spasmodic grip spiritual suffocation, make my way through the streets of this splendid Parisian autumn, the air of which burns and blinds like an invisible vigil fire.

(262) It is more or less known in Carmel that, towards the end of the last century, the superior of an Italian convent was singularly disturbed by a dream of prophetic annunciation of the strangest kind. A young Carmelite nun, unknown to her, had appeared to her in this dream, who had told her, in a forceful, insistent way, as if it had been a matter of something of extraordinary theological and providential importance, that after her death - the death of the unknown young Carmelite nun - there would be nothing left of her, of her body, that everything about her would turn to dust and be lost without trace.

Many years later, however, the superior of the Italian convent, questioned in a dream by the unknown young Carmelite nun, was led to recognise, in a photo that had mysteriously reached her, that the person who had told her, while she was still alive, of the total dissolution of her human body, was Thérèse Martin, a resident of the Carmelite convent in Lisieux and a future saint, and what a saint she was. At the same time, Pius X, who was looking at a collective photo of the Carmelite convent in Lisieux, said, remarking on Thérèse Martin: "She will perhaps be the greatest saint of our Church".

Today we know that the young body of the Saint of Lisieux, perhaps indeed, as Saint Pius X saw it, the greatest saint in the history of the Church, has entirely fallen to dust and disappeared, that *nothing remains* of it except her long blonde hair, which had been cut off when she entered Carmel. Nothing remained, as if another body were waiting for her somewhere else, or as if her body had already been reconstituted, gloriously, somewhere else, and yet the same body, the same flesh. The same body filled with the same breath of life, the same living flesh.

Could the dream of the superior challenged by Thérèse Martin also be related, as a sort of prophetic relay, to the disappearance of the poor remains entrusted, for a time, to niche CXLIX of the Almudena cemetery in Madrid? this *disappearance* itself initiating the work in action of a mystery that some know to be of unheard-of dimensions, divine and cosmic, personally and in the most direct way apocalyptic, and whose deciphering would be identical, in a way the same as that of the disappearance of the remains of Thérèse of Lisieux? These great secrets of death are great secrets of life.

(263) A flame of secret prophetic instruction passes from dream to dream, belonging to no one, disappearing and returning, reappearing, sometimes circulating for centuries, waiting for the hour to dawn when it will finally reach its true target, unintelligible to all those who had not intercepted it, It is unintelligible to all those who have not previously intercepted it in the depths of their being, whose lives it has disturbed, whose inner darkness it has fleetingly illuminated, whose providential destiny it perhaps given birth to other flames, and who never leave its safe haven, the shelter of dreams.

So the dream I had myself, at the *Victoria Palace Hotel,* rue Biaise Desgoffe, Paris, at dawn on 14 September 1992, the liturgical feast of the Holy Cross, of *the Elevation of the Holy Cross,* also seems to me to belong to the special level of dreams with a secret ministry of changing life and the world, a dual mission of spiritual, prophetic annunciation and implementation which, whatever the cost, will one day have to be completely fulfilled, a day that no one can know or even foresee but which, in this case, and whatever it may be, seems to me to already here.

On a cold day, but sunny to the point of glare, series of perhaps seven military hospital beds, and myself, I seem to remember, in the

Five of these beds with immaculate white sheets, under thin khaki covers folded to the right.

this row of beds, a row of trees, one per bed; trees in a way rendered abstract by the stripping, shaken to the very top where they had been left as a quivering crown of green, metallic leaves, the light green of lemon tree leaves in winter.

A long, sacred tremor then took place in the air, or magic, and the tree facing my bed was lifted off its heels, fell onto my bed, and the iron upright held it suspended like a bowsprit, preventing it from touching the ground but touching me myself in my bed, thus designating me to the choice of darkness, to choice of death, to the sentence of death.

The dream of the felled tree is always and everywhere a dream of death, and I knew - I understood immediately - that in this case it was my own death that had just been announced to me in this way.

It was then that Aurore Cornéa appeared from who knows where; who, with a gesture of astonishing surety and calm, of magic science, set about straightening the tree that had been felled above my bed and which, by touching me, was pointing me out to the funeral election whose terror was paralysing me, At the same time, it encircled him, imposing a cordon on him, a magic *cingulum* at just the right height, with a double row of red peppers surmounted by a beautiful white onion, peppers of a deep red, fiery and alive, wild and victorious, an onion of a super-powerful white, immaculate, radiant, virginal and glorious, indomitable. Then a high flapping of wings was heard in the air, above me lying in my immaculate military bed, an angelic flapping of wings, infinitely joyful, surrounding a very young voice, of dizzying clarity, of terrifying innocence, and which cried out *that only she could still save him, only she had saved him, and he, now, would save the Crown and the Reign.* And the flapping of their wings went on and on, exalted by a celestial joy.

(264) Like all dogmatic dreams, this one - and the very fact that it came to me at the *Victoria Palace Hotel* seems to me significant, the bearer of an over-activated fire - is philosophically translatable, all its inner components

responding to a coherent and active semiology, and the Final integration of all its inner components leading to a unitary eschatological concept, namely the Western concept of the "hidden saviour" awakened to his own powers by the nuptial intervention of the great Veiled Goddess, by the envoy of Mary in whom Mary secretly stands.

- The felled tree, figure of the Axis *Mundi*. Felled, the Axis *Mundi* tree heralds a catastrophe of comic proportions, the very advent of the Great Dissolution of a final cycle of cycles, what Hindu tradition calls the *Mahapralaya*.

- The hospital bed with its immaculate sheets, symbol of superior, sovereign non-action, of the immobile and absolutely polar centre of the world, of time and of worlds. And myself in my bed, and the Axis *Mundi* tree falling on the very place of my polar station, thus designating me as the culprit, at the same time as the predestined witness and the expiatory victim, crucified and quartered at the occult centre of the cosmos and its constitutional galaxies, but, at the same time, salvific victim and secretly salvific agent *in principium*, guilty, nevertheless, and fundamental culprit of the immense cosmic catastrophe in the process of completion, whose course I am at the same time required to govern, and of which I am the Hidden Regent, now reduced to powerlessness, to the great oblivion of myself and of everything.

— The providential intervention, in this dream, of Aurora Kornea, representing the saving, revolutionary action of the great Veiled Goddess, Isis, Mary, Sophia Ultima, the Chancellor of the Roses, will nevertheless reverse the situation, straighten out the Axis *Mundi* brought down by the "winds of the abysses before": the "red peppers", the "white onion" certifying, in terms of high philosopher's art, the completion of the salvific regimes of the Ardent Work, its resurrectional accomplishment and its life-giving fruitions on the Axis *Mundi* brought back to its former royal station, "before the fatal inclination of the World Tree".

— On the other hand, I have to confess that, for the moment, I don't quite grasp the full meaning of the message conveyed by the adamantine cry emerging from the vertigo of angelic wingbeats.

What I mean is that while the primary meaning of this cry from the depths of heaven seems perfectly obvious to me in any case, I cannot yet understand its secondary meaning, its premonitory message or its commandment.

It's a dream that I've had in the *Victoria Palace Hotel*, a dream that concerned me personally.

Where will it come from, then, and if it really must, the answer that enlightens and liberates, the answer that revives? With great hidden gentleness, I'm starting a special path of attention, a new trail of discovery.

(265) Can the novel have an end, by which I mean the 'great novel'? And, first of all, what is the 'great novel'? The great novel tells, indefinitely, of the deliverance history and the world through the final victory of an amorous adventure, projecting itself, under the veil of the most impenetrable hermetic secret, to the ultimate, divine cosmic level, and which by that very fact concerns, engages, assumes, in its own becoming, the nuptial fate of God and his Bride under Veil.

The end of the "great novel" will always lead to divine weddings, and the weddings of the great novel at its end can only be - in a form that is most often guarded, concealed within itself - divine weddings. Such is the case in John Buchan's The *Twenty-sixth Dream* (original title: *The Dancing Floor).*

However, since the implicit constitutional rule of the "great novel" requires it can only recount an adventure that has been lived existentially the novelist himself, the "great novel" is, ontologically, a personal testimony in cipher: the novel can only reach its end, its supreme nuptial conclusion, if the novelist himself has had existential access to it, if he himself has experienced, in the secret of his own life, the concluding states of the divine marriage that he will have to account for in it.

And the same can be said of the great philosophical quest, the 'quest for the Golden Fleece': to talk about it, you have to have been there, if only in your dreams. To talk about it, you have to have been part of it, even if only in a dream. You have to have been, heroically and for the most unavowable and dangerous reasons of love, part of the philosophical crew the brilliant Argos, and under the visionary and mediumistic command of Jason: *right to the end*, and to have returned, alive, surviving, and in the imperial sharing of the Golden Fleece. For those who, on returning, are no longer themselves, we count them only as the shadows of their own corpses, victims subject to the wounded mystery of their own second death, and whose old, more relentless shadows sometimes *seize* them to live again.

To be is to have been: the same love, the same living awareness of oneself, eternally.

(266) As a novelist of the end of the world and, by the same token, as a novelist of the end of the novel, and also, much more than that and - I know only too well, I have the right to confess this only once, and *it will be this one* - as the Chakravrttin of the End Times, my fundamental task - my ontologically and cosmically foundational task - will be precisely that of putting myself in a position to be able to bring the narrative in progress to its nuptial end, to speak of the ultimate amorous fulfilment of history and the world, brought down to the vertiginous mystery of the one love and its One Sun, to confess the secrets of the cosmic and philosophical wedding that I myself would have experienced as the end of this novel, as the end of the novel of the end.

But am I in a position to do this? Can I do it *now*? No, I'm not up to it. Why not? Because I didn't go through with the wedding, or rather - and this is where the immense mystery of the novel, of the tragic romance, of the abysmal romance of Return Colchis comes into play - I 't go through with the wedding as the end of the novel, I did not *relive* them, but lived them, at another time, in my own life before the novel, before the final awareness of the novel at its end and of the very end of awareness as a novel of the end of the world.

Lived, and lived by me in the times of my own life, these marriages I had immediately disqualified, losing myself in them - losing, too, with me, the world and its history, *the Imperium* and its unique light of being, *the Aura Imperia* - to the very extent that the foundational tragedy *of the Imperium Amoris* demanded, ritually : what had been given to me, a first time, in terms of providential grace, divine graceabsolute grace, as the Immaculate Conception, I was going to have to reconquer, a second time, beyond the abyss after the end of everything, by the spiritual weapons of philosophical return, by the terrible nuptial weapons of the Fiery Work which leads clandestinely to the Golden Fleece lost again in Colchis when, and, from this reconquest, to establish - re-establish - in myself and in the world all the ancient powers of immemorial remembrance and being that belonged to the primordial novel and that are now being aroused anew by the coming romance of our latest amorous approach to the Aura *Imperia.*

What is the end of the novel, then, if there been no end to the end of life of the novel here, if there not been, somewhere, a resurrection of the love from before the end of the novel?

(267) The last answer to the dream of the *Victoria Palace Hotel, which* had remained , I just found today in the street. So, all in a whisper, a dormant response that the right question will always awaken. To be alive is to confess over and over again the terrible secret wound of the Fisher King. [1]

The owner a small flotilla of bateau-mouche boats, Franck Delille is known to us in Paris as one of the most diverse funders and supporters of the entire traditionalist right. As such, he thousands of posters printed at his own expense and distributed free of charge to promote - they believed - the Paris campaign against ratification of the Maastricht Treaty.

Affixed to an RATP shelter on Boulevard Lannes yesterday, I stealthily tore down and took home one of these posters, which seemed to be calling to me magnetically from afar, really drawing me towards it, and in which I had recognised, as soon as I saw it, an opening for an explanation - the answer, that I had been waiting for without actually waiting for it - for the end - for the conclusion rather, or for the closure - of the dream of cosmic salvation and philosophical deliverance that I had had two days ago, when I had stayed at the Victoria Palace Hotel in the Rue Biaise Desgoffe.

Reproducing in colour a painting of classical vision, perhaps from the 16th century, of which I - and since then no one around me - have been able to identify the author, or even, as they say, have any idea, this poster shows a magical rift, cut into the granite depths of the ground, a narrow ravine of darkness surmounted, in a landscape of beautiful forest summer, somewhere in the West, by a strange wooden bridge, in the shape of an inverted 'U', and therefore with three parts: an ascending deck, a crossing deck and a descending deck.

Beyond the bridge, already on the "other bank", stands mysterious knight in dark armour, immobile, riding a black horse, haughty, taut with the supremely nocturnal will of his ministry of darkness, his helmet surmounted a wire-mesh cup filled with glowing embers, herald, symbol, great prince of the Negative Power, and who, already far away, turns his back on the scene, on the very thing that this painting sets out to show.

In which we also see, defeated by the Black Knight, by the envoy of the Negative Power, in a first encounter above the ravine of the non-passage, where he was thus thrown, a second knight, let us call him, with his most secret name, the Knight of Salvation, in green gold armour, his helmet emblazoned with two high golden swan's wings and crowned with wild flowers, cornflowers, and who, with the help of a young woman holding his hand, climbs with difficulty out of the ravine, tears himself away from the grip of darkness and reaches salvation.

Also shown from the back, we cannot see the face of the Lady of Great Help. Her long blonde hair falls to her waist, and she wears the golden crown of the great queens.

Seen in the foreground, this young woman seems to represent, in fact, the decisive figure, the supreme spiritual axis of this infinitely mysterious painting, and who, at the time, delivers 1 opening of the pass to whoever finds himself predestined so that it can be thus brought to him in the path pursued, right in front of him and when he himself finds himself precipitated into the ravine of the non-passage and the Lady of Great Help suddenly appears to him, to hold out her hand, *to him alone, and there.*

So what is this perilous path, if we know what it is? For some, it is perfectly obvious: it is the path of *the Incendium Amoris.*

(268) Was this dark galetas a hotel room? Piles of dirt, and other things in the shadows, equivocal, uncertain. An aura of dread. Someone sobbing on the other side of the wall, who then suddenly falls silent.

It was bitterly cold at dawn on Friday 26 January 1855, when Gérard de Nerval "crossed the line" under a staircase in the rue de la Vieille_Lanterne, Paris IX(e). That night, as he himself had predicted, had been "black and white".

Nadar remembered that Gérard de Nerval, on the eve of his suicide - or the eve of hanging himself, which is certainly not the same thing - had told his friend Charles Asselineau that the source of his inspiration had just dried up. I don't know what's going to happen to me, but I'm worried. For several days I literally haven't been able to write a line," Gérard de Nerval told Charles Asselineau, adding, "I'm going to try again today.

We haven't finished with that night, "white and black".

(269) A few days later, not having yet left the Victoria Palace Hotel, I had my reasons. I had my reasons, I had to stay there, I had been kept there on purpose.

Late at night, and a deathly silence reigned on the floors. The corridors were violently lit, with a harsh, metallic white light. I stood in my room, plunged into darkness, suddenly wondering if I hadn't been alone upstairs, if that night, mysteriously, the hotel hadn't been emptied of all its occupants.

Was someone standing in front of my bedroom door, watching me? I opened the door, suddenly, to find someone there (perhaps he was listening with his ear to the door, but perhaps he didn't need this stooge-like manner, he who could see through the door, through the walls, as we see through glass).

Blue shirt, black tie and trousers, no jacket, a young man of fairly short stature, thin, short-cropped hair, olive complexion but, under lowered eyelids, barely a line, very pale, almost white eyes, sparkling like carbuncles, which gave him away. Tense, as if driven by a terrible cold, icy, all-consuming rage, but managing to control himself. Slowly, in the corridor, the air began to glaze over, the light to dim, already obeying an order of secret, sooty alienation that would have wanted to be irresistible when in any case it was only imperious and, on myself, of no effect apart from a certain astonishment ("what's the matter with that one").

He took a few steps away, but kept looking at me. He said: *You mustn't write, must stop writing immediately. Why are you writing, and for whom? Stop, just stop. A man like you, coming to this degradation, I writing! That's why I'm telling you: stop, stop writing, stop this shame that demeans you, stop. Do you want to hear me? Stop writing!*

I understand that these words, these injunctions concerning my literature were meant to express, to say something else - something completely different - than what they apparently said, something else, *but what*? In any case, I knew *who I was dealing with.*

But what did this dark cretin want with me?

The last time, he appeared to me at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis and, at the , I understood perfectly well what the very fact that he was there meant, or wanted to mean, what he wanted me to know - or needed me to know.

What was next? No doubt he wanted to give me a sort of ritual farewell, to express, as they say, his regrets about our separation, obliged, by the very force of things in motion, to recognise in spite of himself the inexorable approach what was now going to be my *new situation.*

Who knows how much more time will pass before my *new situation* appears in broad daylight, before the indecipherable opens up to leave the way clear for the absolutely new fire of the inconceivable in action, to lovingly pave the way for the new revolutionary affirmation of dogmatic irrationality?

So what could he have had to say to me today? Not the slightest risk of error: the *absolute opposite* of what he had come to tell me on the Ile Saint-Louis, when he had silently announced to me the last three years of **the** Final Test, the fatal coming, the devious and decisive rise, in my own life, of most mysterious and blackest margin of the great night and its merciless and dreamless darkness.

The *absolute opposite of* the reign of the Black Pyramid, the Pyramid of Darkness?

So have I won? In the depths, it is now almost certain.

(270) In a book by James Blish, *Jack of the Eagles,* published in American in 1952 and translated into French by Editions Guénaud in 1977 under the title *Séquence Sigma,* I believe it is impossible to find, things are said on pages 185 and 186, which sheds new light on one of the most obscure parts of the visionary dream - or sacred prophecy - described in Jenny Arrasse's letter, "contained, somnambulistically carried by the current of the subterranean narrative of one of my novels, *The Mysteries of the* Villa 'Atlantis'".> an obscure part, and more obscure than others, concerning the obstacles to the escape of the prisoner Jenny Arrasse kept by force in a special detention camp that is none other than death. But is death always the same death?

Thus, in Séquence Sigma: If he ventured to take the first step, he would know how to interpret the changes he would see in this new universe, nor he know how to take the next step. Look directly at the texts concerned, although the death from which we manage to escape may not actually be death, but one of its philosophical deviations, even and especially if there is the ultimate test of disappearance, of the dissolution of the body.

(271) Scheduled for October 1993, the Dalai Lama's official visit to the Buddhist centre of the Karma Ling institute in Arvillard, in the heart of Savoie, does not seem to have escaped the active attention of the infernal powers, who are already working to exacerbate opposition to the political and administrative structures under their direct control, but which are still being kept confidential. We have recently seen higher Masonic authorities pretending to be offended that it was within the walls of the former Carthusian monastery of Saint-Hugon that the Karma Ling institute was set up in 1980, when it was the revolutionary scum of 1789 and its shadowy leaders who had devastated, set fire to, demolished, defiled and profaned it, covered with inexpiable blood the ancient establishments of the sons of Saint Bruno, and that it was the successors of the despicable murderers of the days of blood and fire that destroyed the Charterhouse of Saint-Hugon who have since fought so fiercely to prevent the Holy Spirit from returning to impose his fire there, and to prevent the Renewal from taking place there in penitence and glory. Will the Sun of the East redeem the Sun of the West? Are we not in the time of the mystery of the External Support? So this very morning I said to the Lama A.T.L., to whom we owe so much, and have done for so long:
"But what does all this matter? Go home with peace of mind. From noon today, everything necessary will be done. As far as I'm concerned, the Dalai Lama's visit to Savoie, to the Karma Ling institute, will change the current history of France" - Everything that serves the Holy Spirit serves the charismatic arms of France.

There is no weakness in the world more complete than mine, but I know who I am. And of the Pyramid of Darkness, I swear, not a will be left standing.

(272) It was by succeeding in consecrating Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary in the very conditions demanded by Our Lady at Fatima that John Paul II finally succeeded in making the occult principle which, for seventy years, had kept Eastern Europe under the unconditional domination of the Kingdom of Darkness, vanish from within and politically disqualify itself.

An unprecedented, immense spiritual victory that will reverberate down the centuries, that has already changed the face of the world and of history, and that John Paul II achieved alone, having had to face, heroically, the criminal resistance of the anti-marriage conspiracy that brought together most of his bishops, implicitly and even openly.

What must be done is now being done, *V Esprit has been born and is developing.* Are not the new providential destinies of Rome identified with the final suprahistoric destiny of the Greater Europe, with the revolutionary advent on the march of the future Eurasian imperial federation, of the future great Eurasian Empire of the End?
?

So, after the spiritual liberation Eastern Europe, must Rome not also assume, the utmost urgency, the tragic mission of the deliverance of Western Europe, liberating the West from the negative forces that subversively prevent it from gaining access to its own being, its profound being, its ultimate transcendental identity?

This second great pontifical battle for the salvation and liberation of the western part of Greater Europe would seem, however, to be already well compromised, and right from the start. The internal resistance of the Western episcopate, most of it deeply gangrenous, mysteriously won over to the cause of the Dark Power, is becoming more and more irresistible, paroxysmal in its schemes of sabotage and prohibition, of refusal and openly subversive affirmation.

In the face of this new internal betrayal of the Church in its western part, in the face of this new internal weakening of the Western front, a betrayal announced by Mary at Fatima, for the "third secret" of Fatima says no other, John Paul II can in fact no longer rely anything other than the charismatic mobilisation of the faithful and the living faith structures of the faithful engaged in the current battle for the Church's historical survival.

These times of the final self-darkening of the history of the end seem dull and very dirty, and they are infinitely so, without any hope left, whereas on another level we in the process of giving full rein to the horizon of an unbearable heroic and holy light, the living Marian and paraclete light of the Final Crusade", and it is in this light that we will now have to reread and appropriate once again, and in a different way, the Book of Revelation of Saint John.

And I say this, above all, for my people and for myself, who prophetically stopped on chapter XI le of 1 Apocalypse of text struck by Appearance of Marte in the ultimate polar centre matégalactique, of the two interior and cosmic of the Only Desire A *grandiose* sign *appeared in the skies, the Woman Wrapped of the Sun under* her *feet and crowned with twelve stars.*

For it is to Mary that belongs henceforth the direction of the principle of secret d rations, was seen again recently at Medjugorje. We have all placed ourselves, myself above all, under the sole occult command of Mary. In this way, do we not rediscover the personal motto?^' John Paul II's personal motto, the *ultima ratio* of his pontificate and of the acting mystery of the one who is a Marian apocalyptic mystery, whose close protection and revolutionary return to the world we want to be for ourselves?

The great final battle for the liberation and salvation of the West thus becomes the battle for the imperial recovery, by Rome, of both has been kept intact and what would seem to have been lost forever, for there is no other special organisation than the Church, nor any other supreme mission for our people than the maintenance of the Church, "which is God's house". So we have made our own, by reviving it, the motto of the Order of the Golden Fleece as defined by Philip of Burgundy:

*To maintain the Church, which is of God's house, I*
*put over the noble Order, which is called the Thoyson.*

Fired from within by the inconceivable ardent works of Mary, nuptial and amorous works entrusted to her missionaries secretly in action, the new apocalyptic Church whose coming will shake the foundations of the world and the heavens will be the Church of the Golden Fleece, and it will come to us from the fire, from the heart of the Burning Brazier.

(273) For a long time I had been looking - we had been looking - to see what could have been the 'influences from elsewhere', the hidden and *concealed* sources, the deep and active sources, original sources I should perhaps say, of the novel - as mysterious as it is mysteriously engaged in the most mysterious march of 1 history, or rather of suprahistory - by a certain Erle Cox, *Out of the Silence*, or La *Sphère d'Or* in French. This novel was published by Neo *and is* now virtually impossible to find. But is it really a novel by Erle Cox, "if there ever was an Erle Cox" (1873-1950, they say, and

who is also the author of two other novels (*The Missing Angel and Fool's Harvest).*

Back in July 1991, I wrote Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere*: "Erle Cox's *The Golden Sphere* is a device for transcendental recollection, a writing trapped so that it delivers the forbidden pass of a memory all memory, of an abyssal memory".

Essentially, *Out of the Silence* can be seen as a kind of imitation, a 'reworking' of a great novel by Henry Rider Haggard, *When the World Shook* (also published in French by Neo, *Le jour où la Terre trembla*, 1989). But is it - in the final analysis - a sure thing that, in *Out of the Silence*, Erle Cox 'takes up' the train of metapsychic and cosmic exfiltrations of *When the World Shook?* Are things, at the level at which this problem arises, not happening, always in a more special way, other than at the conventional level of current literature?

Henry Rider Haggard's novel *When the World Shook* was published in 1919, and Erle Cox's *Out of the Silence* in 1925: the six years that separate the publication of these two novels should undoubtedly support the thesis that *When the World Shook* had at least a fairly strong influence on *Out of the Silence*.

Moreover, *When the World Shook* - whose first title, I have just learntwas *The Glittering Lady*, something of extraordinary importance, it seems to me, if we know what is, in earlier Celtic mythology, the right place and final eschatological status of the *Glittering* Lady - appears, in any , to be far superior to *Out of the Silence*, and not only from a literary point of view.

So I have no intention of hiding it: for a while at least, I let myself and certain people close to me be fooled by the false evidence of an imitation of *When the World Shook* by Erle Cox in *Out of the Silence*: wouldn't the so-called "hidden sources" of Out *of the Silence* have found, in this way, a fallaciously clear-cut explanation?

But at the end of the tale, and from a more informed point of view, this is hardly the way to approach the diversionary problem of the similarities - which are, in fact, quite blatant - between these two novels, similarities leading to

even, inwardly, towards a kind of de facto identification, if not even towards the obvious recognition of a kind of intimate identity in terms of the teaching they carried, and perhaps also in terms of their common occult mission.

Whatever the facts to prove it, Erle Cox had in fact not had to draw inspiration from his predecessor's novel - the same Not and much to copy the developing vision, nor the broad revelatory lines of Henry Rider Haggard's fundamental tale. At the higher level, which must be ours in the end, what do we care about their obviousnesses which, in reality, will only be so many decoys placed on us, no doubt on purpose?

For, in their respective works, both Henry Rider Haggard and Erle Cox had had to bear mediumistic witness for the same instance of inspiration from outside this world, for the same visionary figure of state which had been occultly imposed upon them from a single source, undoubtedly through the most special channels, and both having thus been subject to the same secret influence - supremely secret - coming from elsewhere, and acting, through them, for a single purpose and in a perfectly concerted, coherent and, in its own way, awakened way.

An *external influence* that must also, and above all, be considered to be very closely involved with the deep, impenetrable and awakened shadow that had to oversee the birth - when it came to be - of Hitler's National Socialism, and which in any case will soon have to act once again.

So it is this *external influence*, this *deep, impenetrable, awakened shadow* that we must strive to identify in the work, and try to make it our own once again, all the more so because it has remained the same, and so have its *ultimate goals.*

(274) Graham Masterton, *Apparition* (in French, *Apparition,* translated by François Truchaud for Presses Pocket, Paris 1992). A terrifying, but prophetic black harvest, in which I have not failed to experience for myself the passages trafficked into otherworldly spaces which, while not entirely familiar to me, are not unfamiliar to me either. I also had to get to know some of the characters that Graham Masterton's story evokes quite openly, and which he dares to describe at face value, so to speak.

It's a fascinating undertaking, as baffling as it is perilous - frighteningly perilous. Unconsciousness on his part, a "grand design" that remains totally incomprehensible to me? *Why* these revelations?

In any case, it's a highly symptomatic book, which I firmly intend to use to write an essay with guidelines for our own people, a *warning* that I hope will be decisive.

In *Apparition*, we also come across the despicable and criminal schemes of a character called "Brown Jenkin", whom Graham Masterton borrows - no doubt as a diversionary tactic, to cover his tracks - from the writings of H. P. Lovecraft, who himself wrote about it in *The House of the Witch* (and perhaps elsewhere).

What, essentially, is revealed in *Apparition*? Graham Masterton: *The end of the world as we know it. A change in 1 natural order of primacy: another species dominating the human race.* And we'll have to see, afterwards, what that other species is. And we will see, and I can vouch for the fact that this is the way *things* are, or perhaps will be.

Graham Masterton:

"When I thought about how much the world itself had changed since the beginning of this , with contaminated oceans and polluted skies, I began to believe that the Great Old Ones *could* reappear, and that the gigantic and cruel civilisations of pre-human times *could* resurface".

"After all, they had kept themselves alive through centuries of human supremacy, hidden in witches, wizards, the walls of buildings, and even in the ground. They had been prepared to hide and wait, hide and wait. And now, all around us, we were destroying everything that had kept them hidden. We were cutting down the forests that enriched our atmosphere with the oxygen that the Great Old Ones, creatures from the distant cosmos, abhorred. We were building cities on acres of meadowland and marshland, and drying up the water tables beneath our swamps.

"We fill our oceans with mercury and radioactive waste. We stained our skies with sulphur and lead. I didn't know if we were doing this under the secret influence of the Great Old Ones, but we were in the process of

change the world little by little and give it its original appearance( wanted it to be. A world of dead oceans and dark ones> A world of heavy metals and Antarctic cold".

What Graham says about the Great Old Ones: "As far as I know, the entities escaped from the Pleistocene when they were visited by Sumerian priests. The priests went back in time and came to Sarnath, one of the most important cities of the Great Old Ones. There are seven or eight separate accounts of these journeys, on different tablets in cuneiform script. And also: - We are dealing with real beings, real creatures, living beings endowed with substance and form and highly developed intelligence. They built entire cities in Asia Minor and the Antarctic, and shaped the world for millions of years. They have left a mark on this planet that can never be erased.

It cannot be said that the Great Old Ones are identifiable with the Dark Power, which exists cosmically only in the Catholic sense of the term. However, the Great Old Ones are entitled to use the services of the Dark Power, one of whose delegates in the field can sometimes be seen the guise of "Brown Jenkin", the Great Old Ones' supra-temporal secret agent and purveyor.

Thus, one of the basic foundational figures, at once visionary and entirely *realistic*, of Graham Masterton's book *Apparition*, will be that of the 'infernal feast' conceived, organised periodically if not permanently perhaps, over-activated for nocturnal cosmological purposes, of extreme horror, in the service of the supratemporal perpetuation of the Great Old Ones, and in which the participation of entities produced by the Power of Darkness is singularly flagrant. To the very limit of a certain *unbearability*, on the very edges of states where the condition of participating, even if only as a witness totally committed to the opposite side of what is being practised, will be the condition of a certain prior dehumanisation. The very fragility of the human condition is an absolutely formidable force, but there comes a time when we must know how to renounce it, even if only temporarily.

So the long quotation from Graham Masterton's novel *Apparition*, which I will follow, seems to me to be extraordinarily useful for our incursive research the "other side" of the present - and in a way statutorily timeless - reality of the world, "this world of

darkness". This quotation, despite what it costs me to mention it, is one that I find unbearable:

"In what had once been the nave of the chapel, three gigantic braziers were burning. They appeared to be chemical drums, crudely pierced with holes and filled with coal and dead wood. Iron grates had been placed on top of the braziers, and on these grates a dozen huge wedges of meat were roasting. At first I thought they were suckling pigs, but then the smoke rose and dissipated for a moment from one of the grates, and I could make out a reddened, charred *face*.

"They weren't lai pigs, they were *children.* The orphans of Fortyfoot House, missing and slaughtered. Some had had their arms and legs cut off; two others had been decapitated. Some had been tied to the railings with , and probably started to roast while they were still alive.

"From the braziers to the altar, the broken slates glistened with human fat and were littered with children's bones. The pile of bones grew even gruesome, and the altar practically disappeared beneath them, covered by thousands bones, some freshly gnawed, some dull, some so old they had partly turned to dust. Rib cages, pelvises, femurs, shoulder blades and countless small skulls.

"At the top of this mountain of bones lay the most grotesque creature I had ever seen. The sight of him nearly drove me mad instantly. I felt myself clench my teeth in horror, and my skin tingled violently with pure disgust.

*Say its not true,"* cried my spirit, "*say it's not true!*

"But it was true. It was a woman, a completely naked and incredibly bloated woman, lying on a pile of blankets, blood-stained mattresses and dismembered cushions. Her distended belly formed an enormous protuberance, and the most horrifying thing about *it was that the protuberance jerked and jiggled violently*, as if some huge creature were trapped inside her body and trying to escape. Her breasts were immensely swollen. I couldn't even carry one of them in (my) wheelbarrow(s). And her neck was so puffed up that her face looked like a painted doll's mask.

> Kneeling beside her on the mountain bones, his face hidden filthy rags, the creature with whom Kezia Manson was supposed to have conceived Brown Jenkin, London's king of the underworld, Mazurewicz. With hands black with grime, he fed her charred meat, stringy membranes and strings of lukewarm fat. She gobbled it all up with her tiny mouth, gluttonously and endlessly, usually without chewing, and the more she swallowed, the more her stomach churned frantically.

On

> (275) How do the truly profound, the decisive, the unfathomably hidden, manage to subversively insert themselves into the march of the world without seemingly disrupting its course? When you get to the heart of the matter, all innocence disappears, and everything is a plot, a conspiratorial design under mediumistic influence and control. How is it that Éditions Presses Pocket have had - and by what occult, elusive order - to publish, over a period of years, all this literature - or rather literature - which is in fact nothing more than a means of conveying the foundational elements of the new Western religion to come, a religion which will be that of a final, twilight return of the adulterated, obscured, but still living science of the sorcerers and great Celtic shamans of earlier times?

And should I not also mention, by the same token, what had been, in its time, the major action of Hélène and Pierre-Jean Oswald, who, through the Nouvelles éditions Oswald (Néo), had themselves allowed the emergence, the active *installation*, in France, of another line of initiatory procession, under the influence, this one, of the *Golden Dawn in the Outer*, and all this, once again, *as if nothing had happened*? And, on the other hand, why it that no one has yet expressed surprise at the fact that the rapidly expanding activities of the Nouvelles éditions Oswald (Neo) were interrupted overnight, from the moment when, 'mission accomplished', the special initiatory fund - *Atlantic*, I would say - that they had been given the task of promoting was exhausted by very publication of all planned titles? Was the irradiating over-activation of the elements that were to act after the Neo's extinction secretly achieved? Under what conditions does *secret teaching* become *secret action*? And within what timeframe, and according to what expectations after the end of the teaching, of *the secret teaching?*

(295) In a flat on the Ile Saint-Louis, high, icy, cavernous and decorated with flowers, in this case like the catafalque of a Monegasque princess, a working meeting was held with the central revolutionary committee of a fairly large group of traditionalist monarchists.

I repeat and develop, for their benefit, the question I asked myself a few days ago, and which has not finished obsessing me: * Under what conditions does *secret teaching* become *secret action?* And within what timeframe, and according to what expectations after the end of the teaching, of the *secret* teaching *1*

I had before me people who were both lucid and devoted, with a revolutionary intelligence and an activist faith that were quite exceptional, but who, in reality, no longer *represented* anything, completely at odds with the current reality of French history, because the France of which they wanted to be the political and mystical soldiers of the avant-garde no longer existed anywhere except in their dreams, the secret France of their most secret dreams having long since disappeared from this world.

Was I wrong to tell them, and so openly? No doubt, and all the more so because I may have been wrong.

It was Dr. François-Xavier de V. who, in his strange broken voice, answered me, speaking as it were for the whole group: - What do you know, what do we know, it wouldn be for the first time that, deported from history, reduced to nothing, to the nothingness of itself, France survives only in our dreams, in the secret dreams of a few marginal and fanatical conspirators, and that it is precisely from the secret space of our dreams that, when the time comes, France will descend to the level of history, and that it will change while imposing, once again, the law of its original predestination, which is not of this world because it is identified in advance with the figure of the Kingdom of Heaven".

Fascinating coincidences that reveal, indefinitely, the other *side of* this world. Because, after so many years, and with almost the same words, that's also what Edmond Michelet said to me, in 1955, at the Escurial, during other clandestine meetings which, in the end, were to lead to General de Gaulle's return to power, three years later.

(296) again, trouble at the *Victoria Palace Hotel.* Why come back to this? In fact, I can't get rid of the nauseating discomfort caused by lingering memory of my encounter, probably not at all impromptu, at the Victoria Palace Hotel, with the Consul General of the Underworld disguised as an advanced Rasta (I may have forgotten to mention that he had a thin ring in his ear, that he was puffing away on Old Spice after shave and even that he had given himself a little Italian accent, that he was also showing off a gold Rollex, etc.).)

Is it really possible that *I* should *stop writing*? Which means *no, don't believe, give up your Faith, you can see* that Faith is of *no* use to you *because it's because of your Faith that you've* lost yourself and *everything* must *be lost with you, because of you.*

In fact, I suspect it was some kind of direct murder trap, a *last-ditch* assassination scenario before any further probation time expired (which would explain a number of things I couldn't understand).

In any case, I have to admit that I avoided something terrifying here, and that, if I got away with it, just at the last carat, it was because of my sharp unavailability for dialogue, and also, no doubt, because of my distaste for the effeminate deliquescences of the *Stockholm complex*.

Someone was standing behind me, whom he could see but I could not, someone who was there for my close protection, and who was not of this world, but from the highest heaven. Someone, the Angel of the Face, the "Green Archangel".

How, on the other , could I deny his power? I'm constantly reminded of the sombre words of Father Lamy who, speaking of him, said that we *must* be under *no illusions, he is powerful, he has formidable powers,* and that at *any moment he could destroy the world, and annihilate us. He is Absolute Evil.*

(297) How little is known about Father Lamy, spiritual founder of the *Servants of Jesus and Mary*, gathered today at Ourscamp Abbey, in Notre-Dame d'Ourscamp. Father Lamy, spiritual miracle-worker, seer, miracle-worker, *priest of fire.*

Of all the representations of Mary that I know in this world, the Mighty Virgin of Ourscamp Abbey remains for me the one that seems closest to her unbearable burning reality, reigning and shining in 1 other world, the true living and sunny face of the One Love, enveloping her Reign of Triumph and Glory, out of reach, but at the same time within the immediate reach of all desire, lovingly annihilated by her passage through the occult furnaces of the Only Desire.

It has to be said that the Mighty Virgin of the Abbey of Notre-Dame d'Ourscamp is a Military Virgin, whose royal sunlight never ceases to proclaim the omnipotence within her of Desire in Weaponry and of the Weapons of Desire, which are the Fulgurantes Weapons of her own Bridehood, of *Regina Coeli*.

# The act of renewal

*If it doesn't, who will?*
*?*

JACQUES CHIRAC

(275) The same considerations approach, the same questions as those which attempt investigate, here, the trial for an occult mission of Nouvelles éditions Oswald (Néo) can - must - also be applied to some of the current initiatives of Presses Pocket: *Somewhere* along the publishing chain, *someone* is keeping an eye on what is being done without taking into account the so-called 'imperative commercial obligations' of the company in question, and this someone represents an authority with influence that is both hidden and very superior, an order to interfere that comes from elsewhere and pursues unavowable objectives that are forbidden to any ordinary person. I understand that perfectly well.

Significant anomaly? As far as I know, no one has written as much as I about Presses Pocket's occultist action books, dozens of review pages, in various publications, in France and abroad, over at least ten years (on *Démences*, and on Graham Masterton's *Rituels de chair*, and on many other titles in their current affairs catalogue).

However, despite my insistence and efforts, it has so far been impossible for me to establish the slightest working contact - even the most conventional - with the group responsible for the Presses Pocket editorial line. Nothing, never anything.

I know only too well that this prohibition on approach can't fail have a meaning, but what is it? What's behind this insidious, persevering blockage, with no loopholes whatsoever in its closing mechanism?

(276) The special initiatory literature that Presses Pocket is responsible for distributing in France and throughout the French-speaking world promotes, as I have just said, an attempt / a profound and sustained revival, as coherent in the light of day as it would seem to be acting in the shadows, of the ancient mystery religion of the previous Celtic world - worlds. A world that was already supra-temporal, and whose subterranean continuity was ensured by the Celtic emigrations - perhaps *pre-emptive* - to the Americas, to what is now the United States, emigrations that dated back to time immemorial and which had settled, as H. P. Lovecraft, in the Rhode region and throughout present-day New England.

If, the other hand, all the literature promoted by the Presses Pocket gives evil an excellence, a cosmic superpower that prevails as if in advance over good, and where forbidden doors keep opening _ in time and space - towards the outside of this world, it is because in time as well as in space this Celtic religiosity *is situated,* today - latent, and sometimes even clandestinely over-activated, exacerbated for secret and more-than-secret purposes - outside, always, the borders of the present Catholic establishment in history and in the world, and Catholicism remaining the only power that binds and stops, ontologically delimits the powers of interference of the authorities outside this world and of the nocturnal powers they use on the ground.

The literatures maintained by Presses Pocket can only be found in the Anglo-Saxon world, and more particularly in the United States, because these are the desolate lands, abandoned, where the direct radiance of the *Mysterium Fidei,* of the Eucharist Active in its Real Presence, persists in being absent because of the very absence of Catholicism, supplanted on the spot by Protestant subversion and by has always been even more subversively hiding behind it. The great infernal outbursts occurring in the United States and in all the spaces of Eucharistic abandonment marked by the abandonment of Catholicism are inconceivable in Europe and in the world guarded by the Catholic coverage of 1 history. In 1 space open to the stories of the literature exploited by Presses Pocket, no stopping power in the face of the omnipotence of darkness, except, perhaps, that of "the good part" ontologically present, by its very constitution, in the original depths of human nature.

With the supreme supranatural recourse of the Roman Church totally ignored, the world of the Eucharistic absence will open up, it is called upon to do so, to external penetrations, to will of darkness and its mysterious Dark Kingdom, to what some, including myself, call the "Anti-Empire".

Do we even need to talk about it? The only bulwark that the United States seems able oppose to the offensive conjurations of darkness is democracy, or "the religion of democracy": the United States would oppose - a fatal aberration if ever there was one, and a laughable one at that - the very means by which darkness manages to infiltrate history, in order to hold it clandestinely in its full power and according to own "immense plan", tragically laughable - to the undertakings of ontological subversion which concern them from within, and which are in the process of completing them, of plunging them chaos and into the demented, black nightmare of alienation from the end, of total alienation from the end, and which itself will have no end.

Robert Bloch, in his prophetic novel, *Return to Arkham*: "The Great Chtulthu took possession of the world, and this was the beginning of his Eternal Reign".

(277) Again, in *Apparition* by Graham Masterton, the ambiguous denunciation of "Kezia Mason "I must admit that this is an astonishingly accurate depiction of the reality of 'Kezia Mason', as some of us have already encountered it, if we consider that the entity referred to here as 'Kezia Mason' is in fact a real person, a *certain person* belonging to the other world and whose science and erotic activities we could use - if we took the ill-considered risks involved - and erotic to the point of total insanity and to the point of calling for self-annihilation, for death as the ultimate instance of desirable and ardently desired completion. And sometimes even to organise the arrival of Kezia Mason, if you know .

A vulgar redhead with supreme distinction, Kezia Mason "loves nothing more than to present herself - to pass herself off - as a young actress, at affectionate and wise, if not - also - to appear in her frightful form, deficient, poor and dirty, mutilated, covered in blood and repulsive rags, her flesh putrid and falling to pieces, humiliated beyond all humiliation: Kezia Mason", where the Queen of Whores, the "absolute concept", the "very principle", the "incarnate principle" of Prostitution and of the Mystery of Prostitution, which is essentially a

apocalyptic mystery, directly linked to the dialectics of the<< final reversal>> of the values proper to the invisible and the visible, of the living flesh and of all the occultly controlled disqualifications of it somewhere that will nevertheless remain intact, always intact.

In Apparition by Graham Masterton, this how we see her, Kezia Mason :

Coming down the steps from the Patio, Kezia Mason was coming towards me, closely followed by Brown Jenkin, who was bouncing, scratching and giggling. Kezia was wearing a strange, almost Arab costume: torn and soiled bed sheets wrapped around her head in a monstrous burnous. Only her eyes were visible. The sheets were pulled back over her shoulders and held in place by a number of knotted and intertwined cords. She was naked from the ribcage down to her knees, except for a purse fastened to her waist, and this purse was stuffed with dead oak leaves, brownish rose petals, clumps of mistletoe: there was even a half-mummified sparrow. Her calves were wrapped in other torn sheets, and her feet were bare, although she had tied small piece of string around each toe.

"The sheets looked like they were stained with blood and urine, so when she about ten metres away from me, I could smell the stench of death. Kezia Mason and Brown Jenkin *were* death, death and her hopping companion. Kezia Mason then grabs hold of the narrator, trying to rip his face off with her razor-sharp fingernails.

"Finally, Kezia took her hand away from my face. She remained beside me, however, looking at me with a mixture of curiosity, contempt and something else. Almost a touch of desire.

"For a moment, I wasn't at all sure she was really going to let me go. Then she nodded, hesitated, and turned, giving me a weary glimpse of her pale, naked buttocks before pulling her sheets down over her body. She off towards the house like a bloated, ghost. Brown Jenkin sniffed and hopped around us for a few moments, then hobbled after his mistress.

How far can dreams still take me, these dreams that take me to the other *side, another side that* is nonetheless on this side of life, as if nothing had happened?

On the spiritual path that seems to be - or has been - mine, can I

How can I really try to build on what comes to me, on what is given to me through the machinations of the dream? And, besides, how can we talk about dreams when there *are* so many levels, and so many different ways of dreaming? How do we conduct ourselves in them, by virtue of *which we* choose what to bring back from the dream to waking life, making it our permanent home while pursuing its secret, whose unknown risks and sometimes even more terrible dangers we must then make our own in their entirety?

What makes me decide to dwell on the dream I am dealing with here is, above all, the extraordinary striking power it had until mid-day, and perhaps even quite late in the evening; I was, as it were, pathologically challenged by it, affected by it in a mysterious way, right to the very depths of my being; although, subsequently, the fire of its influence had to diminish, gradually, but not without difficulty; Now, while the spectral memory came to me remains intact, it is no more than the dead skin of an outdated moult, no more than a sheet of paper reduced to ashes, which persists in maintaining its former form until a breath comes to cancel it out once and for all; this dream, however, will remain; indefinitely, I want it to.

Rue de Rivoli, in Paris, more or less at the level of rue Saint-Florentin, was where the dream was take placerue de Rivoli, on the pavement on Tuileries side: whereas, a very strange thing it seems to me, there were there, like other buildings, adenoid constructions, leaning, most decrepit, miserable, on the enclosing wall of the Tuileries, and these Tuileries being very different from what they are in reality, today ; for their surrounding wall was not cleared, as it is now, but cluttered, and as if concealed by these buildings of great poverty, unhealthy, constantly exuding a rather gripping anguish, I don't know what fear; giving rise to suspicions of presence of occult crime, hidden from the attention of passers-by; a mortal dread of great threats suspended in the air, muffled ; veiled, at a time when I also had to stop myself from dwelling on it too much, to avoid at all costs that the sly, noxious emanations of these branded places, clandestinely at work, would overwhelm me and make me unavailable at the very hour of the perils that I was going to have to face - I already knew - and whose outcome seemed to me most uncertain, this kind of confrontation most often leading to fatal dead-ends, to abysses even if it was a question of not encountering it, of not allowing oneself to be somnambulistically caught up in it, of giving in to the slide, *the final slide*, that far more comfortable, more advanced than I have had to experience, and without return.

In fact, I was going on a visit: I was going to see a young girl, a sort of underworld celebrity, one of the big names in clandestine gallantry, who was holding her fiery meetings in one of the two small buildings leaning against the Tuileries wall, right opposite me, on the other side of the rue de Rivoli.

But underneath their miserable and infinitely suspicious appearance, too suspicious to be really suspicious and which, because of that very fact, was no less suspicious to the eye of specialists, these two small buildings forming a group were also, and above all, something else, something completely different. The sun was beating down hard, a great white light, blinding, everywhere equal, almost without shadows, holding everything in its power and its power bore a signature that was not of this world

I have to admit that describing the place is a bit tricky. But I have to try, I have no choice. So: around a small interior courtyard screened off on street side, small buildings stand side by , each with a storey and connected by a narrow, suspended gallery, covered in tiles, heavily encurved in the Venetian style, the gallery being located at the back of the courtyard and therefore leaning against the surrounding wall of the Tuileries. The whole thing was more or less askew, and looked tired and dilapidated, worked as if by an order of intimate dislocation, with poorly jointed bricks, weakened mortar, reduced to sand, rotting wooden parts, tin roofs irreparably attacked by rust and blackening, the origin of which we suspect and which, in fact, would be excessively frightening, but I won't say any more about it.

The small building on the right boasts a steep cement staircase with no balustrade, leading up to the entrance door to the first floor, which, as far as I can tell, has just one large room. Surprisingly powerful and massive, the front door, made of wood painted a faded brown, seems made to resist unexpected assaults, to prevent any forced or unwanted visits. A large cluster of withered oak leaves stands above it, doubt guarding the threshold.

It must be close to eleven o'clock in the morning. At the top of the cement staircase, I'm genuinely surprised to see Jean Enfer Marlier, dressed like a Belle Epoque partygoer, but rumpled, dirty and unshaven, making a hell of a fuss, trying to himself recognised - in English - and insisting that they let him through the door without further , as a regular here who entitled to special consideration and as someone who has been here since

always at ease. But his vociferations didn't seem to convince those on the inside who were playing the absentee to *block* his *way*.

The building on the left, I knew, was the home on the ground floor of the Doctor, a character we don't usually talk about, and that on the first floor, it was the home of a man we call the Doctor.
- A narrow hallway overlooking the courtyard, a small workroom opening onto the street - were the places where the young woman I was going to see worked professionally, albeit in a highly confidential manner, and who such an exorbitant aura, attributes and Venusian aptitudes, supernatural, that she quickly became famous in these circles so closed in on themselves and so dangerous, but she was already as if out of reach, protected in the shadows by superior figures, as elusive as they were powerful, quite terrible and, indeed, I would say that *terribile est locus iste*. I would add that the upstairs was reached by an interior staircase, made of wood, dark and smelling strongly of cooking, the entrance to which had a white glass door.

"Aura, Attributes, Aptitudes", a numbered wording on a pewter background blackened by age, and below it the Hedgehog and the Royal Crown: now let's talk about Mademoiselle.

The young woman I was going to have to visit that morning - in fact, under the midnight sun, shouldn't I say that night instead - I'm going to call her, here - since I don't know her real name, and even if I did I wouldn't take the irresponsible risk of divulging it - I'm going to call her, I say, here, by the allegorical, defused name of Mademoiselle, which despite everything is still quite dangerous. And what was Mademoiselle like 'that morning'? About twenty at the most, blonde with green eyes, a luminous, very light blonde, and herself all white and slim, airy, dressed only in white, smiling, calm, regal, a perfect connoisseur, receiving her visitors for the day - a beautiful day if ever there one - in the little hallway where she stood for the day, accompanied by her assistantanother very pretty girl, also blonde, younger, and fuller of flesh, but self-effacing, sheltering in the clear shadow of her prodigious mistress.

In the next room, there were already visitors, each waiting their turn.

But for me, by looking at her closely, Mademoiselle suddenly made me panic to the point of unconsciousness, the sudden desire for her in me making me tremble.

I didn't know where I stood any more, Mademoiselle had taken me, and Mademoiselle held me, limpidly in her redoubtable power of love, stellar, in full Vital Junction. I didn't know where I stood any more, Mademoiselle had taken me, and Mademoiselle held me, limpidly in her redoubtable power of love, stellar, in full Venus Junction. I was at the centre of the world, and Mademoiselle, within immediate reach of my demented desire for her, was not refusing me; on the contrary, it was she who had drawn me to her, made me come to her. Were things really that simple? I didn't even ask myself.

I then claimed that I didn't want to wait my turn, that the quality of my personality alone - even if it was hidden - amply justified my desire to take it on straight away, without taking anything else into account, no precedence or situation of right - whatever they might be - any longer attempted in the face of what had just declared itself, to be unleashed in me.

- ... but please don't think, Sir, that I don't know who you are or what your real reasons are for coming to me on this day, and in such an ambiguous place," she said, laughing, conciliatory, amused, and, she added, do me the honour of believing that the slightest of your wishes is a formal order for me, which I would be obliged to carry out graciously and on the spot because, I confess, I have only one desire, that of serving you in the best possible way and in most ardent and elevated manner... nevertheless, I wonder if you wouldn't also very courteously like to get to know - get to know - the people who are already waiting there, in the little room next door, because I think that might interest you quite a lot - some very high things can only be, can only be said - can' they - through intermediary of other things, which are only the figurative figures, albeit of the lowest order.... would it please you to do what I dare to lovingly beg you to do, even if you were only doing it for me, or if you thought you were doing it for me? Do you ever know in whose name you are acting?

And with such a warm and attentive invitation, how could we fail to obey with good grace?

As I passed by, I saw that there six people in all, waiting, and what icy fevers were they not secretly emanating from this waiting, seated either on the large high bed, near the window, covered with a rather dubious burgundy blanket, or on a wooden bench placed against the wall, on the opposite side of the room.

by the door. The light was white, very harsh, a rather enigmatic winter light. Everyone fell silent as we entered, their anxiety hanging in the air like an invisible mist, but increasingly unbreathable, available to perhaps the most violent solicitations, or even the dirtiest, we don't know...

These six people, I was able to identify in a kind of induced way as being, at least at the first level, at the level of the first bark of their reality there
:

— A young mother, very beautiful and distinguished, with her daughter, aged twelve or thereabouts. Strangely enough, they didn't look entirely unfamiliar to me, they reminded me of something. Vaguely. Moreover, was the little girl touching herself in a devious way?
?

— A lone nun, dressed in white and black, her face emaciated, and as if absent, withdrawn into herself, all in the terrible secret of her passion, of her dementia.

— A young soldier, wounded, wrapped in dirty rags, perhaps a little .

A young married couple, she very young and frightened; he an assassin, a professional criminal, a nocturnal, bloodthirsty beast with even more terrifying mystical escapes. A certain nostalgia for sanctity, turned inside out?

The young mother and daughter stretched out on the bed, tightly embracing, on the bed lay the young bride, her thighs stripped to the top; her husband stood beside her. The nun was also standing by door, breathing with difficulty. On the bench, the soldier seemed ready to doze off, his face sweating and his eyelids lowered.

Mademoiselle had to take them, or assist them, one after the other in the order of arrival or by appointment, remaining alone in the room with the person or persons - in the case of couples, mother and daughter, newlyweds - whom she took, when work was about to begin, invited to retire to the vestibule (unless they all had to be present, together, at each other's lovemaking with Mademoiselle, who could, in certain cases, also call on her assistant with the bouncy young chest and veiled gaze). .

How can such a place exist? Because somewhere, I know, this Place does exist, or in any case must have existed, and not just in my dream.

And what should also be noted is the great poverty of the whole world guilty, deviant lovers, all haggard, with a sickly, feverish presence, in clothes that would have been - I think - clean if not of a certain good-natured elegance, but which in reality were rags washed to the point of exhaustion, greyish, and as if burnt, even in some way fictional. The walls were filthy, decrepit, the furniture wobbly or broken, half the window overlooking the street blocked up with tarred cardboard covered a thick layer of dust and soot. A smell of perspiration, of rutting that was both recent and ancient, of public toilet deodorant took hold of your throat. Slowly fear crept into me, horror, disgust, a kind of black shame

At the same moment, seeming to come from far away in fact, from 1 workshop below, where the Doctor was working - a death rattle, quickly stifled, but which continued unceasingly, came to overwhelm us, and which seemed to come out of the walls, making the windows vibrate. But what challenge would I not have taken up to keep Mademoiselle's complacency? My dream was crumbling, everything I was witnessing was vanishing. As for me, despite *all this,* I had already been fighting for a long time against the threat of waking up, which I felt taking hold of me, whereas for nothing in the world would I have accepted being separated from Mademoiselle, that I should be deprived *of the fulfilment of* the promise she had made to me, the sublime promise of the knowledge of her body offered to me, of her breath of life, of her mortal dark secret, supratemporal, astral and superhuman and, by that very fact, antihuman.

(280) "Heartbreaking misfortune": as I recount it, put it down in writing, I realise that nothing remains of the extraordinary, limpid, ardent, breathless violence that was in me the violence of her intimate, secret experience, the space only of its own duration, of which I keep the memory, already inexpressible, tarnished, agonising, like a red-hot burn that has become invisible, I'm talking about the violence of original desire, I'm talking about the violence of the original desire, of the amorous expectation of this dream that is now being lost, and when I also know - still know - what part of me is also being lost in this disarming extinction, with the order to forget that is subterraneanly signified to me and to which I can only oppose my very bitter despair and my impotence of state if, once again, I have to confess that *I've lost the game.* I have to go back to the way things were, slyly put myself back on the lookout, do my due diligence, pretend that I've become the same again, when I will never, ever be the same again.

(281) The spring of 1871 and the red doglit of the Commune had set fire to, attempted demolish and devastated the Tuileries. And yet, for a time, after the return to order brought about by Gaston Galiffet (1830-1909), the man who led the charge at Sedan and Commune's admirable clean-up by emptying the streets, the Tuileries and the surrounding urban areas saw a proliferation of precarious urban development, a kind of precarious urbanism, proposed by passing developers, in anticipation of the future reconsideration of the buildings and places that had fallen into disrepair, fallen temporarily into the power of the common people, who intended to take advantage of it in their own infamous way?

Wouldn't the vision of the immediate vicinity of the Tuileries occupied by demeaning buildings, like those in my dream, concern that very period? I wonder, and I'd like to know more.

Their inner coherence is exclusively metasymbolic, outside the reasonable obligations of day-to-day life, indifferent to that does not belong to the world that is spectrally illuminated by the mysterious 'midnight sun' of the necromancers, the hidden watchers, the liberated in life.

It is a superior coherence, addressing itself from the outset to the analogical and secretly unitary sense of its own representations and their intimate linkages, and not to the causal reasons for them, apparent reasons, subject to the supposedly obiecive successions of the temporal regulations of some and others, and of the future of history such as the dominant power of the moment will impose the 'obligatory' and most often false, deliberately distorted figure of it.

This temporal sphericity represents, for each dogmatic dream, a structure identical to that of the vision of God for the supratemporal totality of history. At the polar summit of this special conception, some quite hallucinating operative implications will emerge, and manipulation will be perilous to the highest degree. Don't dwell too long on this, and certainly not now.

So we see how, as in my dream under examination, precarious buildings dating, perhaps, from the end of the last century, receive and house the developments of the encounter within their walls - within their space of affirmation,

of dreamed reality -- characters, a group made up of sup. characters posed as alive today - or perhaps in the 1950s-1960s - and who find themselves gathered there as part of a higher, indecipherable, occult erotic ceremonial. A prophetic and metasymbolic ceremonial in action, in which the representations in play represent, half-reveal - through an abysmal cipher, the keys to which we lack other representations, which concern the hidden nature of world history, the intimate future of the Spirit in its own forward march.

In this , I remain convinced that - among other elements at play in this same dream - a special institutional grid brings together the characters of Mademoiselle's nuptial and prostitutional 'visitors', a grid containing, and thus proposing - while operatively manipulating the scope - a secret message of direction, of identity, of cosmic, supra-historical and above all, in this instance, suprahuman dimensions. And I'll say it again, anti-human too.

Once you've really learned to look at *it*, putanat and cosmogony respond to each other, the same abysmal analogy driving the occult developments into action.

Anyone who has been close to Mademoiselle has come to sense her very secretly special nature, no doubt *exclusively astral.* Punishment, perhaps, at the same as exaltation, even assumption. Will I find out one day, later?

(282) I also forgot to mention that the supposedly fixed prices by Mademoiselle were 40, 80 and 100 francs respectively. But I don't know how they were paid, or anything else.

At the same time, I'm convinced that the numerical grid (40) (80) (100) - which I've hardly managed to decipher - has a meaning of its own, subject to higher, decisive operational keys of a fundamentally eschatological nature.

Dreams of oceanic, abyssal scope all respond to multiple stimuli, and involve successive, layered operative interpretations, the last and undoubtedly the only truly decisive one revealing itself to be - inevitably - cosmic, astral in nature, obliged to point, always, to the domain of what some call *fatality*.
*divine.*

However, it is not without a certain reason that I use the word *decisive* twice. Usually, the numeral keys conceal the obligation to make a profound, irremediable choice, so that once the process has begun, it is impossible not to assume it, to make it one's own, and to commit oneself entirely, both in the intelligence, in the actual execution of this choice and, subsequently, in the direction thus taken. The inescapability of the numeral keys, the ecstatic, immutable apparatus of a taken out of time.

(283) Atrocious as it may seem, I am not unaware that Mademoiselle is, at the same time, many others, as well as precisely the one that Graham Masterton called "Kezia Mason" (by the way. "Kezia' means Empress, a feminine of Caesar; or 'Basileia', for our people).

Now, I must confess that in form of 'Kezia Mason', I met the dazzling Mademoiselle on two other occasions, always in my dreams. On these other two occasions, concealed under her negative, deficient identity, she appeared to me as destitute in herself, intolerably scabrous in the dirtiness of her nocturnal state, in the outrageous abandonment of herself that she exhibited without the slightest restraint, an abandonment of herself that was truly *infernal*, ostensibly and perhaps as if very humbly at the service of the most mysterious persistence of non-being on the last, most perished confines of being, which perhaps would already have been lost I myself allowed myself to be drawn to it, and as if lovingly challenged on the spot, by her, by Mademoiselle.

(284) Sorry, but that's not at all easy to say. How hard you , that
"Kezia Mason". What a professionalism from the far frontier, mystical if I dare say it, sacrificial, terrifying; just how far have I not seen her go, and *let* herself *go.*

A wooden wagon, high on wheels, abandoned in a muddy field at dusk in summer. Three or four old ladies were piled there, dead, or worse, but who on occasion would have put up well again, each for her own sake and even all together. In the heap, however, was a young woman; quite decent, with her legs spread wide, sitting up, barely holding on; her sex showing, with beautiful, ivory-coloured lips, depilated in the oriental style, clean, pleasant. Unheard-of pleading emanated from ashen eyes. I found her in a dark room behind the canteen,

who immediately lies on the floor, at my feet, offering herself insistently; but already she's coming apart, faster and faster, amputated of a leg, a hand A hole emptying - or filling with black shadows - part of her chest and the top of her stomach. Covered in filthy, scandalous, oozing rags. But I penetrated her nonetheless, when in a voice that was strangely sweet, angelic even, she took the trouble to warn me that she was ill, that she was going to give me some old pox. How could such horror be possible, and I myself have let myself be taken in? But, at the same time, a whirlwind of white and red flames came out of her, from her ruptured belly and chest - and swirled upwards, like a cyclone of devouring fire, to climb straight up, through the dark azure above us, towards the ultimate middle of the highest heavens, towards the fiery philosophical dwellings of the Lioness Sekhmet.

Then an unfamiliar voice said to me, barely audible, but firm, deep inside me, hasty, as if we'd suddenly run out of time: "If you give  to the final orgasm, you'll lose everything, because L., in that case, will be off-limits to you for ever, and this time for ever.

I pull myself together at the last moment; a long, desperate sob runs through herHowever, she continued to dismantle herself, to dissolve in the air, there, in front of me, beneath me. As I rose to my feet, I saw, dizzy with giddiness, how all that was left of her was a pathetic, whitish puddle, a poor, barely quivering cream, smeared on the dubious floor.

In the invisible, in my unconscious summit consciousness, the cyclone of fire rising from its broken, annulled body to the depths of the heavens. In the visible, remained there on the floor, dream or no dream. And it all began again, who knows on what other occasions, never to end again.

(285)  One day, in a hurry because of tiredness, I asked to be put up as a traveller in a distant suburb. It was 11 June 1994, around mid-day, in stifling heat.

Was it a place I'd been before, many years ago, as if another life? Was it some strange surprise of fate, some mysterious favour done me in this way?

I was immediately entrusted to the care a young woman in a long blue skirt and black apron, who was to take me to my lodgings (< Sir will take room 3, which has been free since this morning"). The room was predominantly yellow, elegant but already ageing, weighed down by indefinable, obscure, predetermined influences. To get there, we had walked along a high corridor, where beautiful mirrors framed in gold faced French windows a garden that was abundant but seemed somewhat abandoned.

We had hardly entered the room intended for me when my young companion opened the bed, rolled up her long skirt to the top - she was naked underneath - and lay down, resigned, in the sheets, turning over slowly present me, at the end of her movement, with her bottom, which she then took care to raise a little, so that it opened up slightly. With her face turned towards me, but half-covered by her long hair, she whispered: "You don't just friends in the management, we don't really want you here. So I beg you to be careful, to be on your guard all the time. In the meantime, take it from me, we need to establish, in the greatest secrecy, the Renewal of the Deed. Let it be established between the two of us, apart from the others, and even against them; and even against all the others. I am taking unheard-of risks in proposing it to you, so do the same in accepting. We don't have a single moment to lose, my strength is already declining, and you have no idea what it costs me to stand here before you in this guise that I have had .

So, as she spoke, I saw her getting older and older, weaker and weaker, already like someone else. Only her bottom seemed to remain intact in its glory, perfectly curved, almost luminous in its proud pale yellow whiteness. *So* I took her, holding her shoulders with both hands and hurrying (I had to). But then a superhuman wisdom lit up its unbearable fires deep inside me, and I remembered the secret of the unique movement of the stars, and I felt an sadness. My face, then, suddenly bathed in tears.

I said to her: "Would you believe me, I'm not against the world, but I would have liked the world to be as it had been prepared". She replied, but already as if suffocating: . The world will be what its end makes of it, which is now very near. Listen to me: I still have a lot of secrets to tell you, but I don't think I'll have the strength, and we don't have any more time.

*or otherwise. I don't* know, I'll see. We'll see. And now I'm really scared. For me, the worst is yet to come...".

Outside, it had begun to rain heavily, the water hitting the windows, which sounded like muffled drums, like the drums of a
a forbidden ceremony that turned back time to the very origins of our distress. It also seemed to me that she was concealing an open wound in her back' at heart level, which was bleeding, but not much. And as I didn't know what her real name might be, I'll resign myself to calling her here by one of her names of decay ("Kezia", or "Kezia", or "Kezia", or "Kezia", or "Kezia", or "Kezia", or "Kezia").
"Mademoiselle").

(286) Copying the notes I took in a hurry at the time, I realise that, in addition to everything else, this dream of 11 June 1994 also had a dimension, a charge that was very clearly premonitory, even prophetic.

Indeed, it unquestionably foreshadowed *the decisive encounter - the* final turning point, the supreme turning point in my whole life - that I was to have two days later, on the evening - and especially the night - of 13 June 1994, in Paris, rue Félicien David, in room 3 of the Hôtel de la Charité. The night when I was to cry out *finis coronat opus,* when the Act of Renewal was truly accomplished.

But it was this *decisive encounter* that I was later led to write about, in full, in the final chapter of my symbolic, revolutionary and openly revelatory account, entitled *Secret Report to the Nunciature.*

(287) Once again, I ask myself this question: can a few fragments of a Gnostic diary, brought together in a unitary petition that barely dares to call itself such, really lay claim to the status of a novel?

And, secondly, what is the situation of this book in relation to myself, and what is my own situation in relation to this book?

Violent doubts assail me, and before which I never cease to give way, about the vow, the ultimate raison d'être of this book, which for some time has seemed to me like a distraction, like an essay ultimately doomed to failure, a useless and vain undertaking from which I will not emerge unscathed or without very bitter regrets. When it comes to intimate mourning, everything becomes complicity

of the misunderstanding that will have been veiled origin, from which emanate all 'dead bark' within us. A perhaps fatal misunderstanding, leading to I don't know what kind of rupture in my being, to a devious slide towards (...).

Was I so wrong to let myself be taken in? At this very moment *I* suspect the worst, an enemy machination, deadly, having developed its science, its weapons and its secret decisions in the darkest part of my being and of my current life, a machination led by someone who is determined to lose me, to hand me over, when the time comes, to the swift and dirty justice of the goetic passage to nothingness (my one, my only and final terror).

It's very late now. How do we get back into the fight, how do we keep going? How can I face up to it? Can I still overcome the present crisis, which is essentially a crisis of end?

In the way it is written, and even in my own writing, this book is like a long Gnostic morcellation, like the *dismemberment of Osiris*. It is made up of a succession of raw, unstable, pulsating, disparate elements, the final sum of which alone should suddenly reveal, when the time comes, its own field of relevance, its unitary meaning - the dramatic intimate tension towards unity - and its secret mission.

Because, at the outsethow can we fail to recognise it, there was a secret mission, a secret mission whose goal remains more relevant than ever.

But this ritual dismemberment does not, and must not, affect only the constitutional writing of the book; it also concerns myself and, in the end, will concern no one but myself: for it is only through the revelatory testimony of my experience at the end of the book - if there is an experience of the end, and if this experience is precisely what I needed and had the right to expect - that the final unity of the book may suddenly be proven on that day. The final unity of the book would thus be what would declare the lived, certain and total fulfilment of the experience of which it would then give a victorious account.

How, then, will these nine chapters and some three hundred fragments, gathered together along the way as if in a book, respond to the test, the probation of their earlier unity, to the reunion, too, of all its currently scattered parts with their inconceivable unity to come?

A test, I repeat, invited to declare itself, by virtue of the obligatory end of this book, through the account of my own final experience and the revelation coming to *be* shared in *it*. This experience will therefore be one of restoration, and will invent and impose upon this book of the end of everything the very meaning and the terrible vow, unavowable even in its own confession, of its own final completion.

And so, in this most special of occurrences, the joints themselves will carry the secret, the nuptial vertigo of the joint. I say union, *nativity*.

That each fragment of this book ended up being able to claim the same meaning, and that this meaning was identical to the final meaning of the whole, is the proof required by the petition of the fundamental unity of its parts with the whole and, at the time, with my own experience of this unity, and this unity brought to its conclusion.

So what is my demonstration - my attempt at a demonstration - intended prove here? That despite their apparent disparity of purpose, all the fragments in this book are part of the same intentional process. A single purpose, but not identifiable as such until it is fully revealed, at the very last moment, by the very end of the book: it is this revelation that will be its end, and its end, from now on, can only be made of this revelation. It is through the final revelation that the unity of this book in progress will be made - will be declared, and in a way proven - a unity that is also present in each of its fragments brought together, within it, under its own judicial delegation.

Ernst Jünger, in *Visit to Godenholm:* "The moment when One would rise above separations to clothe himself in his splendour would always return. This secret was unspeakable: but all the ritual mysteries sketched it out and spoke of it, only of it.
".

This revelation will be conceived as the victorious, irrevocable and already living culmination of the fundamental experience in progress, to which this book is intended to bear *decisive* witness*:* with the winged, unconditional and secretly fiery help of our ancient *Venus Victrix,* of our dazzling and infinitely adored *Dea Victoria,* always present in her hidden, untouched sanctuary in the walnut-covered mountains around Rome.

In any case, I find myself rather painfully stupefied, I confess, to see difficult it is - for me at least, and here - to pick out, in the terms a discourse intended to be the simplest, most directly legible, the fact that all the constitutional fragments of this novel with the allure of a Gnostic diary would be governed by the sense of an active unity, which precedes them all, and goes beyond them: that the open site of these fragments, a unitary whole transcends them.

But what else? And this unitary whole, transcending all its constitutional parts, what would it be, then? I would answer: the *unitary whole*, which *would transcend all its constitutional parts*, would be the testimony that I would be able to bear, here, on the experience of love, on the experience that is ontologically both unique and abysmal, in the terms which I would be able to conclude, to raise everything to the state of ultimate completion by showing how one of the passers-by in the Gué des Louves - in any case, the one who will have been the last, or the Last - instead of going back through the Gué des Louves to the forbidden territories of the other world, will be led remain sacrificially here, among us, with us, for ever, so that she can change, transmute and transfigure, by her real presence alone - Real Presence, I repeat - in this world, the face of this world and the secret times that will come, embodying in her, in her flesh and in her breath of life, the active and radiant mystery of the Apocalypse.

For what is 1 Apocalypse, operatively speaking, if not the complacency of the Joining of the worlds in separation without recourse, towards the supra-unitary Gnostic rape which, lovingly, and in great violence, makes of itself the Joining thus made complacent, called, then. Junction of Venus - the living and resplendent flesh, the embracing breath and all the active denominations of the New Nativity?

(288) If I were unable to conclude this book by mentioning the clandestine arrival in this world of one of the passers-by of the Gué des Louves, who came here with the immensely subversive aim of never returning to the other side, escaped from the other world of the absolute - with the ultimate, eschatological mission bringing the absolute into this world through herself, and settling there herself permanently - this book would never be allowed to gain its own presumed unitary, living, transcendental identity, this book will never be allowed to gain its own presumed unitary and living, transcendental identity, this book will never be allowed to be, nor to be being and in order to be, and this book will then have to resign itself to being nothing more than the cooled sign and the closing trap

on himself of a failure that will be the failure of my life - my whole life - and of my last fight for Life, of my dismal Titanic Walz.

For the novel, the great novel, must always tell the story of life. And yet, if life itself ends failure, couldn't the novel change life by telling the opposite of what it will have been in the dark mystery of its accomplished failure?

And why should only the truth of life impose itself as the truth of the novel, and the truth of the novel not set itself up as the truth, or even the reality, of life?

Because it is the novel that follows life, not life that follows the novel. But, we might be tempted to respond to this first, too first, evidence: what if, magically - gnostically - life itself were led to follow the novel? What if, through the novel and its supreme adventure, a certain word of reality gained access to the full, living reality of a word of life, a word that itself spoke both its own reality and the life of that reality, its living life? Is it not part of the mystery of creation, its very immaculate conception, to bring - to force - the word to want to be itself the foundation of reality? No. Absolutely not. The word of life in the novel can be a courteous invitation or a dangerous incitement to reality, a prophetic measure of reality, but not reality itself: only reality is in being, and of being. And only reality entrusts its measure of life to the novel, I'm talking about the *ultimate novel* more or less as Raymond Abellio understood it, where the junction is supposed to be between the word of reality and the reality of the word. And it is this junction that I call the Junction of Venus, because it can only be made - *place*, as we say - in the terms of an ultimate experience of love, that of 'ultimate love'.

The ultimate novel will be the novel of end of this world of darkness and separation, and the end of this world will be the ultimate and total completion of love, 1 *ultimate love and its* only novel.

(289) But then there's another question: if this were to happen *in time* my own existence, who would be this one-way traveller from the Gué des Louves, by which mean what would her identity have been, do I know, can I hope to know in advance?

Now I think I can say it. I know who she will have to be, who she absolutely cannot not be. This is my immense privilege, for which I have paid the right price, because I have paid with my whole life, and with the life of my children.

someone else, to whom I am indebted in eternity and beyond all eternity, in the heavens and in what is kept outside the heavens.

But while I know who she'd have to be if she'd managed to get through, and how not to go back, I don't know if she'll be able to get through, and even less if she'll be able to stay with me, again, a second time, or when, how.

So, if this novel, at its end, succeeds in saying so, in revealing, if only in figures, who it will be when it comes, how and when it will have passed, this mysterious return to sender, I could already say that the game has finally been won by us, by us, those we are and what we are only as a representation at the forefront of the battle underway in the visible and invisible, and won even by the One Who represents us there, in this very occult battle of the end of the world.

Otherwise, we would have lost this battle - I have lost it - and all will be lost for ever, both for us and for what this final battle represents, in one sense or another, the outcome without return, the final judgement, eternity. Along the Gué des Louves, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, something will or will not happen that will change the face of the world and the skies that answer to it.

(290) However, if the time allowed for the salvific advent of the last Passante du Gué des Louves is limited by the fact that it must imperatively correspond to the time of my own current existence, and that everything will have to be done, therefore, before I myself have to leave the world, can this novel come to an end other than by the end of my life itself? Because until the very last moment of my life, the Runaway Passenger can still appear, and save everything, myself and the world, once and for all. Is this novel, then, a novel without an end, with no end other than the end of my existence?

No, on the contrary. Because this novel must have an end of its own, and it is the end of this novel, at the end of this chapter, that will decide the ultimate meaning of the battle being waged, and the meaning of my own life, of my own existence today.

And so the advent of the Last Passenger of the Wolf's Lane must take place in this world. - or not - before the end of this novel - or of this Gnostic diary and the end of this novel will then be the end of my life, the end of

my battle, and the end of my unmentionable ministry, whatever that end might be.

Like Ezra Pound in his gorilla cage in Pisa in 1945, here I am, too, a prisoner of my iron cage, a prisoner on parole of the iron cage of this novel progress. Prisoner of the *final word*.

(291) I immediately saw in it a sign, a very great and fateful sign of an inner break in the times, of an apocalyptic interruption in the visible course of history. A *harbinger*.

At around eleven o'clock in the morning on 19 July 1994, the sky in Paris had darkened to pitch black, and it was as if for half an hour or so night had moved in on the middle of the day: it was dark, as black as midnight. Already a dangerous anxiety was beginning to seize the city, very old terrors were coming to the fore, as I knew, and as the press subsequently covered extensively, deliberately reinforcing the most alarmist, allegorical and premonitory version of the events.

Wasn't this moment when night mysteriously obscures the middle of the day foretold, some ten years ago, by the prophetic words of the woman who, at Medjugorje, took on the appearance of Ivanka Ivankovic to sing, under the apple tree in the middle of the meadows, these cosmically premonitory words, which also directly concern the conclusion of my own secret spiritual journey:

*It is so dark, so desperately dark In*
*these times of the Mystery of the End*
*that at midday itself the North Star*
*can be seen shining in broad daylight*
*through the darkness of separation*

A harbinger, did I say? The harbinger itself and, above all, the *harbinger* I was waiting for, breathless.

(292) In *Le Trésor des Templiers*, by Jean-Luc Chaumeil, Editions Guy Trédaniel, Paris 1994, page 134, fascinating information is given - as if in passing - about an ancient devotional lineage concerning the confidential cult, and of a level no doubt quite special and quite superior, which was practised in the Church of Saint-Sulpice in Paris. I quote:

"The figure told us: "During the year, this golden ray follows a coppery red line embedded in the floor of this church. At the moment, we're at the first stop opposite the choir, right in the middle of the church".

"By decree of 25 February 1811, Napoleon granted this church a canvas measuring 2.92 metres high by 2.14 metres wide, which has now disappeared, and which the officiant exhibited to the faithful once a year.

"It was removed by order of Louis Philippe in 1830. It depicted a priest at the altar showing the bloody linen of Saint Veronica.

"Why has this painting disappeared? Why was it given to Saint Sulpice? We don't know. This is a real enigma".

Then, taking his place on the golden line of the meridian, in the very choir of the balustrade, where the Sun marks Easter, the figure continued his explanation
:

"Look at the Gnomon, on our right is one of the four paintings by Signol, *the Death of Jesus.* Seen from this spot in the choir, the statue of the Angel of Saint John, holding a half-open book to his Gospel, points with his right hand to something very specific: the bloody cloth. This is the theme of the mark of blood, used in Languedoc by the legend of Saint-Roch with the wound that bleeds and never closes. Signol's 1872 painting followed on from the first one, which had disappeared.

(293) If, in the very highest spheres, a favourable option were to emerge in my regard, granting me the freedom to continue once again the eschatological combat for which I personally have the final responsibility, which is as occult and perilous as it is increasingly special, a combat whose current movement I began on 2 August 1952, in the Rue Boislevant, in Paris - a dogmatic date and already reputed to be so, but which I would be at liberty to push back even further into my past, If, I say, I were allowed to continue my present struggle, I would immediately claim that I can already see being added, to the first volume of the series - I mean Le Gué *des Louves* - of these more or less uninterrupted 'fragments of a gnostic journal', giving an account, in chaotic order, of my current progress, at least two other collections, at least two other 'novels', the titles of which would then be the following:

- *Bleaching in Colchis.*
- *The occult crown of the Hohenstaufens.*

But will *there be* a renewal of my missionary lease, an assured continuation of my ongoing battle? That's what I don't know, but from now on it will only be a matter of days, even hours. Let's not insist any longer

# The gardens of A'lleray

*For you have not yet escaped the judgement of God who can do all things and who sees everything.*

MACCABEES, VII, 35

(294) I mention this because I already know that some people will try to go and see it: in front of number 55, rue d'A'lleray, Paris XV, you can sometimes find the Jardins d'A'lleray.

They stand facing terraced architectural elevations that can be considered very strange, disquieting, having only a spectral, oceanic existence, but as if from the bottom of the ocean, and after the ocean had withdrawn, the domain of the god Dagon, covered with sparkling salt foam, bitter, and whose ancient power we have all forgotten. Those black, blind, throbbing windows. The gardens of A'lleray? Grassy valleys extending beyond what can be seen, producing yellow and red roses, junipers too, and other species that, in the burning air, betray a high mountain presence.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, then, what a great ecstatic sun; unbearable transparent light, equal in all its expanses, and which a very perfect silence exalts even more; a great solitude, too, bare, distant, perhaps itself already very old, and the bees, the wasps ; The states of the great dogmatic sleep of the end seem to submerge everything there, to cover everything under the immense heaps of air flowing with unheard-of slowness within the very breathing of the sacred in its secret, hallucinated territories of election; and everything there is duplication.

This dizziness, and this slight disgust, this fading of time and this very vague smell of incense, barely perceptible, which announce the proximity of Paradise.

What more can anyone want from me? I have let myself be lost, dissolve without return in this sunshine. As I once did in the Clos des Chardons.

Hours later, I came back, but where had I been called to or taken to in the meantime, and why? The amnesiac barrier prevents me from remembering, or even from any false semblance of remembering. But isn't all accomplished unconsciousness immaculate self-conception, a new birth beginning anew?

At the far end of the gardens, look for a small, very humble enclosure, where tall bushes, covered in small white flowers, protect a bench that is invisible from the outside. On this bench, painted green, someone had written, I don't know when, a word, *Prado*. On the floor, I see a yellow rosebud, torn off, trampled on but intact in its secret, active glory. And that at that very moment I recognised as terrible. I bend down, pick up the rosebud with its golden radiance, and place it, slowly, above the word *Prado*, on the bench. So I have done what needed to be done, what gives my life its ultimate missionary meaning, its supreme significance and its Supreme Thank You, victor ac *triumphator?*

Nothing, nothing happened, you might think? But behind the humble gestures of this extraordinarily minimal ritual celebration, do we know what was hidden, somewhere else, and otherwise? Having become divine, she learned to act divinely. Out of this world, but also in this world, and now.

Sweet and ardent, oh how I recognise the fragrance of young roses, violets and lilies! Carried by her desire alone, she returned the Living One, and all of us will live again, because the salvific forgiveness of her living flesh and her living breath emanates from her like a permanent and irresistible grace, without her even having to realise it, imposes itself on us like the perfume emanating from the burning roses that surround her, from the air made sunny by her very presence, by her passage that sets everything ablaze (...) And I would certify that

(295) Jean-Louis Bernard, a former teacher at the Lycée Français d'Alexandrie before the Second World War, who is considered to be one the most important - if not the only - current French specialists in the ancient Egyptian occult of great power, confesses himself convinced - he told me so.

can also testify to the fact , during the great crises of ontological weakening of Empire, or of the Pharaoh, of his bloodline, of his race, he had the occult recourse of renewing his original nuptials with the goddess Hathor. The goddess, called according to the required ritual, would then go to the requested nuptial rendezvous to unite herself once again, carnally, with the Pharaoh, thus bringing back him, to his immediate disposition, and through him, to his bloodline, to his race, the high powers of being and of cosmic and imperial salvation, in a position to rectify, from within, what had found itself perished, diminished, alienated, obscured.

Now, the substantification of the goddess Hathor - her corporification, her becoming living flesh - was based on the advent, the entry, the direct *penetration* into this world her perfume: It was the goddess's own perfume - her 'breath of being', the 'breath of her bones' as the Judaic Kabbalah, whose secret origins are Egyptian, would say - that served as the operative basis, the *materia prima*, for her amorous incarnation, her living flesh, her being of life, thus being made from the substantialisation of her perfume.

And so, in the mysterious fragrance of 'young roses, violets and lilies' announcing, in the gardens of Alleray, the imminent and very certain coming into this world of the Living One, should we not see it as a symbolic repetition and as the active survival, and even, in this case, the over-activation, of the ancient ritual of the imperial wedding of the goddess Hathor with the one who came to solicit her at the very heart of the *Principium Impériale?* And I would certify that (...).

(298) When there are too many people crowding his offices, Guy Trédaniel doesn't hesitate to take his interlocutors to the 'café du coin', which has gradually become a sort of privileged and subversive annex of Editions de la Maisnie, so that they can work - and talk - in peace.

This afternoon, I found myself, along with Guy Trédaniel, taking refuge in the
"I had long since discovered a *particular attraction* for myself - isolated from the rest of the world, tucked away there among the couples of chattering students and pitiful pari-mutuel and tic-tac-toe enthusiasts, so that I could reveal to him the secrets of my life.
- confidentially - the active doctrine of my 'gnostic journal' that was writing, a 'gnostic journal >>, I must also say, that he had admitted he was prepared to publish. Disconcerting, mysterious Guy Trédaniel, always unpredictable. In all conditions required to publish it, without waiting a single moment' and this in spite of the somewhat special character of some of these articles.

conditions and the singularly dangerous relations that this journal of high subversion will have to negotiate with the news, whose dubious transparency it will have to constantly violate, agreed upon, doctored, used as a diversion and in any case as *suspect in advance.*

I wonder whether the plan to publish these 'fragments of a gnostic diary' in a sustained fashion would arouse Guy Trédaniel's inclination towards underground, clandestine spiritual action, in direct contact with history, which is seen as the very place, the supreme challenge and the tragic, immediate experience of a certain conspiratorial intelligence of the world, outside which nothing has any meaning or *appeal?*

So I'm going to try and summarise here the essence of what I told Guy Trédaniel this very afternoon, about the treatment I intend to give to these 'fragments of a Gnostic diary' and also about the very conception of this project a whole, about the revolutionary metastrategy it conveys and which it is supposed to bring to its planned conclusion under the unconditional auspices of the *Dea Victoria.*

- In a state of continuity, as clandestine as it is uninterrupted, 1793, the document of memory which presents itself as - fragments of a Gnostic diary -, known to date to only a few, the "", will therefore have to produce, and I specify that *for its own purposes*, and under my signature, three collections, three "novels", with conditional status, whose titles will be as follows:

(1) *Le Gué des Louves*
(2) *Whitewashes in Colchis* or, rather, *Back to Colchis.*
(3) *The occult Hohenstaufen crown*

— On the infinitely dangerous frontier between avant-garde revolutionary literature and the 'greatest history', *something* has happened recently, is still happening now, and will happen in the years to come under the decision-making horizon of the third millennium, *something* that *someone* must at all give an account of, establish the foundational memory of, and thus bring to life the new words of power, of recovering freedom and transcendental restitution.

— On the horizon of the third millennium, the only thing that matters is the cultural revolution that will open the doors of history to the project of the future Eurasian imperial federation, of the future Empire.

Eurasia of the End, and it will therefore be the memorial to the start-up of the Greater European and Eurasian imperial federal process already , which will form the raw material for these 'fragments of a gnostic diary', I will write myself, right to the end.

— And it must also be understood, and perhaps even clearly: if I've decided - if I've been led to decide - that I'm going to the trouble of writing and holding this memorial to the coming historical advent of the Eurasian Empire of the End, and of putting it into place effectively and directly, it's because I'm existentially involved in it myself, in an abysmal way, and that this involvement - the fact of this involvement - is in the process of revealing the ultimate, living raison d'être of this testimony and its necessity in relation to the greatest coming of our race and its suprahistoric and, ultimately, suprahuman destiny.

— And I would add, since we have come to that point: "the fact that these 'fragments of a Gnostic diary' were necessarily published by Editions de la Maisnie - and, in fact, nowhere else - does not seem to me to be a *situation* whose importance and, above all, whose precise and revealing significance can be ignored. Remember, I have always maintained that Editions de la Maisnie has always had a special, secret predestination, a vocation for revolutionary breakthrough, which will continue to be revealed and affirmed as the inescapable, our inescapable, settles back into history.

And so, dear Guy Trédaniel, your personal share of responsibility - for the Editons de la Maisnie are only the most visible part of you - is at least as direct and present as what myself have invested in it by giving my life the sacrificial direction that some people - including yourself in the first place - are no longer unaware of. It is precisely this *direction* that these "fragments of a gnostic diary" describe.

Our meeting will therefore have been, in itself, a fact of predestination, and that is how it will have been foreseen, by design".

"What's more, as there can be no new imperial history without an immense inner renewal of the religion that must support and arm the revolutionary march forward, these "fragments of a gnostic diary" also display an active and super-activating religious dimension, and it's this that makes them so important.

It is through this new religion that Editions de la Maisnie will most closely rediscover its own vocation, its own original commitments, the founding vow of its first beginnings. What will be done now at Editions de la Maisnie, what will be done through the militant publication of the "fragments of a gnostic diary" giving an account of my own journey under supervision, was inscribed there, in advance, in the very mystery of the founding of Editions de la Maisnie, the hour of which is only now coming. The hour of the new religion, of which Editions de la Maisnie will have to become the privileged vehicle, and recognised as such throughout the front line.

(299) Then someone came to fetch Guy Trédaniel, so that he could rush back his office, and I was left alone 'at the café', for perhaps an hour. It was like being at the bottom of a dark mine shaft, with a shattering silence and the 1 intolerable solicitation of a spiral of breath spinning faster and faster, maddening, more and more engaged in the thrilling exploration of this shaft. But it was a well of hope and life, this blackness was a blackness of quivering sweetness. What draws me to it will one day heal me, give me the gift of salvation, for nothing in return, royally. I won't close the trunk again, I'*ll hold on.*

(302) The major, decisive obligation is to read the book by our comrade Emmanuel Chabrery, *Paroles Gelées*, published by Guy Trédaniel, Paris, in 1993, in which the date of 11 August 1999 is cited and *proven.*

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